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THE PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

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THE PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

WITH

NOTES.

BY

JOHNSON AND STEEVENS.

VOL. II.

THE TEMPEST,
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA,
MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY H. MAXWELL AND T. S. MANNING.

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TEMPEST.

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TEMPEST.

The Tempest and *The Midsummer Night's Dream* are the noblest efforts of that sublime and amazing imagination, peculiar to Shakspeare, which soars above the bounds of nature, without forsaking sense; or, more properly, carries nature along with him beyond her established limits. Fletcher seems particularly to have admired these two plays, and hath wrote two in imitation of them, *The Sea Voyage* and *The Faithful Shepherdess*. But, when he presumes to break a lance with Shakspeare, and write in emulation of him, as he does in *The False One*, which is the rival of *Antony and Cleopatra*, he is not so successful. After him, Sir John Suckling and Milton catched the brightest fire of their imagination from these two plays; which shines fantastically indeed in *The Goblins*, but much more nobly and serenely in *The Mask at Ludlow Castle*. *Warburton.*

No one has hitherto been lucky enough to discover the romance on which Shakspeare may be supposed to have founded this play, the beauties of which could not secure it from the criticism of Ben Jonson, whose malignity appears to have been more than equal to his wit. In the introduction to *Bartholomew Fair*, he says: "If there be never a *servant monster* in the fair, who can help it, he says, nor a nest of *antiques?* He is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget *Tales, Tempests*, and such like drolleries." *Steevens.*

I was informed by the late Mr. Collins of Chichester, that Shakspeare's *Tempest*, for which no origin is yet assigned, was formed on a romance called *Aurelio and Isabella*, printed in Italian, Spanish, French, and English, in 1588. But, though this information has not proved true on examination, an useful conclusion may be drawn from it, that Shakspeare's story is somewhere to be found in an Italian novel, at least that the story preceded Shakspeare. Mr. Collins had searched this subject with no less fidelity than judgment and industry; but his memory failing in his last calamitous indisposition, he probably gave me the name of one novel for another. I remember he added a circumstance, which may lead to a discovery,—that the principal character of the romance, answering to Shakspeare's Prospero, was a chemical necromancer, who had bound a spirit like Ariel to obey his call, and perform his services. It was a common pretence of dealers in the occult sciences to have a demon at command. At least Aurelio, or Orelio, was probably one of the names of this romance, the production and multiplicity of gold being the grand object of alchemy. Taken at large, the magical part of *The Tempest* is founded on that sort of philosophy which was practised by John Dee and his associates, and has been called the Rosicrucian. The name Ariel came from the Talmudistick mysteries with which the learned Jews had infected this science.

T. Warton.

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TEMPEST.

Mr. Theobald tells us, that *The Tempest* must have been written after 1609, because the Bermuda Islands, which are mentioned in it, were unknown to the English until that year; but this is a mistake. He might have seen in Hackluyt, 1600, folio, a description of Bermuda, by Henry May, who was shipwrecked there in 1593.

It was, however, one of our author's last works. In 1598, he played a part in the original *Every Man in his Humour*. Two of the characters are *Prospero* and *Stephano*. Here Ben Jonson taught him the pronunciation of the latter word, which is always *right* in *The Tempest:*

"Is not this *Stephăno*, my drunken butler?"

And always *wrong* in his earlier play, *The Merchant of Venice*, which had been on the stage at least two or three years before its publication in 1600:

"My friend *Stephāno*, signify I pray you," &c.

—So little did Mr. Capell know of his author, when he idly supposed his *school literature* might perhaps have been lost by the *dissipation of youth*, or the *busy scene* of publick life! *Farmer.*

To contrast the dryness of these speculations with the flowers of Poetry, the reader is presented with a passage from the elegant stanzas of the Rev. W. L. Bowles, whose praise will, perhaps, persuade to a new perusal of *The Tempest.*

"O SOVEREIGN MASTER, who with lonely state
Dost rule as in some *Isle's* inchanted land,
On whom *soft airs* and *shadowy spirits* wait,
While scenes of faerie bloom at thy command!
On thy wild shores forgetful could I lie
And list, till earth dissolv'd, to thy sweet minstrelsy!

"Call'd by thy magick from the hoary deep,
Aërial forms should in bright troops ascend,
And then a wondrous mask before me sweep;
While sounds, *that the earth own'd not*, seem to blend
Their stealing melodies, that when the strain
Ceas'd, *I should weep, and would so dream again.*"

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Alonso, *king of* Naples.
Sebastian, *his brother.*
Prospero, *the rightful Duke of* Milan.
Antonio, *his brother, the usurping Duke of* Milan.
Ferdinand, *son to the king of* Naples.
Gonzalo, *an honest old counsellor of* Naples.
Adrian, Francisco, } *lords.*
Caliban, *a savage and deformed slave.*
Trinculo, *a jester.*
Stephano, *a drunken butler.*
Master of a ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.

Miranda, *daughter to* Prospero.

Ariel, *an airy spirit.*
Iris, Ceres, Juno, *Nymphs*, *Reapers*, } *spirits.*

Other spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE,

The sea, with a ship; afterwards an uninhabited island.

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TEMPEST.

ACT I.....SCENE I.

On a Ship at Sea.

A Storm, with Thunder and Lightning.

Enter a Ship-master *and a* Boatswain.

Master. Boatswain,[1]—

Boats. Here, master: What cheer?

Mast. Good: Speak to the mariners: fall to't yarely,[2] or we run ourselves aground: Bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare: Take in the top-sail; Tend to the master's whistle.—Blow, till thou burst thy wind,[3] if room enough!

[1] *Boatswain,*] In this naval dialogue, perhaps the first example of sailor's language exhibited on the stage, there are, as I have been told by a skilful navigator, some inaccuracies and contradictory orders. *Johnson.*

The foregoing observation is founded on a mistake. These orders should be considered as given, not at once, but successively, as the emergency required. One attempt to save the ship failing, another is tried. *Malone.*

[2] —— *fall to't* yarely,] i. e. Readily, nimbly. Our author is frequent in his use of this word. So, in Decker's *Satiromastix*: "They'll make his muse as *yare* as a tumbler." *Steevens.*

Here it is applied, as a sea-term, and in other parts of the scene. So he uses the adjective, Act V. sc. v: "Our ship is tight and *yare*." And in one of the *Henries*: "*yare* are our ships." To this day the sailors say, "sit *yare* to the helm." Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act II. sc. iii: "The tackles *yarely* frame the office." *T. Warton.*

[3] *Blow till thou burst* thy *wind*, &c.] Perhaps it might be read: *Blow, till thou burst, wind, if room enough. Johnson.*

Perhaps rather—*Blow, till thou burst* thee, *wind! if room enough.*

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Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, *and others.*

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.[4]

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, Boatswain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour; Keep your cabins: You do assist the storm.[5]

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: Silence: Trouble us not.

Gon. Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present,[6] we will not hand a rope more; use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts.—Out of our way, I say. [*Ex.*

Gon.[7] I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his

The allusion, as Mr. M. Mason observes, is to the manner in which the winds were represented in ancient prints and pictures. *Steevens.*

[4] *Play the men.*] i. e. act with spirit, behave like men. So, in Chapman's translation of the second *Iliad*:

"Which doing, thou shalt know what souldiers *play the men*,
"And what the cowards."

Again, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1590, p. 2:

"Viceroys and peers of Turkey, *play the men*."

Ὦ φίλοι, ἀνέρες ἐστέ, *Iliad*, V. v. 529. *Steevens.*

Again, in scripture, 2 Sam. x. 12: "Be of good courage, and let us *play the men* for our people." *Malone.*

[5] ——— *assist the storm*] So, in *Pericles*:

"Patience, good sir; do not *assist the storm*." *Steevens.*

[6] ——— *of the present*,] i. e. *of* the present *instant*. So, in the 15th chapter of the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians: "——— of whom the greater part remain unto this *present*." *Steevens.*

[7] *Gonzalo.*] It may be observed of Gonzalo, that, being the only good man that appears with the king, he is the only man that preserves his cheerfulness in the wreck, and his hope on the island. *Johnson.*

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hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the top-mast; yare; lower, lower; bring her to try with main-course.[8] [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office.—

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, *and* GONZALO.

Yet again? what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat! you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him from drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanched wench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold;[9] set her two courses; off to sea again,[1] lay her off.

Enter Mariners *wet.*

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! [*Exeunt.*

[8] ——*bring her to* try with main-course.] Probably from Hackluyt's *Voyages*, 1598: "And when the barke had way, we cut the hauser, and so gate the sea to our friend, and *tried out* all that day *with our maine course.*" *Malone.*

This phrase occurs also in Smith's *Sea Grammar*, 1627, 4to. under the article *How to handle a ship in a Storme:* "Let us lie at *Trie with our maine course;* that is, to hale the tacke aboord, the sheat close aft, the boling set up, and the helme tied close aboord." P. 40. *Steevens.*

[9] *Lay her a-hold, a-hold;*] *To lay a ship a-hold*, is to bring her to lie as near the wind as she can, in order to keep clear of the land, and get her out to sea. *Steevens.*

[1] —— *set her two* courses; *off to sea again,*] The courses are the main-sail and fore-sail. This term is used by Raleigh, in his *Discourse on Shipping*. *Johnson.*

The passage, as Mr. Holt has observed, should be pointed, *Set her two courses; off*, &c.

Such another expression occurs in Decker's *If this be not a good Play, the Devil is in it*, 1612: "—— off with your Drablers and your Banners; *out with your courses.*" *Steevens.*

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Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let us assist them,
For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I am out of patience.

Ant. We are merely[2] cheated of our lives by drunkards.—
This wide-chapped rascal;—'Would thou might'st lie drowning,
The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He'll be hanged yet;
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid'st to glut him.[3]

[*A confused noise within*] Mercy on us!—We split, we split!—Farewell, my wife and children!—Farewell, brother![4]—We split, we split, we split!—

Ant. Let's all sink with the king. [*Exit.*

[2] —— *merely* —] In this place, signifies *absolutely*; in which sense it is used in *Hamlet*, Act I. sc. iii:

" ——Things rank and gross in nature
" Possess it *merely*."

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*:

" —— at request
" Of some *mere* friends, some honourable Romans." *Steevens.*

[3] —— *to glut him.*] Shakspeare probably wrote, *t'englut him, to swallow him*; for which I know not that *glut* is ever used by him. In this signification *englut*, from *engloutir*, Fr. occurs frequently, as in *Henry VI*:

" —— Thou art so near the gulf
" Thou needs must be *englutted*."

And again, in *Timon* and *Othello*. Yet Milton writes *glutted offal* for *swallowed*, and therefore perhaps the present text may stand. *Johnson.*

Thus, in Sir A. Gorges's translation of Lucan, B. VI:

" —— oylie fragments scarcely burn'd,
" Together she doth scrape and *glut*."

i. e. swallow. *Steevens.*

[4] *Mercy on us!* &c. —— *Farewell, brother!* &c.] All these lines have been hitherto given to Gonzalo, who has no brother in the ship. It is probable that the lines succeeding the *confused noise within* should be considered as spoken by no determinate characters. *Johnson.*

The hint for this stage direction, &c. might have been received from a passage in the second book of Sidney's *Arcadia*, where the shipwreck of Pyrocles is described, with this concluding circumstance: " But a monstrous cry, begotten of many roaring voyces, was able to infect with feare," &c. *Steevens.*

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Seb. Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, any thing: the wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The island: before the cell of Prospero.

Enter PROSPERO *and* MIRANDA.

Mira. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea,[5] mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had no doubt some noble creatures in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perish'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er[6]
It should the good ship so have swallowed, and
The freighting souls within her.

Pro. Be collected;
No more amazement: Tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

Mira. O, woe the day!

Pro. No harm.[7]

[5] *But that the sea,* &c.] So, in *King Lear:*

" The sea in such a storm as his bare head
" In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,
" And quench'd the stelled fires." *Malone.*

Thus in Chapman's version of the 21st *Iliad:*

" —— as if his waves would drowne the skie,
" And put out all the sphere of fire." *Steevens.*

[6] *or e'er*—] i. e. *before.* So in *Ecclesiastes,* xii. 6: " Or *ever* the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken——." Again, in our author's *Cymbeline:*

" ——— *or e'er* I could
" Give him that parting kiss——." *Steevens.*

[7] Pro. *No harm.*] I know not whether Shakspeare did not make Miranda speak thus:

O, woe the day! no harm?

To which Prospero properly answers:

I have done nothing but in care of thee.

Miranda, when she speaks the words, *O, woe the day!* supposes,

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I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better[8]
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,[9]
And thy no greater father.

Mira. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.[1]

Pro. 'Tis time
I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magick garment from me.—So;
[*Lays down his mantle.*
Lie there my art.[2]—Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion[3] in thee,

not that the crew had escaped, but that her father thought differently from her, and counted their destruction *no harm*. *Johnson.*

[8] —— *more better* —] This ungrammatical question is very frequent among our oldest writers. So, in *The History of Helyas Knight of the Swan*, bl. l. no date, *imprinted by Wm. Copland*: "And also the *more sooner* to come, without prolixity, to the true Chronicles," &c. Again, in the *True Tragedies of Marius and Scilla*," 1594:

"To wait a message of *more better* worth."

Again, ibid:

"That hale *more greater* than Cassandra now." *Steevens.*

[9] —— *full poor cell*,] i. e. a cell in a great degree of poverty. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*: "I am *full sorry*." *Steevens.*

[1] *Did never* meddle *with my thoughts.*] i. e. *mix* with them. To *meddle* is often used, with this sense, by Chaucer. Hence the substantive *medley*. The modern and familiar phrase by which that of Miranda may be explained, is—*never entered my thoughts—never came into my head*. *Steevens.*

It should rather mean—*to interfere, to trouble, to busy itself*, as still used in the North, e. g. *Don't meddle with me*; i. e. Let me alone; Don't molest me. *Ritson.*

See Howell's *Dict.* 1660, in v. *to meddle*; "se *mesler* de." *Malone.*

[2] *Lie there my art.*] Sir Will. Cecil, lord Burleigh, lord high treasurer, &c. in the reign of queen Elizabeth, when he put off his gown at night, used to say, *Lie there, lord treasurer*. Fuller's *Holy State*, p. 257. *Steevens.*

[3] —— virtue *of compassion* —] Virtue; the most efficacious part, the energetic quality; in a like sense we say, *The* virtue *of a plant is in the extract*. *Johnson.*

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I have, with such provision in mine art,
So safely order'd, that there is no soul—[4]
No, not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel[5]
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.
Sit down;
For thou must now know further.
Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd
And left me to a bootless inquisition;
Concluding, *Stay, not yet.*—
Pro. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Can'st thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou can'st; for then thou wast not
Out three years old.[6]
Mira. Certainly, sir, I can.

[4] —— *that there is no* soul —] Thus the old editions read; but this is apparently defective. Mr. Rowe, and after him Dr. Warburton, read—*that there is no soul lost*, without any notice of the variation. Mr. Theobald substitutes *no foil*, and Mr. Pope follows him. To come so near the right, and yet to miss it, is unlucky: the author probably wrote *no soil*, no stain, no spot; for so Ariel tells:

Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before.

And Gonzalo, *The rarity of it is, that our garments being drenched in the sea, keep notwithstanding their freshness and glosses.* Of this emendation I find that the author of notes on *The Tempest* had a glimpse, but could not keep it. *Johnson.*

—— *no soul* —] Such interruptions are not uncommon to Shakspeare. He sometimes begins a sentence, and, before he concludes it, entirely changes its construction, because another, more forcible, occurs. As this change frequently happens in conversation, it may be suffered to pass uncensured in the language of the stage. *Steevens.*

[5] —— *not so much perdition as an* hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel, —] Had Shakspeare in his mind St. Paul's hortatory speech to the ship's company, where he assures them that, though they were to suffer shipwreck, "*not an* hair *should fall from the head of any of them?*" Acts, xxvii. 34. Ariel afterwards says, "*Not a* hair *perish'd.*" *Holt White.*

[6] Out *three years old.*] i. e. Quite three years old, three years old full-out, complete.

So, in the 4th Act: "And be a boy right *out.*" *Steevens.*

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Pro. By what? by any other house, or person?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.
Mira. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream, than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
Four or five women once, that tended me?
Pro. Thou had'st, and more, Miranda: But how is it,
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?[7]
If thou remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.
Mira. But that I do not.
Pro. Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve years since,[8]
Thy father was the duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.
Mira. Sir, are not you my father?
Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said—thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was duke of Milan; and his only heir
A princess;—no worse issued.[9]
Mira. O, the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't, we did?
Pro. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence;
But blessedly holp hither.

[7] —— abysm *of time?*] i. e. Abyss. This method of spelling the word is common to other ancient writers. They took it from the French *abysme*, now written *abime*. So, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:
"And chase him from the deep *abysms* below." *Steevens.*

[8] *Twelve* years *since, Miranda, twelve* years *since,*] *Years*, in the first instance, is used as a dissyllable, in the second as a monosyllable. But this is not a license, peculiar to the prosody of Shakspeare. In the second book of Sidney's *Arcadia* are the following lines, exhibiting the same word, with a similar prosodical variation:
"And shall she die? shall cruel *fier* spill
"Those beames that set so many hearts on *fire?*" *Steevens.*

[9] A *princess;—no worse* issued.] The old copy reads—"And *princess.*" For the trivial change in the text I am answerable. *Issued* is descended. So, in Greene's *Card of Fancy*, 1608:
"For I am by birth a gentleman, and *issued* of such parents," &c. *Steevens.*

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Mira. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen[3] that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, further.

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,—
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he, whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state; as, at that time,
Through all the signiories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke; being so reputed
In dignity, and, for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported,
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them; whom to advance, and whom[4]
To trash for over-topping;[5] new created
The creatures that were mine; I say, or chang'd them,

[3] ——teen —] is sorrow, grief, trouble. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
" ——— to my *teen* be it spoken." *Steevens.*

[4] —— whom *to advance, and* whom —] The old copy has *who* in both places. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. *Malone.*

[5] *To trash for over-topping;*] *To trash*, as Dr. Warburton observes, is to cut away the superfluities. This word I have met with in books, containing directions for gardeners, published in the time of queen Elizabeth.

The present explanation may be countenanced by the following passage in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. X. ch. 57:

" Who suffreth none by might, by wealth or blood to *over-topp*,
" Himself gives all preferment, and whom listeth him doth *lop*."

Again, in our author's *K. Richard II*:

" Go thou, and, like an executioner,
" Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays
" That look too lofty in our commonwealth."

Mr. Warton's note, however, on—" *trash* for his quick hunting," in the second act of *Othello*, leaves my interpretation of this passage somewhat disputable.

Mr. M. Mason observes, that *to trash for overtopping*, " may mean to lop them, because they did overtop, or in order to pre-

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Or else new form'd them: having both the key[6]
Of officer and office, set all hearts[7]
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't.[8]—Thou attend'st not:
I pray thee, mark me.[9]

vent them from overtopping. So Lucetta, in the second scene of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, says:

"I was taken up for laying them down,
"Yet here they shall not lie, *for* catching cold."

That is, lest they should catch cold. See Mr. M. Mason's note on this passage.

In another place (a note on *Othello*) Mr. M. Mason observes, that Shakspeare had probably in view, when he wrote the passage before us, "the manner in which Tarquin conveyed to Sextus his advice to destroy the principal citizens of Gabii, by striking off, in the presence of his messengers, the heads of all the tallest poppies, as he walked with them in his garden." *Steevens.*

I think this phrase means "to correct for too much haughtiness or overbearing." It is used by sportsmen in the North, when they correct a dog for misbehaviour in pursuing the game. This explanation is warranted by the following passage in *Othello*, Act II. sc. i:

"If this poor trash of Venice, whom I *trash*
"For his quick hunting."

It was not till after I made this remark, that I saw Mr. Warton's note on the above lines in *Othello*, which corroborates it. *Douce.*

A *trash* is a term still in use among hunters, to denote a piece of leather, couples, or any other weight, fastened round the neck of a dog, when his speed is superior to the rest of the pack; i. e. when he *over-tops* them, when he *hunts too quick*, *C.*

See *Othello*, Act II. sc. i. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *both the* key —] This is meant of a key for tuning the harpsichord, spinnet, or virginal; we call it now a tuning hammer. *Sir J. Hawkins.*

[7] *Of officer and office, set all hearts* —] The old copy reads—"all hearts *i' th' state*," but redundantly in regard to metre, and unnecessarily respecting sense; for what hearts, except such as were *i' th' state*, could Alonso incline to his purposes?

I have followed the advice of Mr. Ritson, who judiciously proposes to omit the words now ejected from the text. *Steevens.*

[8] *And suck'd my* verdure *out on't.*] So in Arthur Hall's translation of the first book of Homer, 1581, where Achilles swears by his sceptre:

"Who having lost the sapp of wood, eft *greenenesse* cannot drawe." *Steevens.*

[9] *I pray thee, mark me.*] In the old copy, these words are the beginning of Prospero's next speech; but, for the restoration of metre, I have changed their place. *Steevens.*

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Mira. O, good sir, I do.

Pro. I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicate[1]
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which, but by being so retir'd,
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature: and my trust,
Like a good parent,[2] did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He, being thus lorded,
Not *only* with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,—like one,
Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,[3]—he did believe

[1] *I thus neglecting worldly ends, all* dedicate —] The old copy has—"dedicated;" but we should read, as in the present text, "dedicate." Thus, in *Measure for Measure:*

"Prayers from fasting maids, whose minds are *dedicate*
"To nothing temporal." *Ritson.*

[2] *Like a good* parent, &c.] Alluding to the observation, that a father above the common rate of men has commonly a son below it. *Heroum filii noxæ. Johnson.*

[3] ——————— *like one,*
Who having, unto *truth, by telling of* it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,] There is, perhaps, no correlative, to which the word *it* can with grammatical propriety belong. *Lie,* however, seems to have been the correlative to which the poet meant to refer, however ungrammatically.

The old copy reads—"*into* truth." The necessary correction was made by Dr. Warburton. *Steevens.*

Mr. Steevens justly observes that there is no correlative, &c. This observation has induced me to mend the passage, and to read:

Who having unto truth, by telling *of't*—instead of, *of it.*
And I am confirmed in this conjecture, by the following passage quoted by Mr. Malone, &c. *M. Mason.*

There is a very singular coincidence between this passage and one in Bacon's *History of King Henry VII.* [Perkin Warbeck] "did in all things notably acquit himself; insomuch as it was generally believed, that he was indeed *Duke* Richard. Nay, *himself, with long and continual counterfeiting, and with* OFT *telling a lye, was turned by habit almost into the thing he seemed to be; and from a liar to be a believer.*" *Malone.*

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He was the duke; out of the substitution,[4]
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative:—Hence his ambition
Growing,—Dost hear?

Mira. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pro. To have no screen between this part he play'd,
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan: Me, poor man!—my library
Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable: confederates
(So dry he was for sway[5]) with the king of Naples,
To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor Milan!)
To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. O the heavens!

Pro. Mark his condition, and the event; then tell me,
If this might be a brother.

Mira. I should sin
To think but nobly[6] of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pro. Now the condition.
This king of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises,[7]—
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,—
Should presently extirpate me and mine

[4] *He was the duke; out of the substitution,*] The old copy reads —" He was *indeed* the duke." I have omitted the word *indeed*, for the sake of metre. The reader should place his emphasis on —was. *Steevens.*

[5] (*So dry he was for sway*)] i. e. So *thirsty*. The expression, I am told, is not uncommon in the midland counties. Thus, in *Leicester's commonwealth:* " against the designments of the hasty Erle who *thirsteth a kingdom* with great intemperance." Again, in *Troilus and Cressida:* " His ambition is *dry*." *Steevens.*

[6] *To think* but *nobly*—] *But*, in this place, signifies *otherwise than*. *Steevens.*

[7] —— in lieu *o' the premises*, &c.] In *lieu of*, means here, in consideration of; an unusual acceptation of the word. So, in Fletcher's *Prophetess*, the chorus, speaking of Drusilla, says:

" But takes their oaths, *in lieu* of her assistance,
" That they shall not presume to touch their lives."

M. Mason.

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Out of the dukedom; and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: Whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying self.
Mira. Alack, for pity!
I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,[8]
Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint,[9]
That wrings mine eyes.[1]
Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon us; without the which, this story
Were most impertinent.
Mira. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?
Pro. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not;
(So dear the love my people bore me) nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd

[8] —— *cried* out —] Perhaps we should read—cried *on't*. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *a* hint,] *Hint* is *suggestion*. So, in the beginning speech of the second act:

" —— our *hint* of woe
" Is common——."

A similar thought occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act V. sc. i:

" ——— it is a tidings
" To wash the eyes of kings." *Steevens.*

[1] *That* wrings *mine eyes.*] i. e. squeezes the water out of them. The old copy reads—

" That wrings mine eyes *to't*."

To what? every reader will ask. I have, therefore, by the advice of Dr. Farmer, omitted these words, which are unnecessary to the metre: *hear*, at the beginning of the next speech, being used as a dissyllable.

To *wring*, in the sense I contend for, occurs in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I. sc. ii: " his cook, or his laundry, or his washer, and his *wringer*." *Steevens.*

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A rotten carcass of a boat,[2] not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it:[3] there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us;[4] to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

Mira. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!

Pro. O! a cherubim
Thou wast, that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea[5] with drops full salt;

[2] —— *of a* boat,] The old copy reads—of a *butt*. *Henley*. It was corrected by Mr. Rowe. *Malone*.

[3] —— had *quit it:*] Old copy—*have* quit it. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. *Malone*.

[4] *To* cry *to the sea that* roar'd *to us;*] This conceit occurs again in the *Winter's Tale*:—" How the poor souls *roar'd*, and the sea *mock'd* them," &c. *Steevens*.

[5] —— deck'd *the sea* —] *To deck the sea*, if explained, to honour, adorn, or dignify, is, indeed, ridiculous, but the original import of the verb *deck*, is *to cover*; so, in some parts, they yet say *deck the table*. This sense may be borne, but perhaps the poet wrote *fleck'd*, which I think is still used in rustic language of drops falling upon water. Dr. Warburton reads *mock'd*; the Oxford edition *brack'd*. *Johnson*.

Verstegan, p. 61. speaking of beer, says " So the *overdecking* or *covering* of beer came to be called berham, and afterwards barme." This very well supports Dr. Johnson's explanation. The following passage in *Antony and Cleopatra* may countenance the verb *deck*, in its common acceptation:

" —— do not please sharp fate
" To *grace* it with your sorrows."

What is this but *decking* it with *tears?*

Again, our author's Caliban says, Act III. sc. ii:

" —— He has brave utensils,
" Which, when he has a house, he'll *deck* withal." *Steevens*.

To *deck*, I am told, signifies in the North, to *sprinkle*. See Ray's DICT. *of North Country words*, in *verb.* to *deg*, and to *deck*; and his DICT. *of South Country words*, in *verb. dag*. The latter signifies *dew* upon the grass!—hence *daggle-tailed*. In Cole's Latin Dictionary, 1679, we find,—" *To* dag, *collutulo, irroro*." *Malone*.

A correspondent, who signs himself *Eboracensis*, proposes that this contested word should be printed *degg'd*, which, says he, signifies *sprinkled*, and is in daily use in the North of England. When

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Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach,[6] to bear up
Against what should ensue.
Mira. How came we ashore?
Pro. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, (who being then appointed
Master of this design,) did give us;[7] with

clothes that have been washed are too much dried, it is necessary to moisten them before they can be ironed, which is always done by *sprinkling*; this operation the maidens universally call *degging*. *Reed.*

[6] *An undergoing* stomach,] *Stomach* is *stubborn resolution*. So, Horace: "—— gravem Pelidæ *stomachum*." *Steevens.*

[7] *Some food we had, and some fresh water, that*
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, (who *being then appointed*
Master of this design,) *did give us;*] Mr. Steevens has suggested, that we might better read—*he* being then appointed; and so we should certainly now write: but the reading of the old copy is the true one, that mode of phraseology being the idiom of Shakspeare's time. So, in the *Winter's Tale*:

"—— This your son-in-law,
"And *son* unto the king, (*whom* heavens directing,)
"Is troth-plight to your daughter."

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

"—— waving thy hand,
"*Which*, often, thus, *correcting thy stout heart*,
"Now humble as the ripest mulberry,
"That will not hold the handling; or, say to them," &c.
Malone.

I have left the passage in question as I found it, though with slender reliance on its integrity.

What Mr. Malone has styled "the idiom of Shakspeare's time," can scarce deserve so creditable a distinction. It should be remembered that the instances, adduced by him, in support of his position, are not from the early quartos, which he prefers on the score of accuracy, but from the folio 1623, the inaccuracy of which, with equal judgment, he has censured.

The genuine idiom of our language, at its different periods, can only be ascertained by reference to contemporary writers, whose works were skilfully revised, as they passed through the press, and are therefore unsuspected of corruption. A sufficient number of such books are before us. If they supply examples of phraseology, resembling that which Mr. Malone would establish, there is an end of controversy between us: Let, however, the

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Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
From my own library, with volumes, that
I prize above my dukedom.
Mira. 'Would I might
But ever see that man!
Pro. Now I arise:[8]—
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy school-master, made thee more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

disputed phrases be brought to their test before they are admitted; for I utterly refuse to accept the jargon of theatres and the mistakes of printers, as the idiom or grammar of the age, in which Shakspeare wrote. Every gross departure from literary rules may be countenanced, if we are permitted to draw examples from vitiated pages; and our readers, as often as they meet with restorations, founded on such authorities, may justly exclaim with Othello,—" Chaos is come again." *Steevens.*

[8] *Now I arise:*] Why does Prospero *arise?* Or, if he does it to ease himself by change of posture, why need he interrupt his narrative to tell his daughter of it? Perhaps these words belong to Miranda, and we should read:

Mir. *'Would I might*
But ever see that man!—Now I arise.
Pro. *Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.*

Prospero, in p. 15, had directed his daughter to *sit down*, and learn the whole of this history; having previously by some magical charm disposed her to fall asleep. He is watching the progress of this charm; and in the mean time tells her a long story, often asking her whether her attention be still awake. The story being ended (as Miranda supposes) with their coming on shore, and partaking of the conveniences provided for them by the loyal humanity of Gonzalo, she therefore first expresses a wish to see the good old man, and then observes that she may *now arise*, as the story is done. Prospero, surprised that his charm does not yet work, bids her *sit still;* and then enters on fresh matter to amuse the time, telling her (what she knew before) that he had been her tutor, &c. But soon perceiving her drowsiness coming on, he breaks off abruptly, and leaves her *still sitting* to her slumbers. *Blackstone.*

As the words—" now I arise"—may signify, " now I *rise* in my narration,"—" now my story *heightens* in its consequence," I have left the passage in question undisturbed. We still say, that the interest of a drama *rises* or declines. *Steevens.*

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Mira. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you, sir,
(For still 'tis beating in my mind,) your reason
For raising this sea-storm?
Pro. Know thus far forth.—
By accident most strange, bountiful fortune,
Now my dear lady,[9] hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence
If *now* I court not, but omit,[1] my fortunes
Will ever after droop.—Here cease more questions;
Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,[2]
And give it way; I know thou can'st not choose.—
[*Miranda sleeps.*
Come away, servant, come: I am ready now;
Approach, my Ariel; come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,[3]

[9] *Now my dear lady,*] i. e. *now my auspicious mistress. Steevens.*

[1] *I find my zenith doth depend upon*
A most auspicious star; whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, &c.] So, in *Julius Cæsar:*
" There is a tide in the affairs of man,
" Which taken at the flood, leads on to *fortune;*
" *Omitted,* all the voyage of their life
" Is bound in shallows and in miseries." *Malone.*

[2] —— *'tis a good dulness,*] Dr. Warburton rightly observes, that this sleepiness, which Prospero by his art had brought upon Miranda, and of which he knew not how soon the effect would begin, makes him question her so often whether she is attentive to his story. *Johnson.*

[3] *All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come*
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly, &c.] Imitated by Fletcher in *The Faithful Shepherdess:*
" ——tell me sweetest,
" What new service now is meetest
" For the satyre; shall I stray
" In the middle ayre, and stay
" The failing racke, or nimbly take
" Hold by the moone, and gently make
" Suit to the pale queene of night,
" For a beame to give thee light?
" Shall I dive into the sea,

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To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds;[4] to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his quality.[5]
Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point[6] the tempest that I bade thee?
Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,[7]
Now in the waist,[8] the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: Sometimes, I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the top-mast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet, and join: Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps,[9] more momentary
And sight out-running were not: The fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,

" And bring thee coral, making way
" Through the rising waves," &c. *Henley.*

[4] *On the curl'd clouds;*] So, in *Timon—Crisp* heaven. *Steevens.*

[5] —— *and all his* quality.] i. e. all his confederates, all who are of the same profession. So, in *Hamlet:*
" Come give us a taste of your *quality.*" See notes on this passage, Act II. sc. ii. *Steevens.*

[6] *Perform'd to point*—] i. e. to the minutest article; a literal translation of the French phrase—*a point.* .So, in the *Chances,* by Beaumont and Fletcher:
" ——— are you all fit?
" To *point,* sir."

Thus, in Chapman's version of the second book of Homer's *Odyssey,* we have
" ——— every due
" *Perform'd to full:*——." *Steevens.*

[7] —— *now on the* beak,] The beak was a strong pointed body at the head of the ancient gallies; it is used here for the forecastle, or the boltsprit. *Johnson.*

So in Philemon Holland's translation of the 2d chapter of the 32d book of *Pliny's Natural History:*——" our goodly, tall and proud ships, so well armed in the *beake-head* with yron pikes," &c. *Steevens.*

[8] *Now in the waist,*] The part between the quarter-deck and the forecastle. *Johnson.*

[9] ——— *precursors*
O' the dreadful thunder-claps,] So, in *King Lear:*
" 'Vant couriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts." *Steevens.*

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Yea, his dread trident shake.[1]
Pro. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?
Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad,[2] and play'd
Some tricks of desperation: All, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,[3]
Then all a-fire with me: The king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring (then like reeds, not hair,)
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, *Hell is empty,*
And all the devils are here.
Pro. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?
Ari. Close by, my master.
Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe?
Ari. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining[4] garments not a blemish,

[1] *Yea, his dread trident shake.*] Lest the metre should appear defective, it is necessary to apprize the reader, that, in Warwickshire and other midland counties, *shake* is still pronounced by the common people as if it was written sha*a*ke, a dissyllable. *Farmer.*

The word *shake* is so printed in Golding's version of the 9th book of *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, edit. 1575:

"Hee quaak't and *shaak't* and looked pale," &c. *Steevens.*

[2] *But felt a fever of the mad,*] If it be at all necessary to explain the meaning, it is this: *Not a soul but felt such a fever, as madmen feel, when the frantic fit is upon them.* *Steevens.*

[3] —— *and* quit *the vessel,*] *Quit* is, I think, here used for *quitted.* So, in *K. Lear:*

"——— 'Twas he inform'd against him,
"And *quit* the house on purpose, that their punishment
"Might have the freer course."

So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I. *lift*, for *lifted:*

"He ne'er *lift* up his hand, but conquered." *Malone.*

[4] —— *sustaining* —] i. e. their garments that bore them up and supported them. Thus, in Chapman's translation of the eleventh *Iliad:*

"Who fell, and crawled upon the earth with his *sustaining* palmes."

Again, in *K. Lear*, Act IV. sc. iv.

"In our *sustaining* corn."

Again, in *Hamlet:*

"——— Her *clothes* spread wide
"And, mermaid-like, a while they *bore her up.*"

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But fresher than before: And, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle:
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the king's ship,
The mariners, say, how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet?

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes,[5] there she's hid:

Mr. M. Mason, however, observes that "the word *sustaining*, in this place, does not mean *supporting*, but *enduring*; and by their *sustaining* garments, Ariel means their garments which *bore*, without being injured, the drenching of the sea." *Steevens.*

[5] *From the still-vex'd* Bermoothes,] Fletcher, in his *Women Pleased*, says, "*The devil should think of purchasing that egg-shell to victual out a witch for the Bermoothes.*" Smith, in his account of these islands, p. 172, says, "*that the Bermudas were so fearful to the world, that many called them* The Isle of Devils.—P. 174. —*to all seamen no less terrible than an inchanted den of furies.*" And no wonder, for the clime was extremely subject to storms and hurricanes; and the islands were surrounded with scattered rocks lying shallowly hid under the surface of the water. *Warburton.*

The epithet, here applied to the Bermudas, will be best understood by those who have seen the chafing of the sea over the rugged rocks by which they are surrounded, and which render access to them so dangerous. It was in our poet's time the current opinion, that Bermudas was inhabited by *monsters*, and *devils.—Setebos*, the god of Caliban's dam, was an American devil, worshipped by the giants of Patagonia. *Henley.*

Again, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play, the Devil is in it*, 1612: "Sir, if you have made me tell a lye, they'll send me on a voyage to the island of Hogs and *Devils*, the *Bermudas*. *Steevens.*

The opinion that Bermudas was haunted with evil spirits continued so late as the civil wars. In a little piece of Sir John Berkinghead's intitled, *Two Centuries of Paul's Church-yard, una cum indice expurgatorio*, &c. 12°, in page 62, under the title *Cases of Conscience*, is this:

"34. Whether *Bermudas* and the Parliament-house lie under one planet, seeing both are *haunted with devils*." *Percy.*

Bermudas was, on this account, the cant name for some privileged place, in which the cheats and riotous bullies of Shakspeare's time assembled. So, in *The Devil is an Ass*, by Ben Jonson:

"——— keeps he still your quarter
"In the *Bermudas?*

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The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Whom, with a charm, join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep: and, for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again;
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,[6]
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.

Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work:
What is the time o' the day?[7]

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pro. At least two glasses: The time 'twixt six and now,
Must by us both be spent most preciously.

Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now? moody?
What is't thou can'st demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more.

Ari. I pray thee
Remember I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd[8]

Again, in one of his Epistles:

"Have their *Bermudas*, and their straights i' th' Strand."

Again, in *The Devil is an Ass:*

"———— I gave my word
"For one that's run away to the *Bermudas*." *Steevens.*

6 —— *the Mediterranean* flote,] *Flote* is *wave*. Flot. Fr. *Steevens.*

7 *What is the time o' the day?*] This passage needs not be disturbed, it being common to ask a question, which the next moment enables us to answer: he that thinks it faulty, may easily adjust it thus:

Pro. *What is the time o' the day? Past the mid season?*
Ari. *At least two glasses.*
Pro. *The time 'twixt six and now* —. *Johnson.*

Mr. Upton proposes to regulate this passage differently:

Ariel. *Past the mid season, at least two glasses.*
Pros. *The time*, &c. *Malone.*

8 *Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd* —] The old copy has—

"Told thee no lies, made *thee* no mistakings, serv'd—"

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Without or grudge, or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.

Pro. Dost thou forget[9]
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pro. Thou dost? and think'st
It much, to tread the ooze of the salt deep;
To run upon the sharp wind of the north;
To do me business in the veins o' the earth,

The repetition of a word will be found a frequent mistake, in the ancient editions. *Ritson.*

[9] *Dost thou forget —]* That the character and conduct of Prospero may be understood, something must be known of the system of enchantment, which supplied all the marvellous, found in the romances of the middle ages. This system seems to be founded on the opinion that the fallen spirits, having different degrees of guilt, had different habitations allotted them at their expulsion, some being confined in hell, *some* (as Hooker, who delivers the opinion of our poet's age, expresses it,) *dispersed in air, some on earth, some in water, others in caves, dens, or minerals under the earth.* Of these, some were more malignant and mischievous than others. The earthy spirits seem to have been thought the most depraved, and the aerial the least vitiated. Thus Prospero observes of Ariel:

——— *Thou wast a spirit too delicate*
To act her earthy *and abhorr'd commands.*

Over these spirits a power might be obtained by certain rites performed, or charms learned. This power was called *The black Art,* or *Knowledge of Enchantment.* The enchanter being (as king James observes in his *Demonology*) one *who commands the devil, whereas the witch serves him.* Those who thought best of this art, the existence of which was, I am afraid, believed very seriously, held, that certain sounds and characters had a physical power over spirits, and compelled their agency; others who condemned the practice, which in reality was surely never practised, were of opinion, with more reason, that the power of charms arose *only* from compact, and was no more than the spirits voluntarily allowed them for the seduction of man. The art was held by all, though not equally criminal, yet unlawful, and therefore Casaubon, speaking of one who had commerce with spirits, blames him, though he imagines him *one of the best kind, who dealt with them by way of command.* Thus Prospero repents of his art in the last scene. The spirits were always considered as in some measure enslaved to the enchanter, at least for a time, and as serving with unwillingness; therefore Ariel so often begs for liberty; and Caliban observes, that the spirits serve Prospero with no good will, but *hate him rootedly.*—Of these trifles enough. *Johnson.*

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When it is bak'd with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir.

Pro. Thou liest, malignant thing? Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax,[1] who, with age, and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, sir.

Pro. Thou hast: Where was she born? speak; tell me.

Ari. Sir, in Argier.[2]

Pro. O, was she so? I must,
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch, Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd; for one thing she did,
They would not take her life: Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, sir.

Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors: Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant:
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans,
As fast as mill-wheels strike: Then was this island,
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born,) not honour'd with

[1] *The foul* witch *Sycorax,*] This idea might have been caught from Dionyse Settle's *Reporte of the Last Voyage of Capteine Frobisher*, 12mo. bl. l. 1577. He is speaking of a woman found on one of the islands described. "The old wretch, whome diuers of our Saylers supposed to be a Diuell, or a *Witche*, plucked off her buskins, to see if she were clouen footed, and for her ougly hewe and deformitie, we let her goe." *Steevens.*

[2] —— *in* Argier.] *Argier* is the ancient English name for *Algiers*. See a pamphlet entitled, *A true Relation of the Travailes*, &c. *of William Davies, Barber-surgeon*, &c. 1614. In this is a chapter "on the description, &c. of *Argier*." *Steevens.*

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A human shape.

Ari. Yes; Caliban her son.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in: Thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo; it was mine art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spriting gently.

Pro. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?

Pro. Go make thyself like to a nymph o' the sea;[3]
Be subject to no sight but mine; invisible
To every eye-ball else.[4] Go, take this shape,

[3] —— *to a nymph o' the sea;*] There does not appear to be sufficient cause why *Ariel* should assume this new shape, as he was to be invisible to all eyes, but those of Prospero. *Steevens.*

[4] *Be subject to no sight but* mine; *invisible*
To every eye-ball else.] The old copy reads—
"Be subject to no sight but *thine and* mine; invisible," &c.
But redundancy in the first line, and the ridiculous precaution that Ariel should not be *invisible to himself*, plainly prove that the words—*and thine*—were the interpolations of ignorance.
Steevens.

Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea: be subject
To no sight but thine and mine; invisible, &c.] The words—"be subject"—having been transferred in the first copy of this play to the latter of these lines, by the carelessness of the transcriber or printer, the editor of the second folio, to supply the metre of the former, introduced the word *to;*—reading, "like *to* a nymph o' the sea." The regulation that I have made, shews that the addition, like many others made by that editor, was unnecessary. *Malone.*

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And hither come in't: Hence, with diligence.[5]
[*Exit* ARIEL.
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!

Mira. The strangeness[6] of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pro. Shake it off: Come on;
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mira. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

Pro. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him:[7] he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood; and serves in offices
That profit us. What ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. [*Within*] There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I say; there's other business for thee:
Come forth, thou tortoise! when?[8]

My arrangement of this passage, admits the word *to*, which, I think, was judiciously restored by the editor of the second folio. *Steevens.*

[5] *And hither come in't: hence with diligence.*] The old copy reads—"And hither come in't: *go*, hence with diligence."
The transcriber or compositor had caught the word *go* from the preceding line. *Ritson.*

[6] *The strangeness* ——] Why should a wonderful story produce sleep? I believe experience will prove, that any violent agitation of the mind easily subsides in slumber, especially when, as in Prospero's relation, the last images are pleasing. *Johnson.*
The poet seems to have been apprehensive that the audience, as well as Miranda, would sleep over this long, but necessary, tale, and, therefore, strives to break it. First, by making Prospero divest himself of the magic robe and wand; then, by waking her attention no less than six times, by verbal interruption: then, by varying the action, when he rises, and bids her continue sitting: and lastly, by carrying on the business of the fable, while Miranda sleeps, by which she is continued on the stage, till the poet has occasion for her again. *Warner.*

[7] *We cannot miss him:*] That is, we cannot do without him. *M. Mason.*

[8] *Come forth, thou tortoise! when?*] This interrogation, indicative of impatience in the highest degree, occurs also in *King Richard II.* Act I. sc. i: "*When*, Harry?" See note on this passage, Act I. sc. i.

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All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging,
Than bees that made them.
Cal. I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,[3]
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me; would'st give me
Water, with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: And then I lov'd thee,
And shew'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place, and fertile;
Cursed be I that did so!—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king: and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest of the island.
Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness: I have us'd thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee,
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.
Cal. O ho, O ho![4]—would it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.
Pro. Abhorred slave;[5]
Which any print of goodness will not take,

subjected to their dominion. To this limitation of time Shakspeare alludes again, in *K. Lear*: "*He begins at curfew, and walks till the second cock.*" *Steevens.*

[3] *Which thou tak'st from me. When thou* camest *first,*] We might read—

"Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st *here* first —." *Ritson.*

[4] *O ho, O ho!*] This savage exclamation was originally and constantly appropriated, by the writers of our ancient Mysteries and Moralities, to the Devil; and has, in this instance, been transferred to his descendant Caliban. *Steevens.*

[5] *Abhorred slave;*] This speech, which the old copy gives to Miranda, is very judiciously bestowed, by Theobald, on Prospero. *Johnson.*

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Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee, each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning,[6] but would'st gabble, like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes,
With words, that made them known: But thy vile race,[7]
Though thou didst learn, had that in't, which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more, than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: The red plague rid you,[8]
For learning me your language!

Mr. Theobald found, or might have found, this speech transferred to Prospero, in the alteration of this play, by Dryden and Davenant. *Malone.*

[6] —— *when thou didst not, savage,*
Know thine own meaning,] By this expression, however defective, the poet seems to have meant—*When thou didst utter sounds, to which thou hadst no determinate meaning:* but the following expression of Mr. Addison, in his 389th Spectator, concerning the Hottentots, may prove the best comment on this passage: "— having no language among them, but a confused gabble, which is *neither well understood by themselves*, or others." *Steevens.*

[7] —— *But thy* vile race,] The old copy has *vild*, but it is only the ancient mode of spelling *vile*. *Race*, in this place, seems to signify original disposition, inborn qualities. In this sense, we still say—*The race of wine:* Thus, in Massinger's *New Way to pay old Debts:*

"There came, not six days since, from Hull, a pipe
"Of rich canary.———
"Is it of the right *race?*"

and Sir W. Temple has somewhere applied it to works of literature. *Steevens.*

Race and raciness in wine, signifies a kind of tartness. *Blackstone.*

[8] —— *the* red *plague* rid *you,*] I suppose, from the redness of the body, universally inflamed. *Johnson.*

The *erysipelas* was anciently called the *red plague*. *Steevens.*

So again, in *Coriolanus:*

"Now the *red pestilence* strike all trades in Rome!"

The word *rid*, which has not been explained, means to *destroy*. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II:

"——If you ever chance to have a child,
"Look, in his youth, to have him so cut off,
"As, deathsmen! you have *rid* this sweet young prince." *Malone.*

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This musick crept by me upon the waters;[5]
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air: Thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather:—But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL sings.

Full fathom five thy father lies;[6]
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls, that were his eyes:
Nothing of him, that doth fade,[7]
But doth suffer a sea-change,[8]
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell,[9]
[*Burden*, ding-dong.

[5] *This musick* crept *by me upon the waters;*] So, in Milton's *Masque:*

"—— a soft and solemn breathing sound
"Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,
"And *stole* upon the air." *Steevens.*

[6] *Full fathom five thy father lies;* &c.] Ariel's lays, (which have been condemned by Gildon as trifling, and defended not very successfully by Dr. Warburton,) however seasonable and efficacious, must be allowed to be of no supernatural dignity or elegance; they express nothing great, nor reveal any thing above mortal discovery.

The reason for which Ariel is introduced thus trifling is, that he and his companions are evidently of the fairy kind, an order of beings, to which tradition has always ascribed a sort of diminutive agency, powerful but ludicrous, a humorous and frolick controlment of nature, well expressed by the songs of Ariel. *Johnson.*

The songs in this play, Dr. Wilson, who reset and published two of them, tells us, in his *Court Ayres*, or *Ballads*, published at Oxford, 1660, that "*Full fathom five*," and "*Where the bee sucks*," had been first set by Robert Johnson, a composer, contemporary with Shakspeare. *Burney.*

[7] *Nothing of him that doth fade,*
But doth suffer a sea-change—] The meaning is—Every thing about him, that is liable to alteration, is changed. *Steevens.*

[8] *But doth* suffer *a sea*-change—] So, in Milton's *Masque:*
"And *underwent* a quick immortal *change*." *Steevens.*

[9] So, in *The Golden Garland of Princely Delight*, &c. 13th edition, 1690:

"Corydon's doleful knell to the tune of *Ding, dong.*"
"I must go seek a new love,
"Yet will I *ring her knell,—Ding, dong.*"

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Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father:—
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes:[1]—I hear it now above me.

Pro. The fringed curtains[2] of thine eye advance
And say, what thou seest yond'.

Mira. What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form:—But 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No, wench; it eats and sleeps, and hath such senses
As we have, such: This gallant, which thou seest,
Was *in the* wreck; and, but he's something stain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find them.

Mira. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pro. It goes on,[3] [*Aside.*
As my soul prompts it:—Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee
Within two days, for this.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess

The same burden to a song occurs in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act III. sc. ii. *Steevens.*

[1] *That the earth* owes:] *To owe*, in this place, as well as many others, signifies *to own*. So, in *Othello:*

"——— that sweet sleep
"Which thou *ow'dst* yesterday."

Again, in the *Tempest:*

"——— thou dost here usurp
"The name thou *ow'st* not."

To use the word in this sense, is not peculiar to Shakspeare. I meet with it in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Beggar's Bush:*

"If now the beard be such, what is the prince
"That *owes* the beard?" *Steevens.*

[2] *The* fringed curtains, &c.] A similar expression occurs in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"——— *her eyelids*
"Begin to part their *fringes* of bright gold."

Again, in Sydney's *Arcadia*, Lib. I: "Sometimes my eyes would lay themselves open—or cast my lids, as *curtains*, over the image of beauty her presence had painted in them." *Steevens.*

[3] *It goes on,*] The old copy reads—"It goes on, *I see*," &c. But as the words *I see*, are useless, and an incumbrance to the metre, I have omitted them. *Steevens.*

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On whom these airs attend![4]—Vouchsafe, my prayer
May know, if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here: My prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid, or no?
Mira. No wonder, sir;
But, certainly a maid.[5]
Fer. My language! heavens!—

[4] *Most sure*, &c.] It seems that Shakspeare, in *The Tempest*, hath been suspected of translating some expressions of Virgil; witness the *O Dea certè*. I presume we are here directed to the passage, where Ferdinand says of Miranda, after hearing the songs of Ariel:

Most sure, the goddess,
On whom these airs attend!—

And so, *very small Latin* is sufficient for this formidable translation, that, if it be thought any honour to our poet, I am loth to deprive him of it; but his honour is not built on such a sandy foundation. Let us turn to a *real translator*, and examine whether the idea might not be fully comprehended by an English reader, supposing it necessarily borrowed from Virgil. *Hexameters* in our language are almost forgotten; we will quote, therefore, this time, from Stanyhurst:

" O to thee, fayre virgin, what terme may rightly be fitted?
" Thy tongue, thy visage no mortal frayltie resembleth.
" —— No doubt, a goddesse!" *Edit.* 1583. *Farmer.*

[5] —— *certainly a maid.*] Nothing could be more prettily imagined, to illustrate the singularity of her character, than this pleasant mistake. She had been bred up in the rough and plain-dealing documents of moral philosophy, which teaches us the knowledge of ourselves; and was an utter stranger to the flattery invented by vicious and designing men to corrupt the other sex. So that it could not enter into her imagination, that complaisance, and a desire of appearing amiable, qualities of humanity which she had been instructed, in her moral lessons, to cultivate, could ever degenerate into such excess, as that any one should be willing to have his fellow-creature believe that he thought her a goddess, or an immortal. *Warburton.*

Dr. Warburton has here found a beauty, which I think the author never intended. Ferdinand asks her, not whether she was a *created being*, a question, which, if he meant it, he has ill expressed, but whether she was unmarried; for after the dialogue, which Prospero's interruption produces, he goes on pursuing his former question:

O, if a virgin,
I'll make you queen of Naples. *Johnson.*

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I am the best of them, that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.
Pro. How! the best?
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?
Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples: He does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep: myself am Naples;
Who, with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
The king, my father, wreck'd.
Mira. Alack, for mercy!
Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of Milan,
And his brave son, being twain.[6]
Pro. The duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter, could control thee,[7]
If now 'twere fit to do't:—At the first sight [*Aside.*
They have chang'd eyes:—Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this!—A word, good sir;
I fear, you have done yourself some wrong:[8] a word.
Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!
Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.
Pro. Soft, sir; one word more.—
They are both in either's powers: but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning [*Aside.*
Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge thee,
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it

[6] *And his brave son, being twain.*] This is a slight forgetfulness. Nobody was lost in the wreck, yet we find no such character, as the son of the duke of Milan. *Theobald.*

[7] ——— *control thee,*] Confute thee, unanswerably contradict thee. *Johnson.*

[8] *I fear you have done yourself some wrong:*] i. e. I fear, that in asserting yourself to be *king of Naples*, you have uttered a falsehood, which is below your character, and, consequently, injurious to your honour. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*—"This is not well, master Ford, this *wrongs you.*" *Steevens.*

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From me, the lord on't.
Fer. No, as I am a man.
Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair an house;
Good things will strive to dwell with't.
Pro. Follow me.— [*To* FER.
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come.
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled: Follow.
Fer. No;
I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power. [*He draws.*
Mira. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.[9]
Pro. What, I say,
My foot my tutor![1]—Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward;[2]
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.
Mira. Beseech you, father!

[9] *He's gentle, and not* fearful.] *Fearful* signifies both terrible and timorous. In this place it may mean *timorous*. She tells her father, that as he is gentle, rough usage is unnecessary; and as he is brave, it may be dangerous.

Fearful, however, may signify *formidable*, as in *K. Henry IV.*:

"A mighty and a *fearful* head they are."

and then, the meaning of the passage is obvious. *Steevens.*

[1] *My* foot *my tutor!*] So, in *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, 1587, p. 163:

"What honest heart would not conceive disdayne,
"To see *the foote* surmount above the *head*." *Henderson.*

Again, in *K. Lear*, Act IV. sc. ii. one of the quartos reads—

"My *foot* usurps my *head*."

Thus also Pope, *Essay on Man*, I. 260:

"What, if the *foot*, ordain'd the dust to tread,
"Or hand to toil, aspir'd to be the *head*?" *Steevens.*

[2] —— *come from thy* ward;] Desist from any hope of awing me by that posture of defence. *Johnson.*

So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. Falstaff says:—"Thou know'st my old *ward*;—here I lay, and thus I bore my point." *Steevens.*

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Pro. Hence; hang not on my garments.
Mira. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.
Pro. Silence: one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor? hush!
Thou think'st, there are no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: Foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.
Mira. My affections
Are then most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.
Pro. Come on; obey: [*To* FER.
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,[3]
And have no vigour in them.
Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,[4]
Might I, but through my prison, once a day,
Behold this maid:[5] all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

[3] *Thy nerves are in their infancy again,*] Perhaps Milton had this passage in his mind, when he wrote the following line in his *Masque at Ludlow Castle:*

"Thy nerves are all bound up in alabaster." *Steevens.*

[4] —— are *but light to me,*] This passage, as it stands at present, with all allowance for poetical licence, cannot be reconciled to grammar. I suspect that our author wrote—"*were* but light to me," in the sense of—*would be.*—In the preceding line, the old copy reads—*nor* this man's threats. The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. *Malone.*

[5] *Might I, but through my prison, once a day,*
Behold this maid:] This thought seems borrowed from *The Knight's Tale* of Chaucer; v. 1230:

"For elles had I dwelt with Theseus
"Yfetered in his prison evermo.
"Then had I ben in blisse, and not in wo.
"Only the sight of hire, whom that I serve,
"Though that I never hire grace may deserve,
"Wold have sufficed right ynough for me." *Steevens.*

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Adr. Though this island seem to be desert,—
Seb. Ha, ha, ha!
Ant. So, you've pay'd.
Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—
Seb. Yet,
Adr. Yet—
Ant. He could not miss it.
Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.[2]
Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.[3]
Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.
Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.
Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.
Ant. Or, as 'twere perfumed by a fen.
Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.
Ant. True; save means to live.
Seb. Of that there's none, or little.
Gon. How lush[4] and lusty the grass looks! how green!
Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

[2] ——— *and delicate* temperance.] *Temperance* here means *temperature*. *Steevens.*

[3] Temperance *was a delicate wench.*] In the puritanical times, it was usual to christian children from the titles of religious and moral virtues.
So, Taylor, the water-poet, in his description of a strumpet:
" Though bad they be, they will not bate an ace,
" To be call'd Prudence, *Temperance*, Faith, or Grace."
Steevens.

[4] *How* lush, &c.] *Lush*, i. e. of a *dark full* colour, the opposite to *pale* and *faint*. *Sir T. Hanmer.*
The words, *how green?* which immediately follow, might have intimated to Sir T. Hanmer, that *lush* here signifies *rank*, and not *a dark full colour*. In Arthur Golding's translation of *Julius Solinus*, printed 1587, a passage occurs, in which the word is explained.—" Shrubbes *lushe* and almost like a grystle."
So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream:*
" Quite over-canopied with *lushious* woodbine." *Henley.*
The word *lush* has not yet been rightly interpreted. It appears from the following passage in Golding's translation of Ovid, 1587, to have signified *juicy, succulent:*
" What! seest thou not, how that the year, as representing plaine
" The age of man, departes himself in quarters foure: first, baine
" And tender in the spring it is, even like a sucking babe,

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Seb. With an eye of green in't.[5]

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth, totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is (which is indeed almost beyond credit)—

Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness, and glosses; being rather new dy'd, than stain'd with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Africk, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter, Claribel,[6] to the king of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

"Then greene and void of strength, and *lush* and *foggy* is the blade;
"And cheers the husbandman with hope."

Ovid's lines (Met. XV.) are these:

"Quid? non in species succedere quatuor annum
"Aspicis, ætatis peragentem imitamina nostræ?
"Nam tener et lactens, puerique simillimus ævo,
"Vere novo est. Tunc *herba recens, et roboris expers,*
"*Turget, et insolida est,* et spe delectat agrestem."

Spenser, in his *Shepheard's Calender,* (Feb.) applies the epithet *lusty* to green:

"With leaves engrain'd in *lustie green.*" *Malone.*

[5] *With an eye of green in't.*] An *eye* is a small shade of colour:

"Red, with an *eye* of blue, makes a purple." *Boyle.*

Again, in *Fuller's Church History,* p. 237, xvii. Cent. Book XI: "— some cole-black (all *eye* of purple being put out therein) —."

Again, in Sandys's *Travels,* lib. i: "— cloth of silver, tissued with an *eye* of green —." *Steevens.*

[6] —— *Claribel* —] Shakspeare might have found this name in the bl. l. *History of George Lord Faukonbridge,* a pamphlet that he probably read when he was writing *King John.* CLARABEL is there the concubine of King Richard I. and the mother of Lord Falconbridge. *Malone.*

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Ant. Widow? a pox o'that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido![7]

Seb. What if he had said, widower Æneas too? good lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: She was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.[8]

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay?

[7] —— *Widow Dido!*] The name of a widow brings to their minds their own shipwreck, which they consider as having made many widows in Naples. *Johnson.*

Perhaps our author remembered "An inscription for the statue of Dido," copied from Ausonius, and inserted in *Davison's* Poems:

"O most unhappy *Dido*,
"Unhappy wife, and more unhappy *widow!*
"Unhappy in thy mate,
"And in thy lover more unfortunate!" &c.

The edition from whence I have transcribed these lines, was printed in 1621, but there was a former in 1608, and another some years before, as I collect from the following passage in a letter from Dr. John Chamberlain to Mr. Carleton, July 8, 1602: "It seems young Davison means to take another course, and turn poet, for he hath lately *set out* certain sonnets and epigrams." Chamberlain's Letters, Vol. I. among Dr. Birch's MSS. in the British Museum. *Malone.*

A ballad of *Queen Dido* is in the Pepysian collection, and is also printed in Dr. Percy's *Reliques*. It appears at one time to have been a great favourite with the common people. "O you ale-knights," exclaims an ancient writer, "you that devoure the marrow of the mault, and drinke whole ale-tubs into consumptions; that sing QUEEN DIDO over a cupp, and tell strange newes over an ale-pot," &c. *Jacke of Dover, his quest of Inquirie, or his privy Search for the veriest Foole in England*, 4to. 1604, sig. F. *Ritson.*

[8] —— *the miraculous harp.*] Alluding to the wonders of Amphion's music. *Steevens.*

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Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seem now as fresh, as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. 'Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O, widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage.

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears, against
The stomach of my sense:[9] 'Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy remov'd,
I ne'er again shall see her. O, thou, mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee!

Fran. Sir, he may live;
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swollen that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself, with his good arms, in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt,
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss;
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and impórtun'd otherwise,

[9] *The stomach of my* sense:] By *sense*, I believe, is meant both *reason and natural affection*. So, in *Measure for Measure:*

"Against all *sense* do you impórtune her."

Mr. M. Mason, however, supposes "*sense*, in this place, means *feeling*." *Steevens.*

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By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd, between lothness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam she'd bow.[1] We have lost your son,
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
More widows in them, of this business' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them:[2] the fault's
Your own.

Alon. So is the dearest of the loss.

Gon. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—

Ant. He'd sow it with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the king of it, What would I do?

Seb. 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

[1] Weigh'd, *between lothness and obedience, at Which end o'the beam* she'd *bow.*] *Weigh'd* means *deliberated.* It is used in nearly the same sense in *Love's Labour Lost*, and in *Hamlet.* The old copy reads—*should* bow. *Should*, was, probably, an abbreviation of *she would*, the mark of elision being inadvertently omitted [sh'ould]. Thus, *he has*, is frequently exhibited in the first folio—*h'as.* Mr. Pope corrected the passage, thus: "at which end the beam should bow." But omission of any word in the old copy, without substituting another in its place, is seldom safe, except in those instances, where the repeated word appears to have been caught by the compositor's eye, glancing on the line above or below, or where a word is printed twice in the same line. *Malone.*

[2] *Than we bring men to comfort them:*] It does not clearly appear whether the king and these lords thought the ship lost. This passage seems to imply, that they were, themselves, confident of returning, but imagined part of the fleet destroyed. Why, indeed, should Sebastian plot against his brother, in the following scene, unless he knew how to find the kingdom, which he was to inherit? *Johnson.*

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Gon. I' the commonwealth, I would, by contraries,
Execute all things: for no kind of traffick
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; no use of service,
Of riches, or of poverty; no contracts,
Successions; bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none:[3]
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too; but innocent and pure:
No sovereignty:—

Seb. And yet he would be king on't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.[4]

Gon. All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat, or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,[5]

[3] *And use of service, none; contract, succession,*
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none.] The defective metre of the second of these lines, affords a ground for believing that some word was omitted at the press. Many of the defects, however, in our author's metre, have arisen from the words of one line being transferred to another. In the present instance, the preceding line is redundant. Perhaps the words here, as in many other passages, have been shuffled out of their places. We might read—

And use of service, none; succession,
Contract, bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none.

—*succession* being often used by Shakspeare as a quadrisyllable. It must, however, be owned, that in the passage in Montaigne's Essays, the words *contract* and *succession* are arranged in the same manner as in the first folio.

If the error did not happen in this way, *bourn* might have been used as a dissyllable, and the word omitted at the press, might have been *none:*

——— contract, succession,
None; bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none. *Malone.*

[4] *The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.*] All this dialogue is a fine satire on the Utopian treatises of government, and the impracticable inconsistent schemes, therein recommended. *Warburton.*

[5] —— *any* engine,] An *engine* is the *rack.* So, in *K. Lear:*
" —— like an *engine,* wrench'd my frame of nature
" From the fix'd place."
It may, however, be used here in its common signification of instrument of war, or military machine. *Steevens.*

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Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foizon,[6] all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Ant. None, man; all idle; whores, and knaves.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.[7]

Seb. 'Save his majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And, do you mark me, sir?—

Alon. Pr'ythee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given?

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle;[8] you would

[6] —— *all* foizon,] *Foison*, or *foizon*, signifies plenty, *ubertas*; not moisture, or juice of grass, as Mr. Pope says. *Edwards.*

So, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. XIII. ch. 78:

"Union, in breese, is *foysonous*, and discorde works decay."

Mr. Pope, however, is not entirely mistaken, as *foison*, or *fizon*, sometimes bears the meaning which he has affixed to it. See Ray's Collection of South and East Country words. *Steevens.*

—— nature *should bring forth,*
Of its own kind, all foizon, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.] "And if, notwithstanding, in divers fruits of those countries, that were never tilled, we shall find, that in respect of our's, they are most excellent, and as delicate unto our taste, there is no reason Art should gain the point of our great and puissant mother, *Nature*." Montaigne's *Essaies*, ubi sup. *Malone.*

[7] *I would with such perfection govern, sir,*
To excel the golden age.] So Montaigne, ubi supra: "Me seemeth, that what in those [newly discovered] nations we see by experience, doth not only EXCEED *all the pictures, wherewith licentious poesie hath proudly imbellished the* GOLDEN AGE, and all her quaint inventions to fain a happy condition of man, but also the conception and desire of philosophy." *Malone.*

[8] —— *of brave* mettle;] The old copy has—*metal*. The two words are frequently confounded in the first folio. The epithet,

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lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter ARIEL, *invisible; playing solemn musick.*[9]

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

[*All sleep but* ALON. SEB. *and* ANT.

Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find,
They are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person, while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you: Wond'rous heavy.—
[ALON. *sleeps. Exit* ARI.

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them?

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eye-lids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian?—O, what might?—No more:—
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be: the occasion speaks thee; and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

brave, shews clearly, that the word now placed in the text was intended by our author. *Malone.*

[9] Enter Ariel, *&c. playing solemn music.*] This stage-direction does not mean to tell us that Ariel himself was the *fidicen;* but that solemn music attended his appearance, was an accompaniment to his entry. *Steevens.*

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Seb. What, art thou waking?
Ant. Do you not hear me speak?
Seb. I do; and, surely,
It is a sleepy language; and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep: What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep,
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.
Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.
Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snores.
Ant. I am more serious, than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do,
Trebles thee o'er.[1]
Seb. Well; I am standing water.
Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.
Seb. Do so: to ebb,
Hereditary sloth instructs me.
Ant. O,
If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish,
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it![2] Ebbing men, indeed,

[1] *I am more serious than my custom: you*
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do,
Trebles thee o'er.] This passage is represented to me as an obscure one. The meaning of it seems to be—You must put on more than your usual seriousness, if you are disposed to pay a proper attention to my proposal; which attention, if you bestow, it will, in the end, make you *thrice what you are*. Sebastian is already brother to the throne; but, being made a king, by Antonio's contrivance, would be (according to our author's idea of greatness) *thrice* the man he was before. In this sense, he would be *trebled* o'er. So, in *Pericles*, 1609:
" ——— the master calls,
" And *trebles* the confusion."
Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, 1634:
" ——— *thirds* his own worth." *Steevens.*
Again, in the *Merchant of Venice*:
" ——— Yet, for you,
" I would be *trebled* twenty times myself." *Malone.*

[2] *If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish,*
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it!] A judicious critic, in *The Edinburgh*

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Most often do so near the bottom run,
By their own fear, or sloth.
Seb. Pr'ythee, say on;
The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.
Ant. Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance,[3] this
(Who shall be of as little memory,
When he is earth'd,) hath here almost persuaded
(For he's a spirit of persuasion only,)
The king, his son's alive; 'tis as impossible
That he's undrown'd, as he, that sleeps here, swims.[4]

Magazine for Nov. 1786, offers the following illustration of this obscure passage: "Sebastian introduces the simile of water. It is taken up by Antonio, who says, he will teach his stagnant water to flow. '— It has already learned to ebb,' says Sebastian. To which Antonio replies, '*O, if you but knew how much, even that metaphor, which you use in jest, encourages to the design which I hint at; how, in stripping the words of their common meaning, and using them figuratively, you adapt them to your own situation!*'" *Steevens.*

[3] —— *this lord of weak remembrance,*] This lord, who, being now in his dotage, has outlived his faculty of remembering; and who, once laid in the ground, shall be as little remembered himself, as he can now remember other things. *Johnson.*

[4] —— *hath here almost persuaded,*
(For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade) *the king, his son's alive;*
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd,
As he, that sleeps here, swims.] Of this entangled sentence I can draw no sense from the present reading, and therefore imagine that the author gave it thus:

For he, *a spirit of persuasion, only*
Professes to persuade the king, his son's alive;

Of which the meaning may be either, that *he alone, who is a spirit of persuasion, professes to persuade the king;* or that, *He only professes to persuade,* that is, *without being so persuaded himself, he makes a show of persuading the king.* *Johnson.*

The meaning may be—He is a mere rhetorician, one who professes the art of persuasion, and nothing else; i. e. he professes to persuade another to believe that, of which he himself is not convinced; he is content to be plausible, and has no further aim. So, (as Mr. Malone observes,) in *Troilus and Cressida:* "— why he'll answer nobody, he *professes* not answering." *Steevens.*

The obscurity of this passage arises from a misconception of the word *he's,* which is not an abbreviation of *he is,* but of *he*

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Seb. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.

has; and partly from the omission of the pronoun *who,* before the word *professes,* by a common poetical ellipsis. Supply that deficiency, and the sentence will run thus:—

" Although this lord of weak remembrance,
" —— hath here almost persuaded,
" For *he has* a spirit of persuasion, *who,* only
" Professes to persuade, the king his son's alive;"—

And the meaning is clearly this.—This old lord, though a mere dotard, has almost persuaded the king, that his son is alive; for he is so willing to believe it, that any man who undertakes to persuade him of it, has the powers of persuasion, and succeeds in the attempt.

We find a similar expression in *The First Part of Henry IV.* When Poins undertakes to engage the Prince, to make one of the party to Gad's-hill, Falstaff says:

" Well! may'st thou *have the spirit of persuasion,* and he the ears of profiting! that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed!" *M. Mason.*

The light Mr. M. Mason's conjecture has thrown on this passage, I think, enables me to discover, and remedy the defect in it. I cannot help regarding the words—" *professes to persuade*" —as a mere gloss or paraphrase on " *he has a spirit of persuasion.*" This explanatory sentence, being written in the margin of an actor's part, or playhouse copy, was, afterwards, injudiciously incorporated with our author's text. Read the passage (as it now stands in the text) without these words, and nothing is wanting to its sense or metre.

On the contrary, the insertion of the words I have excluded, by lengthening the parenthesis, obscures the meaning of the speaker, and, at the same time, produces redundancy of measure. Irregularity of metre, ought always to excite suspicions of omission or interpolation. Where somewhat has been omitted, through chance or design, a line is occasionally formed by the junction of hemistichs, previously unfitted to each other.—Such a line will naturally exceed the established proportion of feet; and when marginal observations are crept into the text, they will have just such aukward effects, as I conceive to have been produced, by one of them, in the present instance.

" Perhaps (says that excellent scholar and perspicacious critic, Mr. *Porson,* in his 6th Letter to Archdeacon *Travis*) you think it an affected and absurd idea, that a marginal note can ever creep into the text: yet, I hope you are not so ignorant as not to know that this has actually happened, not merely in *hundreds* or *thousands,* but in *millions* of places," &c. &c.—

" From this known propensity of transcribers to turn every thing into the text which they found written in the margin of their MSS. or between the lines, so many interpolations have

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Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is,
Another way, so high an hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,[5]
But doubts discovery there. Will you grant, with me,
That Ferdinand is drown'd?
Seb. He's gone.
Ant. Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?
Seb. Claribel.
Ant. She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life;[6] she that from Naples
Can have no note,[7] unless the sun were post,
(The man i' the moon's too slow,) till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable: she, from whom[8]

proceeded, that at present, the surest canon of criticism is, *Præferatur lectio brevior.*" P. 149, 150.

Though I once expressed a different opinion, I am now well convinced, that the metre of Shakspeare's plays, had, originally, no other irregularity than was occasioned by an accidental use of hemistichs. When we find the smoothest series of lines among our earliest dramatic writers (who could fairly boast of no other requisites for poetry) are we to expect less polished versification from Shakspeare? *Steevens.*

[5] —— *a wink beyond,*] That this is the utmost extent of the prospect of ambition, the point where the eye can pass no farther, and where objects lose their distinctness, so that what is there discovered, is faint, obscure, and doubtful. *Johnson.*

[6] —— *beyond man's life;*] i. e. at a greater distance than the life of man is long enough to reach. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *she that from Naples*
Can have no note, &c.] *Note* (as Mr. Malone observes) is *notice*, or *information.*

Shakspeare's great ignorance of geography is not more conspicuous in any instance than in this, where he supposes Tunis and Naples to have been at such an immeasurable distance from each other. He may, however, be countenanced, by *Apollonius Rhodius*, who says, that both the *Rhone* and *Po* meet in one, and discharge themselves into the gulph of *Venice;* and by *Æschylus*, who has placed the river *Eridanus* in *Spain.* *Steevens.*

[8] —— *she, from whom* —] i. e. in coming from whom. The old copy has—she *that* from, &c. which cannot be right. The compositor's eye probably glanced on a preceding line, "*she that* from Naples—." The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. *Malone.*

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We were all sea-swallow'd, though some cast again;[9]
And, by that, destin'd[1] to perform an act,
Whereof what's past is prologue; what to come,
In yours and my discharge.[2]

Seb. What stuff is this?—How say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space, whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, *How shall that Claribel*
Measure us back to Naples?—Keep in Tunis,[3]
And let Sebastian wake!—Say, this were death,
That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were no worse
Than now they are: There be, that can rule Naples,
As well as he that sleeps; lords, that can prate
As amply, and unnecessarily,
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough[4] of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks, I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

[9] —— *though some* cast *again;*] *Cast* is here used in the same sense as in *Macbeth*, Act II. sc. iii: "—though he took my legs from me, I made a shift to *cast* him." *Steevens.*

[1] *And, by that,* destin'd —] It is a common plea of wickedness to call temptation destiny. *Johnson.*

The late Dr. Musgrave very reasonably proposed to substitute —destin'*d* for—destiny. As the construction of the passage is made easier by this slight change, I have adopted it. *Steevens.*

[2] *In yours and my discharge.*] i. e. depends on what you and I are to perform. *Steevens.*

[3] —— keep *in Tunis,*] There is in this passage a propriety lost, which a slight alteration will restore:

"—— Sleep *in Tunis,*

"*And let Sebastian wake!*" *Johnson.*

The old reading is sufficiently explicable. *Claribel* (says he) *keep where thou art, and allow Sebastian time to awaken those senses, by the help of which he may perceive the advantage which now presents itself.* *Steevens.*

[4] *A chough* —] Is a bird of the jack-daw kind. So, in *Macbeth*, Act III. sc. iv:

"By magot-pies, and *choughs,* and rooks," &c. *Steevens.*

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Seb. I remember,
You did supplant your brother Prospero.
Ant. True:
And, look, how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before: My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.
Seb. But, for your conscience—
Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? if it were a kybe,
'Twould put me to my slipper; But I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt, ere they molest![5] Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,[6]
If he were that, which now he's like; whom I,
With this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever:[7] whiles you, doing thus,

[5] And *melt, ere they molest!*] I had rather read—
Would *melt, ere they molest.*
i. e. *Twenty consciences, such as stand between me and my hopes, though they were congealed, would melt before they could molest me,* or prevent the execution of my purposes. *Johnson.*
Let twenty consciences be first congealed, and then dissolved, ere they molest me, or prevent me from executing my purposes. *Malone.*
If the interpretation of Johnson and Malone is just, *and* is certainly as intelligible as *or;* but I can see no reasonable meaning in this interpretation. It amounts to nothing more, as thus interpreted, than *My conscience must melt and become softer than it is, before* it molests me; which is an insipidity unworthy of the Poet. I would read "Candy'd be they, *or* melt;" and the expression then has spirit and propriety. *Had I twenty consciences,* says Antonio, *they might be hot or cold for me; they should not give me the smallest trouble.—Edinburgh Magazine,* Nov. 1786. *Steevens.*

[6] *No better than the earth he lies upon,*] So, in *Julius Cæsar:*
"——— *at* Pompey's basis lies along,
"*No worthier than the dust.*" *Steevens.*

[7] *If he were that, which now he's like; whom I,*
With this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed, &c.] The old copy reads—
"If he were that which now he's like, *that's dead;*
"Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
"Can lay to bed," &c.
The words—"that's dead" (as Dr. Farmer observes to me) are evidently a gloss, or marginal note, which had found its way into the text. Such a supplement is useless to the speaker's meaning, and one of the verses becomes redundant by its insertion. *Steevens.*

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To the perpetual wink for aye[8] might put
This ancient morsel,[9] this sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk;[1]
They'll tell the clock to any business, that
We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute, which thou pay'st;
And I the king shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together:
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word.

[*They converse apart.*

Music. Re-enter ARIEL, *invisible.*

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger
That these, his friends, are in; and sends me forth,
(For else his project dies,) to keep them living.[2]

[*Sings in* GONZALO'S *ear.*

[8] ——*for* aye —] i. e. for ever. So, in *K. Lear:*

" ——— I am come
" To bid my king and master *aye* good night." *Steevens.*

[9] *This ancient* morsel,] For *morsel*, Dr. Warburton reads—*ancient moral*, very elegantly and judiciously; yet I know not whether the author might not write *morsel*, as we say a *piece of a man*. *Johnson.*

So, in *Measure for Measure:*

" How doth my dear *morsel*, thy mistress?" *Steevens.*

[1] —— *take* suggestion, i. e. Receive any hint of villainy. *Johnson.*

So, in *Macbeth*, Act I. sc. iii:

" If good, why do I yield to that *suggestion*
" Whose horrid image," &c. *Steevens.*

They'll take suggestion, *as a cat laps milk;*] That is, will adopt, and bear witness to, any tale you shall invent; you may suborn them as evidences to clear you from all suspicion of having murthered the king. A similar signification occurs in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

" Love bad me swear, and love bids me forswear:
" O sweet *suggesting* love, if thou hast sinn'd,
" Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it." *Henley.*

[2] —— *to keep* them *living.*] By *them*, as the text now stands, Gonzalo and Alonso must be understood. Dr. Johnson objects

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While you here do snoring lie,
Open-ey'd conspiracy
His time doth take:
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake! Awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels, preserve the king!

[*They wake.*

very justly to this passage. "As it stands, says he, at present, the sense is this. He sees *your* danger, and will therefore save *them*." He therefore would read—"That *these* his friends are in." The confusion has, I think, arisen from the omission of a single letter. Our author, I believe, wrote—

"——— and sends me forth,

"For else his projects dies, to keep them living."

i. e. he has sent me forth, to keep his projects alive, which else would be destroyed, by the murder of his friend, Gonzalo.—The opposition between the life and death of a project appears to me much in Shakspeare's manner. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing:* "What *life* is in that, to be the *death* of this marriage?"—The plural noun joined to a verb in the singular number, is to be met with in almost every page of the first folio. So, to confine myself to the play before us, edit. 1623:

"My old *bones akes*."

Again, *ibid:*

"—— At this hour

"*Lies* at my mercy all my *enemies*."

Again, *ibid:*

"His *teares runs* down his beard—."

Again:

"What *cares* these *roarers* for the name of king."

It was the common language of the time; and ought to be corrected, as, indeed, it generally has been in the modern editions of our author, by changing the number of the verb. Thus, in the present instance we should read—For else his projects *die*, &c. *Malone.*

I have received Dr. Johnson's amendment. Ariel, finding that Prospero was equally solicitous for the preservation of Alonso and Gonzalo, very naturally styles them both his *friends*, without adverting to the guilt of the former. Toward the success of Prospero's design, their lives were alike necessary.

Mr. Henley says, that "By *them* are meant *Sebastian* and *Antonio*. The project of Prospero, which depended upon Ariel's *keeping them alive*, may be seen, Act III."

The song of Ariel, however, sufficiently points out which were the immediate objects of his protection. He cannot be supposed to have any reference to what happens in the last scene of the next Act. *Steevens.*

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Alon. Why, how now, ho! awake! Why are you drawn?[3]
Wherefore this ghastly looking?
Gon. What's the matter?
Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did it not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.
Alon. I heard nothing.
Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear;
To make an earthquake! sure it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.
Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?
Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shak'd you, sir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,
That's verity: 'Best stand upon our guard;[4]
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.
Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make further search
For my poor son.
Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' the island.
Alon. Lead away.
Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done:
[*Aside.*
So, king, go safely on, to seek thy son. [*Exeunt.*

[3] ——*drawn?*] Having your swords drawn. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"What, art thou *drawn* among these heartless hinds?"
Johnson.

[4] *That's verity: 'Best stand upon our guard;*] The old copy reads—

"That's *verily: 'Tis* best *we* stand upon our guard."

Mr. Pope very properly changed *verily* to *verity:* and as the verse would be too long by a foot, if the words *'tis* and *we* were retained, I have discarded them in favour of an elliptical phrase, which occurs in our ancient comedies, as well as in our author's *Cymbeline,* Act III. sc. iii:

"'Best draw my sword;"

i. e. *it were* best to draw it. *Steevens.*

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SCENE II.

Another part of the Island.

Enter CALIBAN, *with a burden of wood.*

A noise of thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections, that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark,
Out of my way, unless he bid them; but
For every trifle are they set upon me:
Sometime like apes, that moe[5] and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then, like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks[6] at my foot-fall; sometime am I
All wound with adders,[7] who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiss me into madness;—Lo! now! lo!

Enter TRINCULO.

Here comes a spirit of his; and, to torment me,
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance, he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind: yond' same black cloud, yond' huge

[5] —— *that* moe, &c.] i. e. make mouths. So, in the old version of the *Psalms:*

" —— making *moes* at me."

Again, in the Mystery of *Candlemas-Day*, 1512:

" And make them to lye and *mowe* like an ape."

Again, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book III:

" *Ape* great thing gave, though he did *mowing* stand,
" The instrument of instruments, the hand." *Steevens.*

So, in Nashe's *Apologie of Pierce Penniless*, 1593: " —found nobody at home but an *ape*, that sate in the porch and made mops and *mows* at him." *Malone.*

[6] *Their* pricks —] i. e. prickles. *Steevens.*

[7] —— wound *with adders,*] Enwrapped by adders, *wound* or twisted about me. *Johnson.*

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one, looks like a foul bumbard,[8] that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond' same cloud cannot choose but fall by pail-fuls.—What have we here? a man or a fish? Dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now, (as once I was,) and had but this fish painted,[9] not a holiday fool there, but would give a piece of silver: there, would this monster make a man;[1] any strange

[8] —— *looks like a foul* bumbard—] This term again occurs in *The First Part of Henry IV:* " —that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge *bumbard* of sack—" And again, in *Henry VIII.* " And here you lie baiting of *bombards*, when you should do service." By these several passages, 'tis plain, the word meant a large vessel for holding drink, as well as the piece of ordnance so called. *Theobald.*

Ben Jonson, in his *Masque of Augurs*, confirms the conjecture of Theobald: " The poor cattle yonder are passing away the time with a cheat loaf, and a *bumbard* of broken beer."
So again, in *The Martyr'd Soldier*, by Shirley, 1638:

" His boots as wide as the black-jacks,
" Or *bumbards*, toss'd by the king's guards."

And it appears from a passage in Ben Jonson's *Masque of Love Restor'd*, that a *bombard-man* was one, who carried about provisions. " I am to deliver into the buttery, so many firkins of *aurum potabile*, as it delivers out *bombards* of bouge," &c.
Again, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:
" You are ascended up to what you are, from the black-jack, to the *bumbard* distillation." *Steevens.*

[9] —— *this fish painted,*] To exhibit fishes, either real or imaginary, was very common about the time of our author. So, in Jasper Maine's comedy of the *City Match:*
" Enter Bright, &c. hanging out the picture of a *strange fish.*"
" —— This is the *fifth fish* now
" That he hath shewn thus."
It appears from the books at Stationers' Hall, that in 1604 was published, " A strange reporte of a monstrous *fish*, that appeared in the form of a woman from her waist upward, seene in the sea."
So likewise, in Churchyard's *Prayse and Reporte of Maister Martyne Forboisher's Voyage to Meta Incognita*, &c. bl. l. 12mo. 1578: " And marchyng backe, they found a *straunge Fish*, dead, that had been caste from the sea on the shore, who had a boane in his head like an Unicorne, which they brought awaye and presented to our Prince, when thei came home." *Steevens.*

[1] —— make *a man;*] That is, make a man's fortune. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream:* " —we are all *made men.*" *Johnson.*

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beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian.[2] Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! —Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion,[3] hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunder-bolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his gaberdine;[4] there is no other shelter hereabout:

Again, in *Ram-alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:

" ——— She's a wench
" Was born to *make* us all." *Steevens.*

2 —— *a dead* Indian.] In a subsequent speech of Stephano, we have: " —savages and *men of Inde*;" in *Love's Labour Lost*, " —a rude and savage *man of Inde*;" and in *K. Henry VIII.* the porter asks the mob, if they think " some strange *Indian*, &c. is come to court." Perhaps all these passages allude to the Indians brought home by Sir Martin Frobisher.

Queen Elizabeth's original instructions to him (MS. now before me) " concerning his voyage to Cathaia," &c. contain the following article:

" You shall not bring aboue iii or iiii persons of that countrey, the which shall be of diuers ages, and shall be taken in such sort as you may best avoyde offence of that people."

In the year 1577, " A description of the portrayture and shape of those strange kinde of people which the wurthie Mr. Martin Fourbosier brought into England in A°. 1576," was entered on the books of the Stationer's Company.

By Frobisher's *First Voyage for the Discoverie of Cataya*, bl. l. 4to. 1578, the fate of the first savage taken by him is ascertained.—" Whereupon when he founde himself in captiuitie, for very choler and disdain he bit his tong in twaine within his mouth: notwithstanding, he died not thereof, but *liued untill he came in Englande, and then he died of colde* which he had taken at sea." *Steevens.*

3 —— let loose *my opinion*, &c.] So, in *Love's Labour Lost:* " —Now you will be my purgation, and *let me loose*." *Steevens.*

4 —— *his* gaberdine;] A *gaberdine* is properly the coarse frock or outward garment of a peasant. Spanish *Gaberdina*. So, in *Look about you*, 1600:

" I'll conjure his *gaberdine*."

The *gaberdine* is still worn by the peasants in Sussex. *Steevens.*

It here, however, means, I believe, a loose felt cloak. Minsheu, in his DICT. 1617, calls it " a rough Irish mantle, or horseman's coat. *Gaban*, Span. and Fr.—Læna, i. e. vestis quæ super cætera vestimenta imponebatur." See also, Cotgrave's DICT. in v. *gaban*, and *galleverdine*. *Malone.*

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Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows.[5] I will here shroud, till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO, *singing; a bottle in his hand.*

STE. *I shall no more to sea, to sea,*
Here shall I dye a-shore;—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: Well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate:
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang:
She lov'd not the savour of tar, nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where-e'er she did itch:
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune too: But here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me: O!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages,[6] and men of Inde? Ha! I have not 'scap'd drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs, cannot make him give ground: and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: O!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs: who hath got, as I take it, an ague: Where the devil

[5] —— *a very ancient and fish like smell—misery acquaints a man with strange* bedfellows.] One would almost think that Shakspeare had not been unacquainted with a passage in the fourth book of Homer's *Odyssey*, as translated by Chapman:

"—— The sea-calves savour was
"So passing sowre (they still being bred at seas,)
"It much afflicted us: for who can please
"To *lie* by one of these same sea-bred whales?" *Steevens.*

[6] ———— *savages,*] The folio reads—*salvages*, and rightly. It was the spelling and pronunciation of the time. So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. VI. c. 8, st. 35:

"There dwelt a *salvage* nation," &c. *Reed.*

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should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor, that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee;
I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit:[7] if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much[8] for him: he shall pay for him, that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt
Anon, I know it by thy trembling:[9]
Now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways;* open your mouth: here is

[7] —— *if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit:*] This is no impertinent hint to those, who indulge themselves in a constant use of wine. When it is necessary for them as a medicine, it produces no effect. *Steevens.*

[8] —— too much —] *Too much* means, *any sum, ever so much.* So, in the *Letters from the Paston Family*, Vol. II. p. 219: "And ye be beholdyng unto my Lady for hyr good wurde, for sche hath never preysyd yowe *to much.*" i. e. though she has praised you much, her praise is not above your merit.

It has, however, been observed to me, that when the vulgar mean to ask an extravagant price for any thing, they say, with a laugh, I won't make him pay twice for it. This sense sufficiently accommodates itself to Trinculo's expression. Mr. M. Mason explains the passage differently.—"I will not take for him even more than he is worth." *Steevens.*

I think the meaning is, Let me take what sum I will, however great, *I shall not take too much for him:* it is impossible for me to sell him too dear. *Malone.*

[9] —— *I know it by thy* trembling:] This *tremor* is always represented as the effect of being possessed by the devil. So, in the *Comedy of Errors*, Act IV. sc. iv:

"Mark how he *trembles* in his ecstacy!" *Steevens.*

* The meaning of this expression, appears to have escaped the attention of the various commentators. The words *Come on your ways*, as applied to Caliban, who is supposed to be lying on his face, must be understood "Come on your *side;* open your mouth," &c. The position of Caliban, not permitting him to drink from the bottle, Stephano, in the phrase of a mariner, naturally ad-

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that which will give language to you, cat;[1] open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice: It should be—But he is drowned; and these are devils: O! defend me!—

Ste. Four legs, and two voices; a most delicate monster! His forward voice[2] now, is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague: Come,——Amen![3] I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano,—

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.[4]

Trin. Stephano!—if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo;—be not afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth; I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed: How cam'st

dresses him "Come on your *side;* open," &c. The *ways* of a ship (properly termed water-ways, as defined in Moore's Dictionary of sea-phrases) "are long pieces of timber serving to connect the sides of a ship to her deck, and form a channel to carry off the water from the latter, by means of scuppers, which are cut through the former." *Amer. Edit.*

[1] —— *cat;*] Alluding to an old proverb, that *good liquor will make a cat speak. Steevens.*

[2] *His forward voice,* &c.] The person of Fame was anciently described in this manner. So, in *Penelope's Web,* by Greene, 1601: "Fame hath two faces, readie as well to back-bite as to flatter." *Steevens.*

[3] —— *Amen!*] Means, stop your draught: come to a conclusion. *I will pour some,* &c. *Steevens.*

[4] *I have no long spoon.*] Alluding to the proverb, *A long spoon to eat with the devil." Steevens.*

See *Comedy of Errors,* Act IV. sc. iii. and Chaucer's *Squier's Tale,* 10,916 of the late edit.

"Therefore behoveth him a full long spoone,
"That shall ete with a fend."—— *Tyrwhitt.*

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thou to be the siege of this moon-calf?[5] Can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke: —But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the storm: And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scap'd!

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.
That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:
I will kneel to him.

Ste. How did'st thou 'scape? How cam'st thou hither? swear by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved over-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast a-shore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy
True subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear then, how thou escap'dst.[6]

[5] —— *to be the* siege *of this* moon-calf?] *Siege* signifies *stool* in every sense of the word, and is here used in the dirtiest.

So, in Holinshed, p. 705: "In this yeare also, a house on London Bridge, called the common *siege*, or privie, fell downe into the Thames."

A *moon-calf* is an inanimate shapeless mass, supposed by Pliny to be engendered of woman only. See his Nat. Hist. B. X. ch. 64.

Again, in Philemon Holland's Translation of Book XXX. ch. 14. edit. 1601: "——there is not a better thing to dissolve and scatter *moon-calves*, and such like false conceptions in the wombe." *Steevens.*

[6] Cal. *I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy*
True subject; &c.
Ste. *Here; swear then how thou escap'dst.*] The passage should probably be printed thus:

Ste. [to *Cal.*] Here, swear then. [to *Trin.*] How escap'dst thou?

The speaker would naturally take notice of Caliban's proffered allegiance. Besides, he bids Trinculo kiss the book, after he has answered the question; a sufficient proof of the rectitude of the proposed arrangement. *Ritson.*

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Trin. Swam a-shore, man, like a duck; I can swim[7] like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book: Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf? how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropped from heaven?[8]

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee; My mistress shewed me thee, thy dog, and bush.[9]

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster:—I afeard of him?—a very weak monster:[1]—The man i' the moon?—a most poor credulous monster:—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll shew thee every fertile inch o' the island; And kiss thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.[2]

[7] I *can swim*—] I believe Trinculo is speaking of Caliban, and that we should read—"*'a* can *swim*," &c. See the next speech. *Malone.*

I do not perceive how Trinculo could answer for Caliban's expertness in swimming, having only lain under his gaberdine for an hour. Ritson's arrangement of the preceding line is well imagined. *M. Mason.*

[8] *Hast thou not dropped from heaven?*] The new-discovered Indians of the island of St. Salvador, asked, by signs, whether Columbus and his companions were *not come down from heaven.* *Tollet.*

[9] *My mistress shewed me thee, thy dog, and bush.*] The old copy, which exhibits this and several preceding speeches of Caliban as prose, (though it be apparent they were designed for verse,) reads—"My mistress shewed me thee, *and* thy dog and *thy* bush." Let the editor who laments the loss of the words—*and*, and *thy*, compose their elegy. *Steevens.*

[1] *I* afeard of him?—*a very weak monster:* &c.] It is to be observed, that Trinculo, the speaker, is not charged with being afraid; but it was his consciousness that he was so, that drew this brag from him. This is nature. *Warburton.*

[2] *And kiss thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.*] The old copy redundantly reads: "And *I will* kiss thy foot," &c. *Ritson.*

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Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death, at this puppy-headed monster: A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin.—but that the poor monster's in drink: An abominable monster!

Cal. I'll shew thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant, that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wond'rous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster; to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Shew thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee
To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young sea-mells[3] from the rock: Wilt thou go with me?

[3] —— *sea-mells* —] This word has puzzled the commentators: Dr. Warburton reads *shamois;* Mr. Theobald would read any thing, rather than *sea-mells*. Mr. Holt, who wrote notes upon this play, observes, that limpets are in some places called *scams*, and, therefore, I had once suffered *scamels* to stand. *Johnson.*

Theobald had very reasonably proposed to read *sea-malls*, or *sea-mells*. An *e*, by careless printers, was easily changed into a *c*, and from this accident, I believe, all the difficulty arises, the word having been spelt by the transcriber, *seamels*. Willoughby mentions the bird, as Theobald has informed us. Had Mr. Holt told us in what part of England *limpets* are called *scams*, more regard would have been paid to his assertion.

I should suppose, at all events, a *bird* to have been design'd, as *young* and *old fish* are taken with equal facility; but *young birds* are more easily surprised than *old ones*. Besides, Caliban had already proffered to *fish* for Trinculo. In Cavendish's second voyage, the sailors eat *young gulls* at the isle of Penguins. *Steevens.*

I have no doubt but Theobald's proposed amendment ought to be received. Sir Joseph Banks informs me, that in Willoughby's,

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Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead the way, without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here.—Here; bear my bottle. Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. Farewell master; farewell, farewell.

[*Sings drunkenly.*

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster.

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing,
At requiring,
Nor scrape trenchering,[4] *nor wash dish;*
'Ban 'Ban, Ca—Caliban,[5]
Has a new master—Get a new man. [6]

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster! lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

or rather John Ray's *Ornithology*, p. 34, No. 3, is mentioned the common sea mall, *Larus cinereus minor*; and that young sea gulls have been esteemed a delicate food in this country, we learn from Plott, who, in his *History of Staffordshire*, p. 231, gives an account of the mode of taking a species of gulls, called, in that country, pewits, with a plate annexed, at the end of which he writes, "they being accounted a good dish at the most plentiful tables." To this it may be added, that Sir Robert Sibbald, in his *Ancient State of the Shire of Fife*, mentions, amongst fowls which frequent a neighbouring island, several sorts of *sea-malls*, and one in particular, the *katiewake*, a fowl of the *Larus* or *mall kind*, of the bigness of an ordinary pigeon, which some hold, says he, to be as savoury, and as good meat, as a partridge is. *Reed.*

[4] *Nor scrape trenchering,*] In our author's time, trenchers were in general use; and male domesticks were sometimes employed in cleansing them. "I have helped (says Lyly, in his *History of his Life and Times*, ad. an. 1620,) to carry eighteen tubs of water in one morning;—all manner of drudgery I willingly performed; *scrape-trenchers*," &c. *Malone.*

[5] *'Ban 'Ban, Ca—Caliban,*] Perhaps our author remembered a song of Sir P. Sidney's:

"Da, da, da—Daridan."

Astrophel and Stella, fol. 1627. *Malone.*

[6] —— *Get a new man.*] When Caliban sings this last part of his ditty, he must be supposed to turn his head scornfully toward the cell of Prospero, whose service he had deserted. *Steevens.*

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ACT III.....SCENE I.

Before Prospero's *Cell.*

Enter FERDINAND, *bearing a log.*

Fer. There be some sports are painful; but their labour
Delight in them sets off:[7] some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task would be[8]

[7] *There be some sports are* painful; but *their* labour
Delight *in them sets off*:]
Molliter austerum studio fallente laborem,
Hor. sat. 2. lib. ii.
The old copy reads: "— *and* their labour," &c. *Steevens.*
We have again the same thought in *Macbeth:*
"The *labour* we *delight* in physicks *pain.*"
After "and," *at the same time* must be understood. Mr. Pope, unnecessarily reads—"*But* their labour —," which has been followed by the subsequent editors.
In like manner in *Coriolanus*, Act IV. the same change was made by him. "I am a Roman, *and* (i. e. and *yet*) my services are, as you are, against them." Mr. Pope reads—"I am a Roman, *but* my services," &c. *Malone.*
I prefer Mr. Pope's emendation, which is justified, by the following passage in the same speech:
"—— This my mean task would be
"As heavy to me as 'tis odious; *but*
"The mistress that I serve," &c.
It is surely better to change a single word, than to countenance one corruption by another, or suppose that four words, necessary to produce sense, were left to be understood. *Steevens.*

[8] *This my mean task* would be —] The metre of this line is defective in the old copy, by the words *would be* being transferred to the next line. Our author, and his contemporaries, generally use *odious*, as a trisyllable. *Malone.*
Mr. Malone prints the passage as follows:
"—— *This my mean task would be*
"*As heavy to me, as odious; but* —"
The word *odious*, as he observes, is sometimes used as a trisyllable:—Granted; but then it is *always* with the penult, *short.* The metre, therefore, as regulated by him, would still be defective.
By the advice of Dr. Farmer, I have supplied the necessary monosyllable—*'tis;* which completes the measure, without the slightest change of sense. *Steevens.*

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As heavy to me, as 'tis odious; but
The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: My sweet mistress
Weeps, when she sees me work; and says such baseness
Had ne'er like executor. I forget:[9]
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours;
Most busy-less, when I do it.[1]

Enter MIRANDA; *and* PROSPERO, *at a distance.*

Mira. Alas, now! pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs, that you are enjoin'd to pile!
Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you: My father
Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself;
He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set, before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: Pray, give me that:
I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature:
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

[9] ——*I forget:*] Perhaps Ferdinand means to say—I forget *my task;* but *that is not surprising, for I am thinking on Miranda, and* these sweet thoughts, &c. He may, however mean, that he *forgets, or thinks little of the baseness of his employment.* Whichsoever be the sense, *And, or For,* should seem more proper, in the next line, than *But.* *Malone.*

[1] Most busy-*less, when I do it.*] The two first folios read:
" *Most busy* lest, *when I do it.*"
'Tis true this reading is corrupt; but the corruption is so very little removed from the truth of the text, that I cannot afford to think well of my own sagacity for having discovered it.
Theobald.

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Mira. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it,
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours against.[2]

Pro. Poor worm! thou art infected;
This visitation shews it.

Mira. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me,
When you are by at night.[3] I do beseech you,
(Chiefly, that I might set it in my prayers,)
What is your name?

Mira. Miranda:—O my father,
I have broke your hest[4] to say so!

Fer. Admir'd Miranda,
Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have ey'd with best regard; and many a time,
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women; never any,
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil: But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.[5]

[2] *And yours against.*] The old copy reads:—
"And yours *it is* against."
By the advice of Dr. Farmer, I have omitted the words, in Italicks, as they are needless to the sense of the passage, and would have rendered the hemistich too long to join with its successor, in making a regular verse. *Steevens.*

[3] ——*'tis fresh morning with me,*
When you are by at night.]
"Tu mihi curarum requies, *tu nocte* vel atrâ
"Lumen ——." Tibul. Lib. iv. El. xiii. *Malone.*

[4] —— *hest* —] For *behest;* i. e. command. So before, Act I. sc. ii:
"Refusing her grand *hests* ——" *Steevens.*

[5] *Of every creature's best.*] Alluding to the picture of Venus by Apelles. *Johnson.*
Had Shakspeare availed himself of this elegant circumstance, he would scarcely have said, "of every *creature's* best," because such a phrase includes the component parts of the brute creation.

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Mira. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skill-less of; but, by my modesty,
(The jewel in my dower,) I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of: But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
Therein forget.[6]

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda: I do think, a king;
(I would, not so!) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than I would suffer[7]
The flesh-fly blow my mouth.[8]—Hear my soul speak;—

Had he been thinking on the judicious selection, made by the Grecian Artist, he would rather have expressed his meaning by "every *woman's*," or "every *beauty's* best." Perhaps, he had only in his thoughts, a fable, related by Sir Philip Sidney, in the third book of his *Arcadia*. The beasts obtained permission from Jupiter to make themselves a King; and accordingly created one *of every creature's best:*

"Full glad they were, and tooke the naked sprite,
"Which straight the earth yclothed in his clay:
"The lyon heart; the ounce gave active might;
"The horse good shape; the sparrow lust to play;
"Nightingale voice, entising songs to say, &c. &c.
"Thus *man* was made; thus *man* their lord became."

In the 1st book of the *Arcadia*, a similar praise is also bestowed, by a lover on his mistress:

"She is her selfe of *best things the collection.*" *Steevens.*

[6] *Therein forget.*] The old copy, in contempt of metre, reads —"*I* therein *do* forget." *Steevens.*

[7] —— *than* I would *suffer*, &c.] The old copy reads—Than *to* suffer. The emendation is Mr. Pope's. *Steevens.*

The reading of the old copy is right, however ungrammatical. So, in *All's well that ends well:* "No more of this, Helena, go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, *than to have.*" *Malone.*

The defective metre shows that some corruption had happened in the present instance. I receive no deviations from established grammar, on the single authority of the folio. *Steevens.*

[8] *The flesh-fly* blow *my mouth.*] Mr. Malone observes, that to *blow*, in this instance, signifies to "swell and inflame." But I

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The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and, for your sake,
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me, to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,[9]
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.[1]

Pro. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that, which breeds between them!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take,
What I shall die to want: But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks[2] to hide itself,

believe he is mistaken. To *blow*, as it stands in the text, means *the act of a fly, by which she lodges eggs in flesh.* So, in Chapman's version of the *Iliad:*

" —— I much fear, lest with the *blows* of flies
" His brass-inflicted wounds are fill'd —" *Steevens.*

[9] —— *of* what else *i' the world,*] i. e. of *aught* else; of whatsoever else there is in the world. I once thought we should read —*aught* else. But the old copy is right. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III:

" With promise of his sister, and *what else,*
" To strengthen and support king Edward's place." *Malone.*

[1] *I am a fool,*
To weep at what I am glad of.] This is one of those touches of nature, that distinguish Shakspeare from all other writers. It was necessary, in support of the character of Miranda, to make her appear unconscious that excess of sorrow and excess of joy find alike their relief from tears; and, as this is the first time, that consummate pleasure had made any near approaches to her heart, she calls such a seeming contradictory expression of it, *folly.*
The same thought occurs in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" Back, foolish tears, back, to your native spring!
" Your tributary drops belong to woe,
" Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy." *Steevens.*

[2] —— *it seeks* —] i. e. my affection seeks. *Malone.*

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The bigger bulk it shews. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife,[3] if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow[4]
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing,
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in't:[5] And now, farewell,
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand! thousand!

[*Exeunt* FER. *and* MIRA.

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are surpriz'd with all;[6] but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;

[3] *I am your wife*, &c.]
" Si tibi non cordi fuerant connubia nostra,
" Attamen in vestras potuisti ducere sedes,
" Quæ tibi jucundo famularer serva labore;
" Candida permulcens liquidis vestigia lymphis,
" Purpureâve tuum consternens veste cubile."
Catul. 62. *Malone.*

[4] —— *your* fellow —] i. e. companion. *Steevens.*

[5] —— *here's my hand.*
Mira. *And mine, with my heart in't:*] It is still customary, in the west of England, when the conditions of a bargain are agreed upon, for the parties to ratify it, by joining their hands, and at the same time for the purchaser to give an earnest. To this practice the poet alludes. So, in *The Winter's Tale:*
" Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
" And clap thyself my love; then didst thou utter
" *I am your's for ever.*"
And again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*
" *Pro.* Why then we'll make exchange; here, take you this.
" *Jul.* And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.
" *Pro.* Here is my hand for my true constancy." *Henley.*

[6] *So glad of this as they, I cannot be,*
Who are surpriz'd with all;] The sense might be clearer, were we to make a slight transposition:
" So glad of this as they, who are surpriz'd
" With all, I cannot be—"

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For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the Island.

Enter STEPHANO *and* TRINCULO; CALIBAN *following, with a bottle.*

Ste. Tell not me;—when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em: Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster? the folly of this island! They say, there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if the other two be brained like us, the state totters.[7]

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee; thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.[8]

Ste. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me: I swam,[9]

Perhaps, however, more consonantly with ancient language, we should join two of the words together, and read—

"Who are surpriz'd *withal*." *Steevens.*

[7] —— *if the other two be brained like us, the state totters.*] We meet with a similar idea, in *Antony and Cleopatra:* "He bears the third part of the world."—"The third part then is drunk."

Steevens.

[8] —— *he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.*] I believe this to be an allusion to a story, that is met with in *Stowe*, and other writers of the time. It seems in the year 1574, a whale was thrown ashore near *Ramsgate:* "A *monstrous fish*, (says the *chronicler*) but not so *monstrous* as some reported—for his *eyes* were in his *head*, and not in his *back*." *Summary*, 1575, p. 562.

Farmer.

[9] —— *I swam*, &c.] This play was not published till 1623. *Albumazar* made its appearance in 1614, and has a passage, relative to the escape of a sailor, yet more incredible. Perhaps, in both instances, a sneer was meant at the *Voyages of Ferdinando Mendez Pinto*, or the exaggerated accounts of other lying travellers:

"—— five days I was under water: and at length
"Got up and spread myself upon a chest,
"Rowing with arms, and steering with my feet:
"And thus in five days more got land." Act III. sc. v.

Steevens.

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ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on, by this light.—Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.[1]

Ste. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like dogs; and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe: I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster; I am in case to justle a constable: Why, thou deboshed fish thou,[2] was there ever man a coward, that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he!—that a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree—The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

[1] ——— *or my* standard.

Trin. *Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no* standard.] Meaning, he is so much intoxicated, as not to be able to stand. The quibble between *standard*, an ensign, and *standard*, a fruit-tree, that grows without support, is evident. *Steevens.*

[2] —— *thou* deboshed *fish thou,*] I met with this word, which I suppose to be the same as *debauched*, in Randolph's *Jealous Lovers*, 1634:

" ——— See, your house be stor'd
" With the *deboisheet* roarers in this city."

Again, in *Monsieur Thomas*, 1639:

" ——— saucy fellows,
" *Deboshed* and daily drunkards."

The substantive occurs in the *Partheneia Sacra*, 1633:

" — A hater of men rather than the *deboishments* of their manners."

When the word was first adopted from the French language, it appears to have been spelt, according to the pronunciation, and, therefore, wrongly; but ever since it has been spelt right, it has been uttered with equal impropriety. *Steevens.*

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Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd
To hearken once again the suit I made thee?[3]

Ste. Marry will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, *invisible.*

Cal. As I told thee
Before, I am subject to a tyrant;[4]
A sorcerer, that by his cunning, hath
Cheated me of this island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou;
I would, my valiant master would destroy thee:
I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more.—Proceed. [*To* CAL.

Cal. I say, by sorcery, he got this isle;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him—for, I know, thou dar'st;
But this thing dare not.

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compassed? Can'st thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord; I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.[5]

[3] *I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd*
To hearken once again the suit I made thee?] The old copy, which erroneously prints this, and other of Caliban's speeches, as prose, reads—
"——— *to* the suit I made thee;"
But the elliptical mode of expression in the text, has already occurred in the second scene of the first act of this play:
"——— being an enemy
"To me inveterate, *hearkens my brother's suit.*" *Steevens.*

[4] ——— *a* tyrant;] *Tyrant* is here employed as a trisyllable. *Steevens.*

[5] ——— *I'll yield him thee* asleep,
Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.] Perhaps Shakspeare caught this idea from the 4th chapter of *Judges*, v. 21: "Then Jael, Heber's wife, took a *nail* of the tent, and took a hammer in her hand, and went softly unto him, and *smote the nail into his temple*, &c. *for he was fast asleep*," &c. *Steevens.*

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Ari. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied ninny's this?[6] Thou scurvy patch!—
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not shew him
Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go further off.

Ste. Didst thou not say, he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [*Strikes him.*] As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie:—Out o' your wits, and hearing too?——A pox o' your bottle! this can sack, and drinking do.—A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Pr'ythee stand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time,
I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further.—Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st brain him,
Having first seiz'd his books; or, with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him, with a stake,

[6] *What a pied ninny's this?*] It should be remembered that *Trinculo* is no *tailor*, but a *jester*; and is so called in the ancient *dramatis personæ*. He therefore wears the party-coloured dress of one of these characters. See fig. XII. in the plate annexed to *the First Part of K. Henry IV.* and Mr. Tollet's explanation of it. So, in the *Devil's Law Case*, 1623:

"Unless I wear a *pied* fool's coat." *Steevens.*

Dr. Johnson observes, that Caliban could have no knowledge of the striped coat, usually worn by fools; and would, therefore, transfer this speech to Stephano. But though *Caliban* might not know this circumstance, Shakspeare did. Surely he, who has given to all countries and all ages the manners of his own, might forget himself here, as well as in other places. *Malone.*

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Or cut his wezand with thy knife: Remember,
First to possess his books; for, without them,
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command:[7] They all do hate him,
As rootedly as I: Burn but his books:
He has brave utensils, (for so he calls them,)
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider, is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a non-pareil: I ne'er saw woman,[8]

[7] ——— *Remember,*
First to possess his books; *for without them*
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command:] Milton, in his *Masque at Ludlow Castle*, seems to have caught a hint from the foregoing passage:

"Oh, ye mistook; ye should have snatch'd his wand,
"And bound him fast; without his rod revers'd,
"And backward mutters of dissevering power,
"We cannot free the lady."—— *Steevens.*

In a former scene, Prospero says:

"——— I'll to my *book;*
"For yet, ere supper time, must I perform
"Much business appertaining."

Again, in Act V:

"And deeper than did ever plummet sound,
"I'll drown my *book*."

In the old romances, the sorcerer is always furnished with a *book*, by reading certain parts of which, he is enabled to summon to his aid whatever dæmons or spirits he has occasion to employ. When he is deprived of his book, his power ceases. Our author might have observed this circumstance much insisted on, in the *Orlando Innamorato*, of Boyardo, (of which, as the Rev. Mr. Bowle informs me, the three first Cantos were translated and published in 1598,) and also in Harrington's translation of the *Orlando Furioso*, 1591.

A few lines from the former of these works may prove the best illustration of the passage before us.

Angelica, by the aid of Argalia, having bound the enchanter Malagigi:

"The damsel searcheth forthwith in his breast,
"And there the damned *booke* she straightway founde,
"Which circles strange, and shapes of fiendes exprest:
"No sooner she some wordes therein did sound,
"And opened had some damned leaves unblest,
"But *spirits* of th' ayre, earth, sea, came out of hand,
"Crying alowde, what is't you us *command?*" *Malone.*

[8] *Calls her a non-pareil: I ne'er saw woman,*] The old copy reads: "Calls her a non-pareil: I *never* saw *a* woman." But this

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But only Sycorax my dam, and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax,
As greatest does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen; (save our graces!) and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys:—Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am sorry I beat thee: but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep;
Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure;
Let us be jocund: Will you troll the catch[9]
You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason: Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*Sings.*

Flout 'em, and skout 'em; and skout 'em, and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[ARIEL *plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

Ste. What is this same?

verse, being too long by a foot, Hanmer judiciously gave it, as it now stands in the text.

By means as innocent, the versification of Shakspeare, has, I hope, in many instances been restored. The temerity of some critics had too long imposed severe restraints on their successors. *Steevens.*

[9] *Will you* troll *the catch* —] Ben Jonson uses the word in *Every Man in his Humour:*

"If he read this with patience, I'll *troul* ballads."

Again, in the *Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594:

"A fellow that will *troul* it off with tongue.
"Faith, you shall hear me *troll* it, after my fashion."

To *troll* a catch, I suppose, is to dismiss it *trippingly from the tongue. Steevens.*

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Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of No-body.[1]

Ste. If thou beest a man, shew thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee:—Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afeard?[2]

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes, a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,
That, if I then had wak'd, after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open, and shew riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd,
I cry'd, to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

Trin. The sound is going away: let's follow it, and after, do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow.—I would, I could see this taborer:[3] he lays it on.

[1] *This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of* No-body.] A ridiculous figure, sometimes represented on signs. *Westward for Smelts*, a book, which our author appears to have read, was printed for John Trundle, in Barbican, at the *signe* of the *No-body*. *Malone.*

The allusion is here to the print of *No-body*, as prefixed to the anonymous comedy of "*No-body* and *Some-body*;" without date, but printed before the year 1600. *Reed.*

[2] —— *afeard?*] Thus the old copy.—*To affear* is an obsolete verb, with the same meaning as to *affray*.
So, in the *Shipmannes Tale* of Chaucer, v. 13,330:
"This wif was not *aferde*, ne *affraide*."
Between *aferde* and *affraide*, in the time of Chaucer, there might have been some nice distinction, which is at present lost. *Steevens.*

[3] *I would I could see this* taborer:] Several of the incidents, in this scene, viz.—Ariel's *mimickry of* Trinculo—the tune played on the *tabor*,—and Caliban's description of the *twangling instru-*

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Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.[4] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another part of the Island.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

Gon. By'r lakin,[5] I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights, and meanders! by your patience,
I needs must rest me.
Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am, myself, attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here, I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd,
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks

ment, &c.—might have been borrowed from Marco Paolo, the old Venetian voyager; who in Lib. I. ch. 44, describing the desert of Lop in Asia, says—" Audiuntur ibi voces *dæmonum*, &c. *voces fingentes eorum quos comitari se putant.* Audiuntur interdum *in aere concentus musicorum instrumentorum*," &c. This passage was rendered accessible to Shakspeare, by an English translation entitled *The most noble and famous Trauels of Marcus Paulus, one of the Nobilitie of the State of Venice*, &c. bl. l. 4to. 1579, by John Frampton. " — You shall heare in the ayre the sound of *tabers and other instruments*, to put the trauellers in feare, &c. by euill spirites, that make these soundes, and also do *call diuerse of the trauellers by their names*," &c. ch. 36. p. 32.

To some of these circumstances Milton also alludes:

" —— calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
" And aery tongues, that syllable men's names,
" On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses."

Steevens.

[4] *Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.*] The first words are addressed to Caliban, who, vexed at the folly of his new companions idly running after the musick, while they ought only to have attended to the main point, the despatching Prospero, seems for some little time, to have staid behind. *Heath.*

The words—*Wilt come?* should be added to Stephano's speech, *I'll follow*, is Trinculo's answer. *Ritson.*

[5] *By'r lakin,*] i. e. The diminutive only of our lady, i. e. lady-kin. *Steevens.*

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Our frustrate search[6] on land: Well, let him go.
Ant. I am right glad that he's so out of hope.
[*Aside to* SEB.
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolv'd to effect.
Seb. The next advantage
Will we take thoroughly.
Ant. Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance,
As when they are fresh.
Seb. I say, to-night: no more.

Solemn and strange musick; and PROSPERO *above, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet; they dance about it, with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.*

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!
Gon. Marvellous sweet musick!
Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?
Seb. A living drollery:[7] Now I will believe,
That there are unicorns; that, in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne;[8] one phœnix

[6] Our *frustrate* search —] *Frustrate* for frustrated. So, in Chapman's translation of Homer's *Hymn to Apollo:*
" ——— some God hath fill'd,
" Our *frustrate* sails, defeating what we will'd." *Steevens.*

[7] *A living* drollery:] Shows, called *drolleries*, were in Shakspeare's time, performed by puppets only. From these our modern *droll*, exhibited at fairs, &c. took their name. So in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Valentinian:*
"I had rather make a *drollery* till thirty." *Steevens.*
A living drollery, i. e. a drollery not represented by wooden machines, but by personages who are alive. *Malone.*

[8] ——— *one tree, the* phœnix' *throne;*] For this idea, our author might have been indebted to Phil. Holland's Translation of Pliny, B. XIII. chap. 4: "I myself verily have heard straunge things of this kind of tree; and namely, in regard of the bird *Phœnix*, which is supposed to have taken that name of this date tree; [called in Greek, φοινιξ]; for it was assured unto me, that the said bird died with that tree, and revived of itselfe, as the tree sprung again." *Steevens.*

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At this hour reigning there.
Ant. I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: Travellers ne'er did lie,[9]
Though fools at home condemn them.
Gon. If in Naples,
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders,[1]
(For, certes,[2] these are people of the island,)
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind,[3] than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.
Pro. Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there, present,
Are worse than devils. [*Aside.*

Again, in one of our author's poems, p. 732, edit. 1778:
"Let the bird of loudest lay,
"On the *sole* Arabian tree," &c.

Our poet had probably Lyly's *Euphues, and his England*, particularly in his thoughts: signat. Q 3.—"As there is but one phœnix in the world, so is there but one *tree* in Arabia, wherein she buildeth." See also, Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: "*Rasin*, a tree in Arabia, whereof there is but *one* found, and upon it the phœnix sits." *Malone.*

[9] *And I'll be sworn* 'tis true: *Travellers ne'er did lie,*] I suppose this redundant line originally stood thus:
"And I'll be sworn *to't:* Travellers ne'er did lie —."
Hanmer reads, as plausibly:
"And I'll be sworn 'tis true. Travellers ne'er lied."
Steevens.

[1] —— *such* islanders,] The old copy has *islands*. The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. *Malone.*

[2] *For*, certes, &c.] *Certes* is an obsolete word, signifying *certainly*.
So, in *Othello:*
"—— *certes*, says he,
"I have already chose my officer." *Steevens.*

[3] *Their manners are more* gentle-kind,] The old copy has—"gentle, kind —." I read (in conformity to a practice of our author, who delights in such compound epithets, of which the first adjective is to be considered as an adverb,) *gentle-kind*. Thus, in *K. Richard III.* we have *childish-foolish, senseless-obstinate*, and *mortal-staring*. *Steevens.*

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Alon. I cannot too much muse,[4]
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing
(Although they want the use of tongue,) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.
Pro. Praise in departing.[5] [*Aside.*
Fran. They vanish'd strangely.
Seb. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs—
Will't please you taste of what is here?
Alon. Not I.
Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear: When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers,[6]
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at them
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men,
Whose heads stood in their breasts?[7] which now we find

[4] —— *too much* muse,] To *muse*, in ancient language, is to admire, to wonder.
So, in *Macbeth:*
"Do not *muse* at me, my most worthy friends." *Steevens.*

[5] *Praise in departing.*] i. e. Do not praise your entertainment too soon, lest you should have reason to retract your commendation. It is a proverbial saying.
So, in *The Two angry Women of Abingdon*, 1599:
"And so she doth; but *praise* your luck *at parting*."
Again, in *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1661:
"Now *praise* at thy *parting*."
Stephen Gosson, in his pamphlet entitled, *Playes confuted in five Actions*, &c. (no date) acknowledges himself to have been the author of a morality called, *Praise at Parting*. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *that there were* mountaineers, &c.] Whoever is curious to know the particulars relative to these *mountaineers*, may consult *Maundeville's Travels*, printed in 1503, by Wynken de Worde; but it is yet a known truth that the inhabitants of the Alps have been long accustomed to such excrescences or tumours.
Quis tumidum guttur miratur in Alpibus? Steevens.

[7] —— *men,*
Whose heads stood in their breasts?] Our author might have had this intelligence likewise from the translation of Pliny, B. V. chap. 8: "The Blemmyi, by report, have no heads, but mouth and eies both in their breasts." *Steevens.*
Or he might have had it from Hackluyt's *Voyages*, 1598: "On that branch, which is called *Caora*, are a nation of people, whose heads appear not above their shoulders. They are reported to have their eyes in their shoulders, and their mouths in the middle of their breasts. *Malone.*

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Each putter-out on five for one,[8] will bring us
Good warrant of.
Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past:[9]—Brother, my lord the duke,

[8] *Each putter-out*, &c.] The ancient custom here alluded to, was this. In this age of travelling, it was a practice with those who engaged in long and hazardous expeditions, to place out a sum of money, on condition of receiving great interest for it, at their return home. So, Puntarvolo, (it is Theobald's quotation,) in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*: "I do intend, this year of jubilee coming on, to travel; and (because I will not altogether go upon expense) I am determined to put some *five* thousand pound, to be paid me *five* for *one*, upon the return of my wife, myself, and my dog, from the Turk's court in Constantinople."

To this instance I may add another from *The Ball*, a comedy, by Chapman and Shirley, 1639:

"I did most politickly disburse my sums,
"To have *five* for *one*, at my return from Venice."

Again, in *Amends for Ladies*, 1639:

"I would I had *put out* something upon my return;
"I had as lieve be at the *Bermoothes*."

"—*on* five for one" means *on the terms of five for one*. So, in Barnaby Riche's *Faults, and nothing but Faults*, 1607; "—those whipsters, that having spent the greatest part of their patrimony in prodigality, will give out the rest of their stocke, *to be paid two or three for one*, upon their return from Rome." &c. &c. *Steevens.*

Each putter-out on *five for one*,] The old copy has:

"——*of* five for one."

I believe the words are only transposed, and that the author wrote: "Each putter-out of *one for five*."

So, in *The Scourge of Folly*, by J. Davies, of Hereford, printed about the year 1611:

"Sir Solus straight will travel, as they say,
"And *gives out one for three*, when home comes he."

It appears from Moryson's ITINERARY, 1617, Part I. p. 198, that "this custom of giving out money upon these adventures was first used in court, and among noblemen;" and that some years before his book was published, "bankerouts, stage-players, and men of base condition, had drawn it into contempt," by undertaking journies merely for gain upon their return. *Malone.*

[9] *I will stand to, and feed,*
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past:] I cannot but think, that this passage was intended to be in a rhyme, and should be printed thus:

"*I will stand to and feed; although my last,*
"*No matter, since I feel the best is past.*" *M. Mason.*

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Stand too, and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL *like a harpy;*[1] *claps his wings upon the table, and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.*[2]

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom destiny
(That hath to instrument this lower world,[3]
And what is in't,) the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up; and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
[*Seeing* ALON. SEB. *&c. draw their swords.*
And even with such like valour, men hang and drown
Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows

[1] *Enter Ariel like a harpy;* &c.] This circumstance is taken from the third book of the *Æneid*, as translated by Phaer, bl. l. 4to. 1558:

" —— fast *to meate* we fall.
" But sodenly from down the hills with grisly fall to syght,
" The *harpies* come, and *beating wings* with great noys out thei shright,
" And *at our meate they snach;* and with their clawes," &c.

Milton, *Parad. Reg.* B. II. has adopted the same imagery:

" —— with that
" Both table and provisions vanish'd quite,
" With sound of harpies' wings, and talons heard."

Steevens.

[2] —— *and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.*] Though I will not undertake to prove that all the culinary pantomimes exhibited in France and Italy, were known and imitated in this kingdom, I may observe, that flying, rising, and descending services were to be found, at entertainments given by the Duke of Burgundy, &c. in 1453, and by the Grand Duke of Tuscany in 1600, &c. See M. Le Grand D'Aussi's " Histoire de la vie privée des François," Vol. III. p. 294, &c. Examples, therefore, of machinery similar to that of Shakspeare, in the present instance, were to be met with, and perhaps had been adopted on the stage, as well as at public festivals, here in England. See my note on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act V. sc. v. from whence it appears, that a striking conceit in an entertainment given by the Vidame of Chartres, had been transferred to another feast, prepared in England, as a compliment to Prince Alasco, 1583.

Steevens.

[3] *That hath to* instrument *this lower world,* &c.] i. e. that makes use of this world, and every thing in it, as its *instruments* to bring about its ends. *Steevens.*

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Are ministers of fate; the elements
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that's in my plume;[4] my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable:[5] if you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted: But, remember,
(For that's my business to you,) that you three,

[4] *One* dowle *that's in my* plume;] The old copy exhibits the passage thus:
"*One dowle* that's in my *plumbe*." Corrected by Mr. Rowe. Bailey, in his Dictionary, says, that *dowle* is a feather, or rather the single particles of the down.

Since the first appearance of this edition, my very industrious and learned correspondent, Mr. Tollet, of *Betley* in *Staffordshire*, has enabled me to retract a too hasty censure on Bailey, to whom we were long indebted for our only *English Dictionary*. In a small book, entitled *Humane Industry*: or, *A History of most Manual Arts*, printed in 1661, page 93, is the following passage: "The wool-bearing trees in Æthiopia, which Virgil speaks of, and the Eriophori Arbores in *Theophrastus*, are not such trees as have a certain wool or DOWL upon the outside of them, as the small cotton; but short trees that bear a ball upon the top, pregnant with wool, which the Syrians call Cott, the Græcians Gossypium, the Italians Bombagio, and we Bombase."—"There is a certain shell-fish in the sea, called Pinna, that bears a mossy DOWL, or wool, whereof cloth was spun and made."—Again, p. 95: "Trichitis, or the hayrie stone, by some Greek authors, and Alumen *plumaceum*, or *downy* alum, by the Latinists: this hair or DOWL is spun into thread, and weaved into cloth." I have since discovered the same word in *The Ploughman's Tale*, erroneously attributed to Chaucer, v. 3202:

"And swore by cock 'is herte and blode,
"He would tere him every *doule*." *Steevens.*

Cole, in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, interprets "young *dowle*," by *lanugo*. *Malone.*

[5] ——— *the elements*
Of whom your swords *are temper'd, may as well*
Wound *the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs*
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that's in my plume; my fellow ministers
Are like invulnerable:] So, in Phaer's Virgil, 1573:

"Their *swords* by them they laid—
"And on the filthy birds they beat—
"But *fethers* none do from them fal, nor *wound* for strok doth bleed,
"Nor force of weapons hurt them can." *Ritson.*

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From Milan, did supplant good Prospero;
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The Powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace; Thee, of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Ling'ring perdition (worse than any death
Can be at once,) shall step by step attend
You, and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from
(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads,) is nothing, but heart's sorrow,
And a clear life[6] ensuing.[7]

He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft musick, enter the Shapes again, and dance with mops and mowes,[8] *and carry out the table.*

Pro. [*Aside.*] Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated,
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life,[9]

[6] —— clear *life* —] Pure, blameless, innocent. *Johnson.* So, in *Timon:* "—roots you *clear* heavens." *Steevens.*

[7] —— *is nothing, but heart's sorrow,*
And a clear life ensuing.] The meaning, which is somewhat obscured by the expression, is—*a miserable fate, which nothing but contrition and amendment of life can avert.* *Malone.*

[8] —— *with* mops *and* mowes —] So, in *K. Lear:*
"—— and Flibbertigibbet of *mopping* and *mowing*."
Steevens.
The old copy, by a manifest error of the press, reads—with *mocks.* So afterwards: "will be here with *mop* and mowe."
Malone.
To *mock* and to *mowe,* seem to have had a meaning somewhat similar; i. e. to insult, by making mouths, or wry faces. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *with* good life,] *With good life* may mean, with *exact presentation of their several characters, with observation strange* of their particular and distinct parts. So we say, he acted to the *life.* *Johnson.*
Thus in the 6th Canto of the *Barons' Wars,* by Drayton:
"Done for the last with such exceeding *life,*
"As art therein with nature seem'd at strife."
Again, in our author's *King Henry VIII.* Act I. sc. i:
"—— the tract of every thing
"Would by a good discourser lose some *life,*
"Which action's self was tongue to."

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And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done;[1] my high charms work,
And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, whilst I visit
Young Ferdinand, (whom they suppose is drown'd,)
And his and my loved darling. [*Exit* PRO. *from above.*

Gon. I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper; it did bass my trespass.[2]

Good life, however, in *Twelfth Night*, seems to be used for innocent *jollity*, as we now say a *bon vivant*: "Would you (says the Clown) have a love song, or a song of *good life?*" *Sir Toby* answers, "A love song, a love song;"—"Ay, ay, (replies *Sir Andrew*,) I care not for *good life*." It is plain, from the character of the last speaker, that he was meant to mistake the sense in which *good life* is used by the *Clown*. It may, therefore, in the present instance, mean, *honest alacrity, or cheerfulness*.

Life seems to be used in the chorus to the fifth act of *K. Henry V.* with some meaning like that wanted to explain the approbation of Prospero:

"Which cannot in their huge and proper *life*
"Be here presented."

The same phrase occurs yet more appositely in Chapman's translation of Homer's *Hymn to Apollo*:

"And these are acted with such *exquisite life*,
"That one would say, Now the Ionian strains
"Are turn'd immortals." *Steevens.*

To do any thing with *good life*, is still a provincial expression in the west of England, and signifies, to do it *with the full bent and energy of mind*:—"And *observation strange*," is with *such minute attention to the orders given, as to excite admiration*. *Henley.*

[1] *Their several* kinds have done:] i. e. have discharged the several functions, allotted to their different natures. Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act V. sc. ii. the Clown says—"You must think this, look you, that the worm will *do his kind*." *Steevens.*

[2] —— bass *my trespass.*] The deep pipe told it me in a rough bass sound. *Johnson.*

So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. II. c. 12:

"—— the rolling sea resounding soft,
"In his big *base* them fitly answered." *Steevens.*

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Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper, than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded.[3] [*Exit.*
Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.
Ant. I'll be thy second.
[*Exeunt* SEB. *and* ANT.
Gon. All three of them are desperate; their great guilt,
Like poison given[4] to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits:—I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstacy[5]
May now provoke them to.
Adr. Follow, I pray you.
[*Exeunt.*

Again, in Davis's *Microcosmos*, 1605, p. 32:

" The singing bullets made his soul rejoice
" As musicke, that the hearing most alures;
" And if the canons *bas'd* it with their voice,
" He seemed as ravisht with an heavenly noise." *Reed.*

[3] *And* with him *there lie mudded.*

But *one fiend* —] As these hemistichs, taken together, exceed the proportion of a verse, I cannot help regarding the words —*with him*, and *but*, as playhouse interpolations.

The Tempest was evidently one of the last works of Shakspeare; and it is therefore natural to suppose, the metre of it must have been exact and regular. Dr. Farmer concurs with me in this supposition. *Steevens.*

[4] *Like* poison *given*, &c.] The natives of Africa have been supposed to be possessed of the secret, how to temper poisons with such art as not to operate till several years after they were administered. Their drugs were then as certain in their effect, as subtle in their preparation. So, in the celebrated libel called *Leicester's Commonwealth:* " I heard him once myselfe in publique act at Oxford, and that in presence of my lord of Leicester, maintain that poyson might be so tempered and given, as it should not appear presently, and yet should kill the party afterwards at what time should be appointed." *Steevens.*

[5] —— *this* ecstacy —] *Ecstacy* meant not anciently, as at present, *rapturous pleasure*, but alienation of mind. So, in *Hamlet*, Act III. sc. iv:

" Nor sense to *ecstacy* was e'er so thrall'd—."

Mr. Locke has not inelegantly styled it *dreaming with our eyes open.* *Steevens.*

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ACT IV.....SCENE I.

Before Prospero's *Cell.*

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, *and* MIRANDA.

Pro. If I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,[6]
Or that for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test:[7] here, afore Heaven,

6 —— *a* thread *of mine own life,*] The old copy reads—*third.* The word *thread* was formerly so spelt, as appears from the following passage:

" Long maist thou live, and when the sisters shall decree
" To cut in twaine the twisted *third* of life,
" Then let him die," &c.

See comedy of *Mucedorus*, 1619, signat. C 3. *Hawkins.*

" A *third* of mine own life" is a *fibre* or a *part* of my own life. *Prospero* considers himself as the *stock* or *parent-tree*, and his daughter as a *fibre* or *portion* of himself, and for whose benefit he himself lives. In this sense, the word is used in Markham's *English Husbandman*, edit. 1635, p. 146: " Cut off all the maine rootes, within half a foot of the tree, only the small *thriddes* or twist rootes you shall not cut at all." Again, ibid: " Every branch and *thrid* of the root." This is evidently the same word as *thread*, which is likewise spelt *thrid* by Lord Bacon. *Tollet.*

So, in *Lingua*, &c. 1607; and I could furnish many more instances:

" For as a subtle spider closely sitting
" In center of her web that spreadeth round,
" If the least fly but touch the smallest *third*,
" She feels it instantly."

The following quotation, however, should seem to place the meaning beyond all dispute. In *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1540, is this passage:

" — one of worldly shame's *children*, of his countenance, and THREDE of his body." *Steevens.*

Again, in *Tancred and Gismund*, a tragedy, 1592, Tancred, speaking of his intention to kill his daughter, says:

" Against all law of kinde, to shred in twaine
" The golden *threede that doth us both maintain.*" *Malone.*

7 —— strangely *stood the test:*] Strangely is used by way of commendation, *merveilleusement, to a wonder;* the same is the sense in the foregoing scene. *Johnson.*

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I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it,
Against an oracle.

Pro. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition[8]
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But
If thou dost break her virgin knot,[9] before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion[1] shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed, with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both: therefore, take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now; the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser Genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.[2]

i. e. in the last scene of the preceding act:

" —— with good life,
" And observation *strange* —." *Steevens.*

[8] *Then, as my* gift, *and thine own acquisition* —] My *guest, first folio.* Rowe first read—*gift. Johnson.*
A similar thought occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" ——— *I* send *him*
" *The greatness he has* got." *Steevens.*

[9] — *her* virgin knot —] The same expression occurs in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

" Untide I still my *virgin knot* will keepe." *Steevens.*

[1] *No sweet* aspersion —] *Aspersion* is here used in its primitive sense of *sprinkling*. At present, it is expressive only of calumny and detraction. *Steevens.*

[2] *When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,*
Or night kept chain'd below.] A similar train of ideas occur in the 23d Book of Homer's *Odyssey*, thus translated by Chapman:

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Pro. Fairly spoke:[3]
Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own.—
What, Ariel; my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick: go, bring the rabble,[4]
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place;
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art; it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, *Come*, and *go*,
And breathe twice; and cry, *so, so;*
Each one, tripping on his toe,[5]
Will be here with mop and mowe:
Do you love me, master? no.

Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel: Do not approach,
Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well I conceive. [*Exit.*

Pro. Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good night, your vow!

Fer. I warrant you, sir;
The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pro. Well.—

" —— she th' extended night
" With-held in long date; nor would let the light
" Her wing'd-hoof horse join: Lampus, Phaeton,
" Those ever colts, that bring the morning on
" To worldly men." *Steevens.*

[3] Fairly *spoke:*] *Fairly* is here used as a trisyllable. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *the rabble,*] The crew of meaner spirits. *Johnson.*

[5] —— *Come and go,——*
Each one, tripping on his toe,] So, in Milton's *L'Allegro*, v. 33:
" Come, and trip it as you go
" On the light fantastic toe." *Steevens.*

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Now come, my Ariel; bring a corollary,[6]
Rather than want a spirit; appear, and pertly.—
No tongue;[7] all eyes; be silent. [*Soft musick.*

A Masque. Enter IRIS.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover,[8] them to keep;
Thy banks with peonied and lilied brims,[9]
Which spongy April, at thy hest, betrims,

[6] —— *bring a* corollary,] That is, bring more than are sufficient, rather than fail for want of numbers. *Corollary* means *surplus*. *Corolaire*, Fr. See Cotgrave's Dictionary. *Steevens.*

[7] *No tongue;*] Those who are present at incantations are obliged to be strictly silent, "else," as we are afterwards told, "the spell is marred." *Johnson.*

[8] —— thatch'd *with* stover,] *Stover* (in Cambridgeshire and other counties) signifies hay made of coarse, rank grass, such as even cows will not eat, while it is green. *Stover* is likewise used as *thatch* for cart-lodges, and other buildings that deserve but rude and cheap coverings.
The word occurs in the 25th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion:*
"To draw out sedge and reed, for *thatch* and *stover* fit."
Again, in his *Muses' Elyzium:*
"Their browse and *stover*, waxing thin and scant."
Steevens.

[9] *Thy banks with* peonied, *and* lilied *brims,*] The old edition reads *pioned* and *twilled* brims, which gave rise to Mr. Holt's conjecture, that the poet originally wrote:
"—— *with* pioned *and* tilled *brims.*"
Peonied is the emendation of Hanmer.
Spenser, and the author of *Muleasses the Turk*, a tragedy, 1610, use *pioning* for digging. It is not, therefore, difficult to find a meaning for the word, as it stands in the old copy; and remove a letter from *twilled*, and it leaves us *tilled*. I am yet, however, in doubt whether we ought not to read *lilied* brims; for Pliny, B. XXVI. ch. x. mentions the *water-lily*, as a preserver of chastity; and says, elsewhere, that the Peony *medetur Faunorum in Quiete Ludibriis*, &c. In a poem, entitled *The Herring's Tayle*, 4to. 1598, "the mayden *piony*" is introduced. In the *Arraigne-ment of Paris*, 1584, are mentioned:
"The watry flow'rs and *lillies of the banks.*"
In the 20th song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*, the Naiades are represented as making chaplets, with all the tribe of aquatic flowers; and Mr. Tollet informs me, that Lyte's *Herbal* says, "one kind of peonie is called by some, *maiden* or *virgin* peonie."

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To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom groves,[1]
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,

In *Ovid's Banquet of Sense*, by Chapman, 1595, I meet with the following stanza, in which *twill-pants* are enumerated among flowers:

" White and red jasmines, merry, melliphill,
" Fair crown imperial, emperor of flowers;
" Immortal amaranth, white aphrodill,
" And cup-like *twill-pants* strew'd in Bacchus' bowers."

If *twill* be the ancient name of any flower, the old reading, *pioned* and *twilled*, may stand. *Steevens.*

Mr. Warton, in his notes upon Milton, after silently acquiescing in the substitution of *pionied* for *pioned*, produces from the ARCADES "Ladon's *lillied* banks," as an example to countenance a further change of *twilled* to *lillied*, which, accordingly, Mr. Rann hath foisted into the text. But, before such a licence is allowed, may it not be asked—If the word *pionied* can any where be found?—or (admitting such a verbal from peony, like Milton's *lillied* from *lily*, to exist,)—On the banks of what river do peonies grow?—Or (if the banks of any river should be discovered to yield them) whether *they* and the *lilies* that, in common with them, betrim those banks, be the produce of *spongy* APRIL?—Or, whence it can be gathered that Iris here is at all speaking of the banks of a *river?*—and, whether, as the bank in question is the property, not of a water-nymph, but of Ceres, it is not to be considered as an object of her care?—Hither, the goddess of husbandry is represented as resorting, because, at the approach of spring, it becomes needful to repair the banks (or mounds) of the *flat meads*, whose grass not only shooting over, but being more succulent than that of the *turfy mountains*, would, for want of precaution, be devoured, and so the intended *stover* [hay, or *winter keep*,] with which these *meads* are proleptically described as *thatched*, be lost.

The giving way, and caving in, of the *brims* of those banks, occasioned by the heats, rains, and frosts of the preceding year, are made good, by opening the trenches whence the banks themselves were at first raised, and facing them up afresh, with the mire those trenches contain. This being done, the *brims of the banks* are, in the poet's language, *pioned* and *twilled*.—Mr. Warton himself, in a note upon *Comus*, hath cited a passage in which *pioners* are explained to be *diggers*, [rather *trenchers*] and Mr. Steevens mentions Spenser and the author of *Muleasses*, as both using *pioning* for *digging*. TWILLED is obviously formed from the participle of the French verb *touiller*, which Cotgrave interprets *filthily to mix or mingle; confound or shuffle together; bedirt; begrime; besmear*:—significations, that join to confirm the explanation, here given.

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Being lass-lorn;[2] thy pole-clipt vineyard:[3]
And thy sea-marge, steril and rocky-hard,

This *bank, with pioned and twilled brims*, is described, as *trimmed, at the behest of Ceres, by spongy* April, with flowers, *to make cold nymphs chaste crowns*. These flowers were neither *peonies* nor lilies, for they never blow at this season, but "lady-smocks all silver white," which, during this humid month, start up in abundance, on such banks, and thrive like oats, on the same kind of soil:——"*Avoine* touillée *croist comme enragée*."—That OU changes into W, in words derived from the French, is apparent in *cordwainer*, from *cordouannier*, and many others. *Henley*.

Mr. Henley's note contends for small proprieties, and abounds with minute observation. But that Shakspeare was no diligent Botanist, may be ascertained from his erroneous descriptions of a *Cowslip*, (in the *Tempest* and *Cymbeline*,) for who ever heard it characterized as a *bell-shaped* flower, or could allow the *drops at the bottom* of it to be of a *crimson* hue? With equal carelessness, or want of information, in *The Winter's Tale*, he enumerates "lilies of *all kinds*," among the children of the spring, and as contemporaries with the daffodil, the primrose, and the violet; and in his celebrated song, (one stanza of which is introduced at the beginning of the fourth act of *Measure for Measure*,) he talks of *Pinks* "that *April* wears." It might be added, (if we must *speak by the card*,) that wherever there is a bank there is a ditch; where there is a ditch there may be water; and where there is water the aquatic lilies may flourish, whether the bank in question belongs to a river, or a field.—These are petty remarks, but they are occasioned by petty cavils.—It was enough for our author that *peonies* and *lilies* were well known flowers, and he placed them on any bank, and produced them in any of the genial months, that particularly suited his purpose. He, who has confounded the customs of different ages and nations, might easily confound the produce of the seasons.

That his documents *de Re Rusticâ* were more exact, is equally improbable. He regarded objects of Agriculture, &c. in the gross, and little thought, when he meant to bestow some ornamental epithet, on the banks appropriated to a Goddess, that a future critic would wish him to say their *brims* were *filthily mixed or mingled, confounded or shuffled together; bedirted, begrimed, and besmeared*. Mr. Henley, however, has not yet proved the existence of the derivative, which he labours to introduce, as an English word; nor will the lovers of elegant description wish him much success in his attempt. Unconvinced, therefore, by his strictures, I shall not exclude a border of flowers, to make room for the graces of the spade, or what Mr. Pope, in his *Dunciad*, has styled "the majesty of mud." *Steevens*.

[1] —— *and thy* broom *groves*,] *Broom*, in this place, signifies the *Spartium scoparium*, of which brooms are frequently made. Near Gamlingay in Cambridgeshire, it grows high enough to con-

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Where thou thyself dost air: The queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch, and messenger, am I,
Bids thee leave these; and, with her sovereign grace,
Here, on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain;
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

Cer. Hail, many-coloured messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres,[4] and my unshrubb'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth; Why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd-green?[5]

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the bless'd lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus, or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? since they did plot
The means, that dusky Dis my daughter got,

ceal the tallest cattle as they pass through it; and, in places where it is cultivated, still higher: a circumstance, that had escaped my notice, till I was told of it by Professor Martyn, whose name I am particularly happy to insert among those of other friends, who have honoured and improved this work by their various communications. *Steevens.*

[2] *Being* lass-lorn;] *Lass-lorn* is forsaken of his mistress. So, Spenser:

"Who after that he had fair Una *lorn*." *Steevens.*

[3] —— *thy pole*-clipt vineyard;] To *clip* is to *twine round* or *embrace*. The poles are *clipped* or embraced by the vines. *Vineyard* is here used as a trisyllable. *Steevens.*

[4] *My* bosky *acres*, &c.] *Bosky* is woody. Bosky acres are fields divided from each other by hedge-rows. *Boscus* is middle Latin for *wood*. *Bosques*, Fr. So, Milton:

"And every *bosky* bourn from side to side."

Again, in *K. Edward, I.* 1599:

"Hale him from hence, and in this *bosky* wood
"Bury his corps." *Steevens.*

[5] —— *to this* short-grass'd green?] The old copy reads short-*gras'd* green. *Short-gras'd green* means *grazed so as to be short*. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. *Steevens.*

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Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.
Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid; I met her deity,
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos; and her son
Dove-drawn with her: here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-rite shall be paid,
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
Mars's hot minion is return'd again:
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.
Cer. Highest queen of state,[6]
Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter JUNO.

Jun. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me,
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their issue.

SONG.

JUNO. *Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,*
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you,

[6] *Highest queen of state,*
Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait.] Mr. Whalley thinks this passage a remarkable instance of Shakspeare's knowledge of ancient poetic story; and that the hint was furnished, by the *Divum incedo Regina* of Virgil.

John Taylor, the water-poet, declares, that he never learned his *Accidence*, and that Latin and French were to him Heathen Greek; yet, by the help of Mr. Whalley's argument, I will prove him a learned man, in spite of every thing he may say to the contrary: for thus he makes a gallant address his lady; "Most inestimable magazine of beauty! in whom the port and majesty of Juno, the wisdom of Jove's brain-bred girle, and the feature of Cytherea, have their domestical habitation." *Farmer.*

So, in *The Arraignement of Paris*, 1584:

"First statelie *Juno*, with her porte and grace."

Chapman also, in his version of the second *Iliad*, speaking of Juno, calls her—

"—— the goddesse of *estate*." *Steevens.*

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Cer. *Earth's increase,*[7] *and foison plenty,*[8]
Barns, and garners never empty;
Vines, with clust'ring bunches growing;
Plants, with goodly burden bowing;
Spring come to you, at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity, and want, shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly:[9] May I be bold
To think these spirits?
Pro. Spirits, which by mine art

[7] Earth's increase, *and foison plenty*, &c.] All the editions, that I have ever seen, concur in placing this whole sonnet to Juno; but very absurdly, in my opinion. I believe every accurate reader, who is acquainted with poetical history, and the distinct offices of these two goddesses, and who then seriously reads over our author's lines, will agree with me, that Ceres's name ought to have been placed, where I have now prefixed it. *Theobald.*

And is not in the old copy. It was added by the editor of the second folio. Earth's *increase*, is the *produce* of the earth. The expression is scriptural: "Then shall the *earth* bring forth her *increase*, and God, even our God, shall give us his blessing." PSALM lxvii. *Malone.*

This is one among a multitude of emendations which Mr. Malone acknowledges to have been introduced by the editor of the second folio; and yet, in contradiction to himself, in his Prolegomena, he depreciates the second edition, as of no importance or value. *Fenton.*

[8] —— foison *plenty;*] i. e. plenty to the utmost abundance; *foison* signifying plenty. See p. 54. *Steevens.*

[9] *Harmonious charmingly:*] Mr. Edwards would read:
"*Harmonious charming* lay."
For though (says he) the benediction is sung by two goddesses, it is yet but one *lay* or hymn. I believe, however, this passage appears, as it was written by the poet, who, for the sake of the verse, made the words change places.

We might read (transferring the last syllable of the second word to the end of the first) "Harmoniously charming."

Ferdinand has already praised this aerial Masque, as an object of sight; and may not improperly or inelegantly subjoin, that the charm of sound was added to that of visible grandeur. Both Juno and Ceres are supposed to sing their parts. *Steevens.*

A similar inversion occurs in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:
"But *miserable most* to love unlov'd." *Malone.*

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I have from their confines call'd, to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father,[1] and a wife,
Make this place Paradise.

[JUNO *and* CERES *whisper, and send* IRIS *on employment.*

Pro. Sweet now, silence;
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wand'ring brooks,
With your sedg'd crowns, and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels,[2] and on this green land
Answer your summons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;
Make holy-day: your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one,
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs, in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof, PROSPERO *starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.*

Pro. [*aside.*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come.—[*To the Spirits.*] Well done;—avoid;
—no more.

[1] —— *a* wonder'd *father,*] i. e. a father able to perform, or produce such wonders. *Steevens.*

[2] *Leave your* crisp *channels,*] *Crisp,* i. e. *curling, winding,* Lat. *crispus.* So, *Henry IV.* Part I. Act I. sc. iv. Hotspur, speaking of the river Severn:

"And hid his *crisped* head in the hollow bank."

Crisp, however, may allude to the little wave or *curl* (as it is commonly called) that the gentlest wind occasions on the surface of waters. *Steevens.*

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Fer. This is most strange; your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.
Mira. Never till this day,
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.
Pro. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir:
Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabrick of this vision,[3]
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit,[4] shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,[5]

[3] *And, like the baseless fabrick of this vision,* &c.] The exact period at which this play was produced is unknown: it was not, however, published before 1623. In the year 1603, the *Tragedy of Darius*, by Lord Sterline, made its appearance, and there I find the following passage:

" Let greatness of her glassy sceptres vaunt,
" Not sceptres, no, but reeds, soon bruis'd, soon broken;
" And let this worldly pomp our wits enchant,
" All fades, and scarcely leaves behind a token.
" Those golden palaces, those gorgeous halls,
" With furniture superfluously fair,
" Those stately courts, those sky-encount'ring walls,
" Evanish all, like vapours in the air."

Lord Sterline's play must have been written before the death of Queen *Elizabeth*, (which happened on the 24th of March, 1603,) as it is dedicated to *James VI. King of Scots*.

Whoever should seek for this passage (as here quoted from the 4to. 1603) in the folio edition, 1637, will be disappointed, as Lord Sterline made considerable changes in all his plays, after their first publication. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *all which it* inherit,] i. e. all who possess, who dwell upon it. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

" This, or else nothing, will *inherit* her." *Malone.*

[5] *And, like this insubstantial* pageant faded,] *Faded* means here —having vanished; from the Latin, *vado*. So, in *Hamlet:*

" It *faded* on the crowing of the cock."

To feel the justice of this comparison, and the propriety of the epithet, the nature of these exhibitions should be remembered. The ancient English *pageants* were shows, exhibited on the reception of a prince, or any other solemnity of a similar kind. They were presented on occasional stages, erected in the streets. Originally, they appear to have been nothing more than dumb shows;

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Leave not a rack behind:[6] We are such stuff

but, before the time of our author, they had been enlivened, by the introduction of speaking personages, who were characteristically habited. The speeches were sometimes in verse; and, as the procession moved forward, the speakers, who constantly bore some allusion to the ceremony, either conversed together in the form of a dialogue, or addressed the noble person, whose presence occasioned the celebrity. On these allegorical spectacles very costly ornaments were bestowed. See Fabian, II. 382. Warton's *Hist. of Poet.* II. 199, 202.

The well-known lines before us may receive some illustration from Stowe's account of the pageants, exhibited in the year 1604, (not very long before this play was written,) on King James, his Queen, &c. passing triumphantly from the Tower to Westminster; on which occasion seven gates or arches were erected, in different places, through which the procession passed.—Over the first gate "was represented the true likeness of all the notable houses, TOWERS and steeples, within the citie of London."—"The sixt arche, or gate of triumph was erected above the Conduit in Fleete-Streete, whereon the GLOBE of the world was seen to move, &c. At Temple-bar, a seaventh arche or gate was erected, the fore-front whereof was proportioned in every respect like a TEMPLE, being dedicated to Janus, &c.—The citie of Westminster, and dutchy of Lancaster, at the Strand had erected the invention of a Rainbow, the moone, sunne, and starres, advanced between two Pyramides," &c. ANNALS, p. 1429, edit. 1605.

Malone.

[6] *Leave not a* rack *behind:*] "The winds (says Lord Bacon) which move the clouds above, which we call the *rack*, and are not perceived below, pass without noise." I should explain the word *rack* somewhat differently, by calling it *the last fleeting vestige of the highest clouds, scarce perceptible, on account of their distance and tenuity.* What was anciently called the *rack*, is now termed by sailors—the *scud*.

The word is common to many authors contemporary with Shakspeare. So, in the *Faithful Shepherdess*, by Fletcher:

"——— shall I stray
"In the middle air, and stay
"The sailing *rack*."———

Again, in *David and Bethsabe*, 1599:

"Beating the clouds into their swiftest *rack*."

Again, in the prologue to the *Three Ladies of London*, 1584:

"We list not ride the rolling *rack* that dims the chrystal skies."

Again, in Shakspeare's 33d Sonnet:

"Anon permits the basest clouds to ride
"With ugly *rack* on his celestial face."

Again, in Chapman's version of the twenty-first *Iliad*:

"——— the cracke
"His thunder gives, when out of heaven it tears atwo his *racke*."

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As dreams are made of,[7] and our little life

Here the translator adds, in a marginal note, "The *racke* or motion of the clouds, *for the clouds.*"
Again, in Dryden's version of the tenth *Æneid:*

"——— the doubtful *rack* of heaven
"Stands without motion, and the tide undriven."

Mr. Pennant, in his Tour in Scotland, observes, there is a fish called a *rack*-rider, because it appears in winter or bad weather; *Rack*, in the English of our author's days, signifying the *driving of the clouds by tempests.*

Sir Thomas Hanmer instead of *rack*, reads *track*, which may be countenanced by the following passage, in the first scene of *Timon of Athens:*

"But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
"*Leaving no tract behind.*"

Again, in the *Captain*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, Act II. sc. i:

"——— run quietly,
"Leaving no *trace* of what they were, behind them."

Steevens.

Rack is generally used for *a body of clouds*, or rather for *the course of clouds in motion;* so, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"That, which is now a horse, even with a thought,
"The *rack* dislimns."

But no instance has yet been produced, where it is used to signify *a single small fleeting cloud*, in which sense only it can be figuratively applied here. I incline, therefore, to Sir Thomas Hanmer's emendation.

I am now inclined to think that *rack* is a mis-spelling for *wrack*, i. e. *wreck*, which Fletcher likewise has used for a minute broken fragment. See his *Wife for a Month*, where we find the word mis-spelt, as it is in *The Tempest:*

"He will bulge so subtilly and suddenly,
"You may snatch him up by parcels, like a *sea-rack.*"

It has been urged, that "objects, which have only a visionary and insubstantial existence, can, when the vision is faded, leave nothing *real*, and consequently no *wreck* behind them." But the objection is founded on misapprehension. The words—"Leave not a rack (or wreck) behind," relate not to "the baseless fabrick of this vision," but to the final destruction of the world, of which the towers, temples, and palaces, shall (*like* a vision, or a pageant,) be dissolved, and leave no vestige behind. *Malone.*

[7] *As* dreams *are made* of,] The old copy reads—*on*. But this is a mere colloquial vitiation; *of*, among the vulgar, being still pronounced—*on*. *Steevens.*

The stanza, which immediately precedes the lines, quoted by Mr. Steevens from Lord Sterline's *Darius*, may serve still further to confirm the conjecture, that one of these poets imitated the other. Our author was, I believe the imitator:

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Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled.
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repose; a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mira. We wish your peace.

[*Exeunt.*

Pro. Come, with a thought:—I thank you:—Ariel, come.[8]

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to:[9] What's thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.[1]

Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; But I fear'd,
Lest I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground

"And when the eclipse comes of our glory's light,
"Then what avails the adoring of a name?
"A meer *illusion made to mock the sight*,
"Whose best was but the shadow of a *dream*." *Malone.*

[8] Fer. Mira. *We wish your peace.*
Pro. *Come with a thought:—I thank* you:—*Ariel, come.*] The old copy reads "—I thank *thee*." But these thanks being in reply to the joint wish of Ferdinand and Miranda, I have substituted *you* for *thee*, by the advice of Mr. Ritson. *Steevens.*

[9] *Thy thoughts I* cleave to.] To *cleave to*, is to *unite with closely*. So, in *Macbeth:*
"Like our strange garments, *cleave* not *to* their mould."
Again:
"If you shall *cleave to* my consent." *Steevens.*

[1] —— to meet with *Caliban.*] *To meet with*, is to *counteract;* to play stratagem against stratagem.—*The parson knows the temper of every one in his house, and accordingly either* meets with *their vices, or advances their virtues.* HERBERT'S *Country Parson.*
Johnson.

So, in *Cynthia's Revenge*, 1613:
"—— You may *meet*
"*With* her abusive malice, and exempt
"Yourself from the suspicion of revenge." *Steevens.*

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For kissing of their feet: yet always bending
Towards their project: Then, I beat my tabor,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanc'd their eye-lids,[2] lifted up their noses,
As they smelt musick; so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss,[3] and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins: at last, I left them
I' the filthy mantled pool,[4] beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird:
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,

[2] *Advanc'd their eye-lids,* &c.] Thus Drayton, in his *Nymphidia, or Court of Fairie:*

"But once the circle got within,
"The charms to work do straight begin,
"And he was caught as in a gin:
"For as he thus was busy,
"A pain he in his head-piece feels,
"Against a stubbed tree he reels,
"And up went poor Hobgoblin's heels:
"Alas, his brain was dizzy.
"At length upon his feet he gets,
"Hobgoblin fumes, Hobgoblin frets;
"And as again he forward sets,
"And through the bushes scrambles,
"A stump doth hit him in his pace,
"Down comes poor Hob upon his face,
"And lamentably tore his case
"Among the briers and brambles." *Johnson.*

[3] ——*pricking* goss,] I know not how Shakspeare distinguished *goss* from *furze;* for what he calls *furze* is called *goss* or *gorse,* in the midland counties.
This word is used in the first chorus to Kyd's *Cornelia,* 1594:
"With worthless *gorse* that, yearly, fruitless dies."
Steevens.

By the latter, Shakspeare means the low sort of *gorse,* that only grows upon wet ground, and which is well described by the name of *whins* in Markham's *Farewell to Husbandry.* It has prickles like those of a rose-tree or a gooseberry. *Furze* and *whins* occur together in Dr. Farmer's quotation from Holinshed. *Tollet.*

[4] *I' the filthy mantled pool,* —] Perhaps we should read—filth-ymantled.—A similar idea occurs in *K. Lear:*
"Drinks the green *mantle* of the standing *pool.*" *Steevens.*

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For stale to catch these thieves.[5]

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick;[6] on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;[7]
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers:[8] I will plague them all,

Re-enter ARIEL, *loaden with glistering apparel, &c.*

Even to roaring:—Come, hang them on this line.

PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *remain invisible. Enter* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *all wet.*

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall:[9] we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which, you say, is a harmless

[5] *For* stale *to catch these thieves.*] *Stale* is a word in *fowling*, and is used to mean a *bait*, or *decoy* to catch birds.
So, in *A Looking glasse for London and England*, 1617:
"Hence tools of wrath, *stales* of temptation!"
Again, in Green's *Mamillia*, 1595: "—that she might not strike at the *stale*, lest she were canvassed in the nets." *Steevens.*

[6] Nurture *can never stick;*] *Nurture* is *education*. A little volume entitled *The Boke of* Nature, *or Schoole of good Maners*, &c. was published in the reign of King Edward VI. 4to. bl. l. *Steevens.*

[7] —all, *all lost,*] The first of these words was probably introduced by the carelessness of the transcriber or compositor. We might safely read—*are* all lost. *Malone.*

[8] *And as, with age, his body uglier grows,*
So his mind cankers:] Shakspeare, when he wrote this description, perhaps recollected what his patron's most intimate friend, the great lord Essex, in an hour of discontent, said of queen Elizabeth;—"*that she grew old and canker'd, and that her mind was become as crooked as her carcase:*"—a speech, which, according to Sir Walter Raleigh, cost him his head, and which, we may therefore suppose, was at that time much talked of. This play being written in the time of king James, these obnoxious words might be safely repeated. *Malone.*

[9] —*the blind mole may not*
Hear a foot fall:] This quality of hearing which the mole is supposed to possess in so high a degree, is mentioned in *Euphues*, 4to. 1581, p. 64, "Doth not the lion for strength, the turtle for love, the ant for labour, excel man? Doth not the eagle see clearer, the vulture smell better, *the moale heare lightlyer?*" *Reed.*

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fairy, has done little better, than played the Jack with us.[1]

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you; look you,—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still:
Be patient; for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore, speak softly;
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me, than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet: Seest thou here,
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter:
Do that good mischief, which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee![2]

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool: it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster; we know what belongs to a frippery:[3]—O king Stephano!

[1] — *has done little better than play'd the* Jack *with us.*] i. e. He has played *Jack with a lantern;* has led us about like an *ignis fatuus*, by which travellers are decoyed into the mire. *Johnson.*

[2] Trin. *O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look what a wardrobe is here for thee!*] The humour of these lines consists in their being an allusion to an old celebrated ballad, which begins thus: *King Stephen was a worthy peer*—and celebrates that king's parsimony with regard to his *wardrobe*.—There are two stanzas of this ballad in *Othello*. *Warburton.*

The old ballad is printed at large, in *The Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, Vol. I. *Percy.*

[3] —— *we know what belongs to a* frippery:] A *frippery* was a shop where old clothes were sold. *Fripperie*, Fr.

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Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean,
To doat thus on such luggage? Let's along,[4]
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line:[5] now jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Beaumont and Fletcher use the word in this sense, in *Wit without Money*, Act II:

"As if I were a running *frippery*."

So, in *Monsieur d'Olive*, a comedy, by Chapman, 1606: "Passing yesterday by the *frippery*, I spied two of them hanging out at a stall, with a gambrell thrust from shoulder to shoulder."

The person, who kept one of these shops, was called a *fripper*.

Strype, in the life of Stowe, says, that these *frippers* lived in Birchin Lane and Cornhill. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *Let's* along,] First edit. *Let's* alone. *Johnson.*

I believe the poet wrote:

"—— Let *it* alone,
"And do the murder first."

Caliban had used the same expression before. Mr. Theobald reads—Let's *along*. *Malone.*

Let's alone, may mean—Let you and I only go to commit the murder, leaving Trinculo, who is so solicitous about the *trash* of dress, behind us. *Steevens.*

[5] —— *under the line:*] An allusion to what often happens to people, who pass the line. The violent fevers, which they contract in that hot climate, make them lose their hair.

Edwards's MSS.

Perhaps the allusion is to a more indelicate disease, than any peculiar to the equinoxial.

So, in *The Noble Soldier*, 1632:

"'Tis hot going under the *line* there."

Again, in *Lady Alimony*, 1659:

"—— Look to the clime
"Where you inhabit; that's the torrid zone:
"Yea, there goes *the hair* away."

Shakspeare seems to design an equivoque between the equinoxial, and the girdle of a woman.

It may be necessary, however, to observe, as a further elucidation of this miserable jest, that the lines, on which clothes are hung, are usually made of twisted horse-*hair*. *Steevens.*

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Trin. Do, do: We steal by line and level, and 't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here 's a garment for 't: wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am king of this country: *Steal by line and level*, is an excellent pass of pate; there 's another garment for 't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime[6] upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on 't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes[7]
With foreheads villainous low.[8]

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers; help to bear this away, where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

[6] —— *put some* lime, &c.] That is, *birdlime*. *Johnson.*
So, in Green's *Disputation between a He and She Conycatcher*, 1592: " —mine eyes are stauls, and my hands *lime* twigs."
Steevens.

[7] —— *to* barnacles, *or to apes* —] Skinner says *barnacle* is *Anser Scoticus*. The *barnacle* is a kind of shell-fish growing, on the bottoms of ships, and which was anciently supposed, when broken off, to become one of these geese. Hall, in his *Virgidemiarum*, Lib. IV. sat. 2, seems to favour this supposition:
" The Scottish *barnacle*, if I might choose,
" That of a worme doth waxe a winged goose," &c.
So likewise Marston, in his *Malecontent*, 1604:
" ——like your Scotch *barnacle*, now a block,
" Instantly a worm, and presently a great goose."
" There are" (says Gerard, in his *Herbal*, edit. 1597, page 1391) " in the north parts of Scotland, certaine trees, whereon do grow shell-fishes, &c. &c. which falling into the water, do become fowls, whom we call *barnakles;* in the north of England *brant geese;* and in Lancashire *tree geese*," &c.
This vulgar error deserves no serious confutation. Commend me, however, to Holinshed, (Vol. I. p. 38.) who declares himself to have seen the feathers of these *barnacles* " hang out of the shell at least two inches." And in the 27th song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*, the same account of their generation is given. *Collins.*

[8] *With* foreheads *villainous* low.] *Low foreheads* were anciently reckoned among deformities. So, in the old bl. l. ballad, entitled *A Peerlesse Paragon:*
" Her beetle brows all men admire,
" Her *forehead wondrous low*."
Again, (the quotation is Mr. Malone's) in *Antony and Cleopatra:*
" —— And her *forehead*
" As *low*, as she would wish it." *Steevens.*

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Trin. And this.
Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard.[9] *Enter divers Spirits, in shape of hounds, and hunt them about;* PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *setting them on.*

Pro. Hey, *Mountain*, hey!
Ari. Silver! there it goes, *Silver!*
Pro. Fury, Fury! there, *Tyrant*, there! hark, hark!
[CAL. STE. *and* TRIN. *are driven out.*
Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews,
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them,
Than pard, or cat o' mountain.
Ari. Hark, they roar.
Pro. Let them be hunted soundly: At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little,
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.....SCENE I.

Before the Cell of Prospero.

Enter PROSPERO *in his magick robes; and* ARIEL.

Pro. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage.[1] How 's the day?

[9] *A noise of hunters heard.*] Shakspeare might have had in view "*Arthur's Chase*," which many believe to be in France, and think that it is a kennel of black dogs, followed by unknown huntsmen with an exceeding great sound of horns, as if it was a very hunting of some wild beast." See a *Treatise of Spectres*, translated from the French of Peter de Loier, and published in quarto, 1605. *Grey.*

"HECATE, (says the same writer, *ibid.*) as the Greeks affirmed, did use to send *dogges* unto men, to feare and terrifie them." *Malone.*

[1] ——— *and time*
Goes upright with his carriage.] Alluding to one, carrying a burthen. This critical period of my life proceeds as I could wish.

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Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.
Pro. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and his?[2]
Ari. Confin'd together
In the same fashion, as you gave in charge:
Just as you left them, sir; all prisoners
In the lime-grove, which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge, till your release.[3] The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him you term'd, sir, *The good old lord Gonzalo;*
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds: your charm so strongly works them,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.
Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit?
Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.
Pro. And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling[4]
Of their afflictions? and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they,[5] be kindlier mov'd than thou art?

Time brings forward all the expected events, without faultering under his burthen. *Steevens.*

[2] —— *the king and his?*] The old copy reads—"the king and his *followers?*" But the word *followers* is evidently an interpolation, (or gloss which had crept into the text,) and spoils the metre, without help to the sense. In *King Lear*, we have the phraseology I have ventured to recommend:

"To *thee* and *thine*, hereditary ever," &c. *Steevens.*

[3] —— *till your release.*] i. e. till you release them. *Malone.*

[4] —— *a* touch, *a feeling* —] A *touch* is a *sensation*. So, in *Cymbeline:*

"—— a *touch* more rare
"Subdues all pangs, all fears."

So, in the 141st sonnet of Shakspeare:

"Nor tender feeling to base *touches* prone."

Again, in the *Civil Wars* of Daniel, B. I:

"I know not how their death gives such a *touch*." *Steevens.*

[5] —— *that relish all as sharply,*
Passion as they,] I feel every thing with the same quick sensibility, and am moved by the same passions, as they are.

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Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue, than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further: Go, release them, Ariel;
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves;[6]

A similar thought occurs in *K. Richard II:*

" *Taste grief,* need friends, like you." &c. *Steevens.*

[6] *Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;*] This speech Dr. Warburton rightly observes, to be borrowed from Medea's in Ovid: and, " it proves, (says Mr. Holt,) beyond contradiction, that Shakspeare was perfectly acquainted with the sentiments of the ancients on the subject of inchantments." The original lines are these:

" Auræque, & venti, montesque, amnesque, lacusque,
" Diique omnes nemorum, diique omnes noctis, adeste."

The translation of which, by Golding, is by no means literal, and Shakspeare hath closely followed it. *Farmer.*

Whoever will take the trouble of comparing this whole passage with Medea's speech, as translated by Golding, will see evidently that Shakspeare copied the translation, and not the original. The particular expressions, that seem to have made an impression on his mind, are printed in Italicks:

" Ye ayres and windes, ye *elves of hills,* of *brookes,* of woodes alone,
" Of *standing lakes,* and of the night, approche ye everych one.
" *Through help of whom* (the crooked bankes much wondering at the thing)
" I have compelled streames to run clear backward to their spring.
" By charms I make the calm sea rough, and make the rough seas playne,
" And cover all the skie with clouds, and *chase* them thence again.
" *By charms I raise and lay the windes,* and burst the viper's jaw,
" And from the bowels of the earth both stones and trees do draw.
" Whole woods and forrests I remove, *I make the mountains shake,*
" And even the earth itself to groan and fearfully to quake.
" *I call up dead men from their graves,* and thee, O lightsome moone,
" I darken oft, though beaten brass abate thy peril soone.
" Our sorcerie *dimmes* the morning faire, and *darke the sun at noone.*
" The flaming breath of fierie bulles ye quenched for my sake,
" And caused their unwieldy neckes the bended yoke to take.
" Among the earth-bred brothers you a *mortal warre did set,*
" And brought asleep, the dragon fell, whose eyes were never shet." *Malone.*

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And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune,[7] and do fly him,
When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
By moon-shine do the green-sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew: by whose aid
(Weak masters though ye be,)[8] I have be-dimm'd
The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt; the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves, at my command,
Have waked their sleepers; oped, and let them forth,
By my so potent art: But this rough magick[9]

Ye elves *of hills*, &c.] *Fairies* and *elves* are frequently, in the poets, mentioned together, without any distinction of character that I can recollect. Keysler says, that *alp* and *alf*, which is *elf* with the *Suedes* and *English*, equally signified a mountain, or a dæmon of the mountains. This seems to have been its original meaning; but Somner's Dict. mentions elves or fairies of the mountains, of the woods, of the sea and fountains, without any distinction, between elves and fairies. *Tollet.*

[7] —— *with* printless *foot*
Do chase the ebbing Neptune,] So Milton, in his *Masque:*
"Whilst from off the waters fleet,
"Thus I set my *printless* feet." *Steevens.*

[8] (*Weak* masters *though ye be,*)] The meaning of this passage may be, *Though you are but inferior masters of these supernatural powers—though you possess them but in a low degree.* Spenser uses the same kind of expression, in *The Fairy Queen*, B. III. cant. 8. st. 4:
"Where she (the witch) was wont her sprights to entertain.
"*The masters of her art:* there was she fain
"To call them all, in order, to her aid." *Steevens.*
——— *by whose aid,*
(*Weak* masters *though ye be,*)] That is; ye are powerful auxiliaries, but weak if left to yourselves;—your employment is then to make green ringlets, and midnight mushrooms, and to play the idle pranks, mentioned by Ariel in his next song;—yet by your aid, I have been enabled to invert the course of nature. We say, proverbially, "Fire is a good *servant*, but a bad *master*." *Blackstone.*

[9] —— But *this rough magick*, &c.] This speech of Prospero sets out with a long and distinct invocation to the various ministers of his art: yet, to what purpose they were invoked does not very

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I here abjure: and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly musick, (which even now I do,)
To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book. [*Solemn musick.*

Re-enter ARIEL: *after him,* ALONSO, *with a frantick gesture, attended by* GONZALO; SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO *in like manner, attended by* ADRIAN *and* FRANCISCO: *they all enter the circle, which* PROSPERO *had made, and there stand charmed; which* PROSPERO *observing, speaks.*

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains, [1]
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! [2] There stand,

distinctly appear. Had our author written—"*All* this," &c. instead of—"*But* this," &c. the conclusion of the address would have been more pertinent to its beginning. *Steevens.*

[1] *A solemn air, and the best comforter*
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains, &c.] Prospero does not desire *them* to cure *their brains*. His expression is optative, not imperative; and means—*May* music cure thy brains! i. e. settle them. Mr. Malone reads:

"To an unsettled fancy's cure! Thy brains,
"Now useless, *boil* within thy scull:"— *Steevens.*

The old copy reads—*Fancy*. For this emendation I am answerable. So, in *King John:*

"My widow's comfort, and *my sorrow's cure.*"

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"—— *Confusion's cure*
"Lives not in these confusions."

Prospero begins by observing, that the air, which had been played, was admirably adapted to compose unsettled minds. He then addresses Gonzalo and the rest, who had just before gone into the circle: "Thy brains, now useless, boil within thy skull," &c. [the soothing strain not having yet begun to operate.] Afterwards, perceiving that the musick begins to have the effect intended, he adds, "The charm dissolves apace." Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read—*boil'd. Malone.*

[2] —— boil'd *within thy skull!*] So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream:*

"Lovers and madmen have such *Seething* brains," &c.
Steevens.

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For you are spell-stopped.——
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the shew of thine,
Fall fellowly drops.[3]—The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes,[4] that mantle
Their clearer reason.—O my good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed.—Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;
Thou 'rt pinch'd for 't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and blood,[5]
You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,[6]
Expell'd remorse and nature;[7] who, with Sebastian,
(Whose inward pinches, therefore, are most strong,)
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art!—Their understanding
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores,
That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them,
That yet looks on me, or would know me:—Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell; [*Exit* ARIEL.
I will dis-case me, and myself present,

Again, in *The Winter's Tale:* "Would any but these *boil'd brains* of nineteen and two-and-twenty, hunt this weather?" *Malone.*

[3] —— *fellowly drops.*] I would read, *fellow* drops. The additional syllable only injures the metre, without enforcing the sense. *Fellowly*, however, is an adjective used by Tusser. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *the ignorant fumes* —] i. e. the fumes of ignorance. *Heath.*

[5] *Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and blood,*] Thus the old copy: Theobald points the passage in a different manner, and perhaps rightly:

"Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian, flesh and blood." *Steevens.*

[6] —— *that* entertain'd *ambition,*] Old copy—*entertain.* Corrected by the editor of the second folio. *Malone.*

[7] —— remorse *and* nature;] *Remorse* is by our author, and the contemporary writers, generally used for *pity*, or *tenderness of heart*. *Nature* is natural affection. *Malone.*

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As I was sometime Milan:—quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL *re-enters, singing, and helps to attire* PROSPERO.

Ari. Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie:[8]
There I couch, when owls do cry,[9]
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer, merrily:[1]

[8] *In a* cowslip's *bell I lie:*] So, in Drayton's *Nymphidia;*

" At midnight, the appointed hour;
" And for the queen a fitting *bower,*
" Quoth he, is that fair *cowslip* flower
" On Hipcut hill, that bloweth."

The date of this poem not being ascertained, we know not whether our author was indebted to it, or was himself copied by Drayton. I believe, the latter was the imitator. *Nymphidia* was not written, I imagine, till after the English Don Quixote had appeared, in 1612. *Malone.*

[9] —— *when owls do cry.*] i. e. at night. As this passage is now printed, Ariel says that he reposes in a cowslip's bell, during the night. Perhaps, however, a full point ought to be placed, after the word *couch,* and a comma at the end of the line. If the passage should be thus regulated, Ariel will then take his departure by night, the proper season for the bat to set out upon the expedition. *Malone.*

[1] *After summer, merrily:*] This is the reading of all the editions. Yet Mr. Theobald has substituted *sun-set,* because Ariel talks of riding on the bat in this expedition. An idle fancy. That circumstance is given only to design the *time of night,* in which fairies travel. One would think the consideration of the circumstances should have set him right. Ariel was a spirit of great delicacy, bound by the charms of Prospero to a constant attendance on his occasions. So that he was confined to the island, winter and summer. But the roughness of winter is represented by Shakspeare, as disagreeable to fairies, and such like delicate spirits, who, on this account, constantly follow *summer.* Was not this, then, the most agreeable circumstance of Ariel's new-recovered liberty, that he could now avoid *winter,* and follow *summer* quite round the globe? But to put the matter quite out of question, let us consider the meaning of this line:

" There I couch when owls do cry."

Where? in the *cowslip's bell,* and *where the bee sucks,* he tells us: this must needs be in *summer.* When? *when owls cry,* and this is in *winter:*

" When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
" Then nightly sings the staring owl."

The Song of *Winter,* in *Love's Labour Lost.*

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Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.[2]

The consequence is, that Ariel *flies after summer*. Yet the Oxford editor has adopted this judicious emendation of Mr. Theobald. *Warburton.*

Ariel does not appear to have been confined to the island summer and winter, as he was sometimes sent, on so long an errand as to the Bermoothes. When he says, *On the bat's back I do fly*, &c. he speaks of his present situation only; nor triumphs in the idea of his future liberty, till the last couplet:

" Merrily, merrily," &c.

The bat is no bird of passage, and the expression is therefore probably used to signify, *not that he pursues summer*, but that, *after summer is past*, he rides upon the warm down of a bat's back, which suits not improperly with the delicacy of his airy being. *After summer* is a phrase in *K. Henry VI.* P. II. Act II. sc. iv.

Shakspeare, who, in his *Midsummer Night's Dream*, has placed the light of a glow-worm in its eyes, might, through the same ignorance of natural history, have supposed the bat to be a *bird* of passage. Owls cry not only in winter. It is well known that they are to the full as clamorous in summer; and as a proof of it, Titania, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the time of which *is* supposed to be May, commands her fairies to—

" ——— keep back
" The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots." *Steevens.*

Our author is seldom solicitous that every part of his imagery should correspond. I therefore think, that though the bat is " no bird of passage," Shakspeare probably meant to express what Dr. Warburton supposes. A short account, however, of this winged animal may perhaps prove the best illustration of the passage before us:

" The bat (says Dr. Goldsmith, in his entertaining and instructive *Natural History*,) makes its appearance in *summer*, and begins its flight, in the dusk of the evening. It appears only in the *most pleasant* evenings; at other times it continues in its retreat; the chink of a ruined building, or the hollow of a tree. Thus the little animal, even in summer, sleeps the greatest part of his time, never venturing out by day-light, nor in *rainy* weather. But its short life is still more abridged, by continuing in a torpid state, during the *winter*. At the approach of the cold season, the bat prepares for its state of lifeless inactivity, and seems rather to choose a place, where it may continue safe from interruption, than where it may be warmly and commodiously lodged."

When Shakspeare had determined to send Ariel in pursuit of summer, wherever it could be found, as most congenial to such an airy being, is it then surprising that he should have made the *bat*, rather than " the wind, his post-horse;" an animal thus delighting in that season, and reduced by winter to a state of lifeless inactivity? *Malone.*

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Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel: I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.—
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches: the master, and the boatswain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I pr'ythee.

Ari. I drink the air[3] before me, and return,
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [*Exit* ARI.

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here: Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pro. Behold, sir king,
The wronged duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee, and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Whe'r thou beest he, or no,[4]
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,

2 —— *shall I live now,*
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.] This thought is not thrown out at random. It composed a part of the magical system of these days. In Tasso's *Godfrey of Bulloigne*, by Fairfax, B. IV. st. 18:

"The goblins, fairies, feends, and furies mad,
"Ranged in flowrie dales, and mountaines hore,
"*And under every trembling leafe they sit.*"

The idea was probably first suggested, by the description of the venerable elm, which Virgil planted at the entrance of the infernal shades. *Æn.* VI. v. 282:

"Ulmus opaca, ingens; quam sedem somnio vulgo
"Vana tenêre ferunt, *foliisque sub omnibus hærent.*"
Holt White.

3 *I drink the air* —] *To drink the air*—is an expression of swiftness of the same kind as *to devour the way*, in *K. Henry IV.*
Johnson.

4 Whe'r *thou beest he, or no,*] *Whe'r* for *whether*, is an abbreviation frequently used both by Shakspeare and Jonson. So, in *Julius Cæsar:*

"See, *whe'r* their basest metal be not mov'd,"

Again, in the *Comedy of Errors:*

"Good sir, *whe'r* you'll answer me, or not." *M. Mason.*

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The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave
(An if this be at all,) a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign,[5] and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs:—But how should Prospero
Be living, and be here?

Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age; whose honour cannot
Be measur'd, or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' the isle,[6] that will not let you
Believe things certain:—Welcome, my friends, all:—
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
[*Aside to* SEB. *and* ANT.
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors: at this time
I'll tell no tales.

Seb. The devil speaks in him. [*Aside.*

Pro. No:——
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

[5] *Thy dukedom I resign;*] The dutchy of Milan being through the treachery of Antonio made feudatory to the crown of Naples, Alonso promises to resign his claim of sovereignty for the future. *Steevens.*

[6] *You do yet* taste
Some subtilties *o' the isle,*] This is a phrase adopted from ancient cookery and confectionary. When a dish was so contrived as to appear unlike what it really was, they called it a *subtilty*. Dragons, castles, trees, &c. made out of sugar, had the like denomination. See Mr. Pegge's glossary to the *Form of Cury*, &c. Article *Sotiltees*.

Froissard complains much of this practice, which often led him into mistakes at dinner. Describing one of the feasts of his time, he says there was "*grant plunté de mestz si etranges & si desguisez qu'on ne les pouvait deviser;*" and L'Etoile, speaking of a similar entertainment in 1597, adds "*Tous les poissons estoient fort dextrement desguisez en viande de chair, qui estoient monstres marins pour la pluspart, qu'on avait fait venir exprès de tous les costez.*" *Steevens.*

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Alon. If thou beest Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation:
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since[7]
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost,
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!
My dear son Ferdinand.

Pro. I am woe for't, sir.[8]

Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and patience
Says, it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather think,
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss, I have her sovereign aid.
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss?

Pro. As great to me, as late;[9] and, portable[1]
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker,
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.

[7] —— *who* three hours *since* —] The unity of time is most rigidly observed in this piece. The fable scarcely takes up a greater number of hours, than are employed in the representation; and from the very particular care, which our author takes to point out this circumstance, in so many other passages, as well as here, it should seem, as if it were not accidental, but purposely designed to shew the admirers of Ben Jonson's art, and the cavillers of the time, that he too could write a play within all the strictest laws of regularity, when he chose to load himself with the critick's fetters.

The *Boatswain* marks the progress of the day again—*which but three glasses since*, &c. and at the beginning of this act the duration of the time, employed on the stage is particularly ascertained; and it refers to a passage in the first act, of the same tendency. The storm was raised *at least* two glasses, after midday, and Ariel was promised that *the work should cease*, at the *sixth hour*. *Steevens.*

[8] *I am* woe *for't, sir.*] i. e. *I am sorry for it.* *To be woe*, is often used by old writers to signify, *to be sorry*.
So, in the play of *The Four P's*, 1569:
" But be ye sure I *would be woe*
" That you should chance to begyle me so." *Steevens.*

[9] *As great to me, as late;*] My loss is as great as yours, and has as lately happened to me. *Johnson.*

[1] —— portable —] So, in *Macbeth:*
" —— these are *portable*
" With other graces weigh'd."
The old copy unmetrically reads—" *sup*portable." *Steevens.*

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Alon. A daughter?
O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed,
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?
Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason; and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath:[2] but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain,
That I am Prospero, and that very duke,
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir:
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least, bring forth a wonder, to content ye,
As much as me my dukedom.

The entrance of the Cell opens, and discovers FERDINAND *and* MIRANDA, *playing at chess.*[3]

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false.
Fer. No, my dearest love,

[2] ——— their *words*
Are natural breath:] An anonymous correspondent thinks that *their* is a corruption, and that we should read—*these* words. His conjecture appears not improbable. The lords had no doubt concerning *themselves*. Their doubts related only to *Prospero*, whom they at first apprehended to be some "inchanted trifle to abuse them." They doubt, says he, whether what they see and hear is a mere illusion; whether the person they behold is a living mortal, whether the words they hear are spoken by a human creature. *Malone.*

[3] —— *playing at* chess.] Shakspeare might not have ventured to engage his hero and heroine at this game, had he not found *Huon de Bordeaux* and his Princess employed in the same manner. See the romance of *Huon*, &c. chapter 53, edit. 1601: "How King Ivoryn caused his daughter *to play at the chesse* with Huon," &c. *Steevens.*

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I would not for the world.
Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms,[4] you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.
Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.
Seb. A most high miracle!
Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:
I have curs'd them without cause. [FER. *kneels* to ALON.
Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.
Mira. O! wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!
Pro. 'Tis new to thee.
Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours;
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?
Fer. Sir, she's mortal;
But, by immortal providence, she's mine;
I chose her, when I could not ask my father
For his advice; nor thought I had one: she
Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,

[4] *Yes, for a score of* kingdoms, *&c.*] I take the sense to be only this: Ferdinand would not, he says, play her false for the *world*: yes, answers she, I would allow you to do it, for something less than the world, for *twenty kingdoms*, and I wish you well enough to allow you, after a little *wrangle*, that your play was fair. So, likewise, Dr. Grey. *Johnson.*

I would recommend another punctuation, and then the sense would be as follows:

Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play;

because such a contest would be worthy of you.

"*'Tis honour, with most lands to be at odds,*"—

says Alcibiades, in *Timon of Athens.*

Again, in Fletcher's *Two Noble Kinsmen:*

"—— They would show bravely,
"Fighting about *the titles of two kingdoms.*" *Steevens.*

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But never saw before; of whom I have
Received a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me.
Alon. I am hers:
But O, how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!
Pro. There, sir, stop;
Let us not burden our remembrances[5]
With a heaviness that's gone.
Gon. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown;
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way,
Which brought us hither!
Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!
Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy; and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage,
Did Claribel her husband find, at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife,
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom,
In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,
When no man was his own.[6]
Alon. Give me your hands:
[*To* FER. *and* MIRA.
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you joy!
Gon. Be't so! Amen!
Re-enter ARIEL, *with the* Master *and* Boatswain *amazedly following.*

[5] —— *our* remembrances —] By the mistake of the transcriber, the word *with* being placed at the end of this line, Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors, for the sake of the metre, read—*remembrance*. The regulation now made, renders change unnecessary. *Malone.*

[6] When *no man was his own.*] For *when*, perhaps should be read—*where*. *Johnson.*

When is certainly right; i. e. *at a time when* no one was in his senses. Shakspeare could not have written *where*, [i. e. in the island,] because the mind of Prospero, who lived in it, had not been disordered. It is still said, in colloquial language, that a madman *is not his own man*, i. e. is not master of himself. *Steevens.*

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O look, sir, look, sir; here are more of us!
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown:—Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore;
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

Boats. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king, and company: the next, our ship,—
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split,—
Is tight, and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.

Ari. Sir, all this service
Have I done, since I went. } *Aside.*
Pro. My tricksy spirit![7] }

Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen,
From strange to stranger:—Say, how came you hither?

Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,[8]
And (how, we know not,) all clapp'd under hatches,
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, gingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; straitway, at liberty:

[7] *My* tricksy *spirit!*] Is, I believe, my clever, adroit spirit. Shakspeare uses the same word in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" ——— that for a *tricksy* word
" Defy the matter."

So, in the interlude of *The Disobedient Child*, bl. l. no date:

" ——— invent and seek out
" To make them go *tricksie*, gallaunt and cleane." *Steevens.*

[8] —— *dead* of *sleep*,] Thus the old copy. Modern editors —asleep.

Mr. Malone would substitute—*on*; but *on* (in the present instance) is only a vulgar corruption of—*of*. We still say, that a person dies *of* such or such a disorder; and why not that he is dead *of* sleep? *Steevens.*

" *On* sleep" was the ancient English phraseology. So, in Gascoigne's *Supposes:* " —knock again; I think they be *on* sleep." Again, in a song, said to have been written by Anna Boleyn:

" O death, rock me *on* slepe."

Again, in Campion's *History of Ireland*, 1633: " One officer in the house of great men is a tale-teller, who bringeth his lord *on* sleep with tales vaine and frivolous." *Malone.*

In these instances, adduced by Mr. Malone, *on sleep*, most certainly means *asleep*; but they do not militate against my explanation of the phrase—" dead *of* sleep." *Steevens.*

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Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Capering to eye her: On a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was't well done? } *Aside.*
Pro. Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free. }

Alon. This is as strange a maze, as e'er men trod:
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of:[9] some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind, with beating on
The strangeness of this business;[1] a pick'd leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you
(Which to you shall seem probable,)[2] of every

[9] ——conduct *of:*] *Conduct* for *conductor*. So, in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour:*

"Come, gentlemen, I will be your *conduct*." *Steevens.*

Again, in *The Housholders' Philosophie*, 4to. 1588, p. 1: "I goe before, not to arrogat anie superioritie, but as your guide, because, perhaps you are not well acquainted with the waie. Fortune (quoth I) doth favour mee with too noble a *conduct*." *Reed.*

Conduct is yet used in the same sense: the person at Cambridge who reads prayers in King's and in Trinity College Chapels, is still so styled. *Henley.*

[1] —— *with* beating *on*
The strangeness, &c.] A similar expression occurs in *The Second Part of K. Henry VI:*

"——— thine eyes and thoughts
"*Beat* on a crown."

Beating may mean *hammering*, working in the mind, dwelling long upon. So, in the preface to Stanyhurst's translation of Virgil, 1582: "For my part I purpose not to *beat* on everye childish tittle that concerneth prosodie." Again, Miranda, in the second scene of this play, tells her father that the storm is still *beating* in her mind. *Steevens.*

A kindred expression occurs in *Hamlet:*

"*Cudgel* thy brains no more about it." *Malone.*

[2] (*Which to you* shall seem probable,)] These words seem, at the first view, to have no use; some lines are perhaps lost with which they were connected. Or we may explain them thus: I will resolve you, by yourself, which method, when you hear the story [of Antonio's and Sebastian's plot], *shall seem probable;* that is, *shall deserve your approbation.* *Johnson.*

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These happen'd accidents: till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well.—Come hither, spirit;
[*Aside.*
Set Caliban and his companions free:
Untie the spell. [*Exit* ARI.] How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

Re-enter ARIEL, *driving in* CALIBAN, STEPHANO *and* TRINCULO, *in their stolen apparel.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune:—Coragio, bully-monster, Coragio![3]

Trin. If those be true spies, which I wear in my head here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits, indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha;
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy them?

Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish,[4] and, no doubt, marketable.

Surely Prospero's meaning is: "I will relate to you the means, by which I have been enabled to accomplish these ends; which means, though they now appear strange and improbable, will then appear otherwise." *Anonymous.*

I will inform you how all these wonderful accidents have happened; which, though they now appear to you strange, will then seem probable.

An anonymous writer pointed out the true construction of this passage, but his explanation is, I think, incorrect. *Malone.*

[3] —— Coragio!] This exclamation of encouragement I find in J. Florio's *Translation of Montaigne*, 1603:

"—— You often cried *Coragio*, and called ça, ça."

Again, in the *Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, 1598. *Steevens.*

[4] *Is a* plain fish,] That is, plainly, evidently a fish. So, in Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, "that *visible* beast, the butler," means the butler, who is *visibly* a beast. *M. Mason.*

It is not easy to determine the shape, which our author designed to bestow on his monster. That he has hands, legs, &c. we gather from the remarks of Trinculo, and other circumstances in the play. How then is he *plainly a fish?* Perhaps Shakspeare himself had no settled ideas, concerning the form of *Caliban.* *Steevens.*

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Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say, if they be true:[5]—This mis-shapen knave,—
His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could control the moon,[6] make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command, without her power:[7]
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil
(For he's a bastard one,) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these fellows you
Must know, and own; this thing of darkness, I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He is drunk now: where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: Where should they
Find this grand liquor, that hath gilded them?[8]—

[5] —— *true:*] That is, *honest*. *A true man* is, in the language of that time, opposed to a *thief*. The sense is, *Mark what these men wear, and say if they are honest*. *Johnson*.

[6] *His mother was a witch; and one so* strong
That could control the moon, &c.] This was the phraseology of the times. After the statute against *witches*, revenge or ignorance frequently induced people to charge those, against whom they harboured resentment, or entertained prejudices, with the crime of witchcraft, which had just then been declared a capital offence. In our ancient reporters, are several cases, where persons charged in this manner, sought redress in the courts of law. And it is remarkable in all of them, to the scandalous imputation of being *witches*, the term—a *strong* one, is constantly added. In Michaelmas Term, 9 Car. I. the point was settled that no action could be supported on so general a charge, and that the epithet *strong* did not inforce the other words. In this instance, I believe, the opinion of the people at large was not in unison with the sages in Westminster-Hall. Several of these cases are collected together in I. Viner, 422. *Reed*.

That could control the moon,] From Medea's speech in Ovid, (as translated by Golding,) our author might have learned that this was one of the pretended powers of witchcraft:

" —— and thee, O lightsome *moon*,
" I darken oft, though beaten brass abate thy peril soon."
Malone.

[7] *And deal in her command, without her power:*] I suppose Prospero means, that Sycorax, with less general power than the moon, could produce the same effects on the sea. *Steevens*.

[8] *And Trinculo is reeling ripe: Where should they*
Find this grand LIQUOR *that hath* gilded *them?*] Shakspeare, to be sure, wrote—grand 'LIXIR, alluding to the grand Elixir of

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How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.[9]

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano?

Ste. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.[1]

Pro. You'd be king of the isle, sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a sore one then.[2]

the alchymists, which they pretend would restore youth and confer immortality. This, as they said, being a preparation of gold, they called *Aurum potabile;* which Shakspeare alluded to in the word *gilded;* as he does again in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"How much art thou unlike Mark Antony?
"Yet coming from him, that *great medicine* hath,
"With his tinct *gilded* thee."

But the joke here is to insinuate that, notwithstanding all the boasts of the chemists, sack was the only restorer of youth and bestower of immortality. So, Ben Jonson, in his *Every Man out of his Humour:*—"Canarie, the very *Elixir* and spirit of wine." This seems to have been the cant name for sack, of which the English were, at that time, immoderateiy fond. Randolph, in his *Jealous Lovers*, speaking of it, says,—"A pottle of Elixir at the Pegasus, bravely caroused." So again, in Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*, Act III:

"Old reverend sack, which, for aught that I can read yet,
"Was that philosopher's stone the wise king Ptolemeus
"Did all his wonders by."

The phrase too of being *gilded*, was a trite one on this occasion. Fletcher, in his *Chances:*—"Duke. *Is she not drunk too?* Whore. *A little* gilded *o'er sir; old sack, old sack, boys!*" *Warburton.*

As the alchymist's *Elixir* was supposed to be a liquor, the old reading may stand, and the allusion holds good, without any alteration. *Steevens.*

[9] —— fly-blowing.] This pickle alludes to their plunge into the stinking pool; and *pickling* preserves meat from *fly-blowing.* *Steevens.*

[1] —— *but a* cramp.] i. e. I am all over a *cramp.* Prospero had ordered Ariel to *shorten up their sinews with aged cramps. Touch me not* alludes to the *soreness*, occasioned by them. In his next speech Stephano confirms the meaning by a quibble on the word *sore.* *Steevens.*

[2] *I should have been a* sore *one then.*] The same quibble occurs afterwards, in the *Second Part of King Henry VI:* "Mass, 'twill be *sore* law then, for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet." Stephano also alludes to the *sores* about him. *Steevens.*

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Alon. This is as strange a thing, as e'er I look'd on.[3]
[*Pointing to* CAL.

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners.
As in his shape—Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace: What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool?

Pro. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather. [*Exeunt* CAL. STE. *and* TRIN.

Pro. Sir, I invite your highness, and your train,
To my poor cell: where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which (part of it,) I'll waste
With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away: the story of my life,
And the particular accidents, gone by,
Since I came to this isle: And, in the morn,
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-beloved, solemniz'd;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pro. I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.—My Ariel;—chick,—
That is thy charge; then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well!—[*aside.*] Please you draw near
[*Exeunt.*

[3] *This is as strange a thing, as e'er I look'd on.*] The old copy, disregarding metre, reads—

" This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on."

For the repetition of the conjunction *as*, &c. I am answerable.
Steevens.

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EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

NOW my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own;
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples: Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island, by your spell;
But release me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.[4]
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please: Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;

[4] *With the help of your good hands.*] By your applause, by clapping hands. *Johnson.*

Noise was supposed to dissolve a spell. So, twice before, in this play:

"No tongue; all eyes; be silent."

Again:

"—— hush! be mute;
"Or else our *spell is marr'd.*"

Again, in *Macbeth*, Act IV. sc. i:

"Hear his speech, but say thou nought."

Again, *ibid:*

"Listen, but speak not to't." *Steevens.*

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And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by pray'r;[5]
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.

As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.[6]

[5] *And my ending is despair,*
Unless I be reliev'd by pray'r;] This alludes to the old stories told of the despair of necromancers, in their last moments, and of the efficacy of the prayers of their friends for them.
Warburton.

[6] It is observed of *The Tempest*, that its plan is regular; this the author of *The Revisal* thinks, what I think too, an accidental effect of the story, not intended, or regarded, by our author. But, whatever might be Shakspeare's intention, in forming, or adopting, the plot, he has made it instrumental to the production of many characters, diversified with boundless invention, and preserved with profound skill in nature, extensive knowledge of opinions, and accurate observation of life. In a single drama, are here exhibited princes, courtiers, and sailors, all speaking in their real characters. There is the agency of airy spirits, and of an earthly goblin. The operations of magick, the tumults of a storm, the adventures of a desert island, the native effusion of untaught affection, the punishment of guilt, and the final happiness of the pair for whom our passions and reason are equally interested. *Johnson.*

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TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

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TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

SOME of the incidents, in this play, may be supposed to have been taken from *The Arcadia*, Book I. chap. vi, where Pyrocles consents to head the Helots. (The *Arcadia* was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, Aug. 23d, 1588.) The love-adventure of Julia resembles that of Viola, in *Twelfth Night*, and is, indeed, common to many of the ancient novels. *Steevens.*

Mrs. Lenox observes, and I think not improbably, that the story of *Proteus* and *Julia* might be taken from a similar one, in the *Diana* of George of *Montemayor*.—"This pastoral romance," says she, "was translated from the Spanish, in Shakspeare's time." I have seen no earlier translation, than that of Bartholomew Yong, who dates his dedication in November, 1598; and Meres, in his *Wit's Treasury*, printed the same year, expressly mentions the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Indeed, *Montemayor* was translated two or three years before, by one Thomas Wilson; but this work, I am persuaded, was never published *entirely;* perhaps some parts of it were, or the tale might have been translated by others. However, Mr. Steevens says, very truly, that this kind of love-adventure is frequent in the old *novelists*. *Farmer.*

There is no earlier translation of the *Diana*, entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, than that of B. Younge, Sept. 1598. Many translations, however, after they were licensed, were capriciously suppressed. Among others, "The Decameron of Mr. John Boccace, Florentine," was "recalled by my lord of Canterbury's commands." *Steevens.*

It is observable (I know not for what cause) that the style of this comedy is less figurative, and more natural and unaffected, than the greater part of this author's, though supposed to be one of the first he wrote. *Pope.*

It may very well be doubted, whether Shakspeare had any other hand in this play, than the enlivening it with some speeches and lines, thrown in here and there, which are easily distinguished, as being of a different stamp from the rest. *Hanmer.*

To this observation of Mr. Pope, which is very just, Mr. Theobald has added, that this is one of Shakspeare's *worst plays, and is less corrupted, than any other*. Mr. Upton peremptorily determines, *that if any proof can be drawn from manner and style, this play must be sent packing, and seek for its parent elsewhere. How otherwise*, says he, *do painters distinguish copies from originals? And have not authors their peculiar style and manner, from which a true critic can form as unerring judgement as a painter?* I am afraid this illustration of a critic's science will not prove what is desired. A painter knows a copy from an original, by rules, somewhat resembling those, by which critics know a translation, which, if it be literal, and literal it must be to resemble the copy of a picture, will be easily distinguished. Copies are known from originals, even when the painter copies his own picture; so, if an author should literally translate his work, he would lose the manner of an original.

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Mr. Upton confounds the copy of a picture with the imitation of a painter's manner. Copies are easily known; but good imitations are not detected with equal certainty, and are, by the best judges, often mistaken. Nor is it true, that the writer has always peculiarities equally distinguishable with those of the painter. The peculiar manner of each arises from the desire, natural to every performer, of facilitating his subsequent work, by recurrence to his former ideas; this recurrence produces that repetition which is called habit. The painter, whose work is partly intellectual and partly manual, has habits of the mind, the eye, and the hand; the writer has only habits of the mind. Yet, some painters have differed as much from themselves, as from any other; and I have been told, that there is little resemblance between the first works of Raphael and the last. The same variation may be expected in writers; and if it be true, as it seems, that they are less subject to habit, the difference between their works may be yet greater.

But, by the internal marks of a composition, we may discover the author with probability, though seldom with certainty..... When I read this play, I cannot but think, that I find, both in the serious and ludicrous scenes, the language and sentiments of Shakspeare. It is not, indeed, one of his most powerful effusions; it has neither many diversities of character, nor striking delineations of life; but it abounds in γνωμαι, beyond most of his plays, and few have more lines or passages, which, singly considered, are eminently beautiful. I am yet inclined to believe, that it was not very successful, and suspect that it has escaped corruption, only because, being seldom played, it was less exposed to the hazards of transcription. *Johnson.*

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Duke of Milan, *father to* Silvia.
Valentine, } *Gentlemen of* Verona.
Proteus,[1] }
Antonio, *father to* Proteus.
Thurio, *a foolish rival to* Valentine.
Eglamour, *agent for* Silvia, *in her escape.*
Speed, *a clownish servant to* Valentine.
Launce, *servant to* Proteus.
Panthino, *servant to* Antonio.
Host, where Julia *lodges in* Milan.
Out-laws.

Julia, *a lady of* Verona, *beloved by* Proteus.
Silvia, *the duke's daughter, beloved by* Valentine.
Lucetta, *waiting-woman to* Julia.

Servants, musicians.

SCENE,

Sometimes in Verona; *sometimes in* Milan; *and on the frontiers of* Mantua.

[1] Proteus,] the old copy has—Protheus; but this is merely the antiquated mode of spelling *Proteus*. See the *Princely Pleasures at Kenelworth Castle*, by G. Gascoigne, 1587, where "Prōtheus appeared, sitting on a dolphyns back."
Again, in one of Barclay's *Eclogues:*
"Like as *Protheus* oft chaungeth his stature."
Shakspeare's character was so called, from his disposition to change. *Steevens.*

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TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT I....SCENE I.

An open place, in Verona.

Enter VALENTINE *and* PROTEUS.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits:[2]
Wer't not affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.[3]
But, since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Proteus, when thou, haply, seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap; and, in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy bead's-man, Valentine.

Val. And, on a love-book, pray for my success.

Pro. Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.

Val. That 's on some shallow story, of deep love,

[2] Home-keeping *youth have ever* homely *wits*:] Milton has the same play on words, in his *Masque at Ludlow Castle:*

"It is for *homely* features to *keep home*,
"They had their name thence." *Steevens.*

[3] —— *shapeless* idleness.] The expression is fine, as implying that *idleness* prevents the giving any form or character to the manners. *Warburton.*

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How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.[4]

Pro. That 's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more, than over shoes, in love.

Val. 'Tis true: for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swom the Hellespont.

Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.[5]

[4] —— *some shallow story of deep love,*
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.] The poem of *Musæus*, entitled HERO AND LEANDER, is meant. Marlowe's translation of this piece was entered on the Stationers' books, Sept. 18, 1593, and the first two Sestiads of it, with a small part of the third, (which was all that he had finished) were printed, I imagine, in that or the following year. See Blount's dedication to the edition of 1637; by which it appears, that it was originally published, in an imperfect state. It was extremely popular, and deservedly so; many of Marlowe's lines being as smooth as those of Dryden. Our author has quoted one of them, in *As you like it*. He had probably read this poem, recently, before he wrote the present play; for he again alludes to it, in the third act:

" Why then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
" Would serve to scale another *Hero's* tower,
" So bold *Leander* would adventure it."

Since this note was written, I have seen the edition of Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, printed in 1598. It contains the first two *Sestiads* only. The remainder was added by Chapman. *Malone.*

[5] —— *nay, give me not* the boots.] A proverbial expression, though now disused, signifying, don't make a laughing stock of me; don't play with me. The French have a phrase, *Bailler foin en corne;* which Cotgrave thus interprets, *To give one the boots;* to sell him a bargain. *Theobald.*

Perhaps this expression took its origin from a sport the country-people in Warwickshire use at their harvest-home, where one sits as judge, to try misdemeanors committed in harvest, and the punishment for the men is, to be laid on a bench, and slapped on the breech with a pair of *boots*. This they call *giving them the boots*. I meet with the same expression in the old comedy, called *Mother Bombie*, by Lyly:

" What do you *give mee the boots?*"

Again, in *The Weakest goes to the Wall*, a comedy, 1618:

" —— Nor your fat bacon can carry it away, if you *offer us the boots.*"

The *boots*, however, were an ancient engine of torture. In MS. Harl. 6999—48, Mr. T. Randolph writes to Lord Hunsdon, &c. and mentions, in the P. S. to his letter, that George Flecke *had* yesterday night *the boots*, and is said to have confessed, that the E. of Morton was privy to the poisoning the E. of Athol, 16 March, 1580: and, in another letter, March 18, 1580: " —that

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Val. No, I'll not; for it boots thee not.
Pro. What?
Val. To be
In love, where scorn is bought with groans; coy looks,
With heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth,
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps, a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
However, but a folly,[6] bought with wit,
Or else a wit, by folly vanquished.
Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.
Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear you'll prove.
Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not Love.
Val. Love is your master, for he masters you:
And he, that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.
Pro. Yet writers say, As in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells,[7] so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.
Val. And writers say, As the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker, ere it blow,
Even so, by love, the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure, even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,

the Laird of Whittingham *had the boots*, but without torment, confess'd," &c. *Steevens.*

The *boot* was an instrument of torture, used only in Scotland. Bishop Burnet, in *The History of his own Times*, Vol. I. 332, edit. 1754, mentions one Maccael, a preacher, who, being suspected of treasonable practices, underwent the punishment, so late as 1666. "—He was put to the torture, which, in Scotland, they call the *boots*; for they put a pair of iron boots close on the leg, and drive wedges between these and the leg. The common torture was only to drive these in the calf of the leg: but I have been told they were sometimes driven upon the shin bone." *Reed.*

[6] *However, but a folly*, &c.] This love will end in a *foolish action*, to produce which, you are long to spend your *wit*, or it will end in the loss of your *wit*, which will be overpowered, by the folly of love. *Johnson.*

[7] —— *As in the* sweetest bud
The eating canker *dwells*,] So, in our author's 17th Sonnet:
" For *canker* vice, the *sweetest buds* doth love." *Malone.*

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That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu; my father, at the road,
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.
At Milan,[8] let me hear from thee, by letters,
Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here, in absence of thy friend;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee, in Milan!

Val. As much to you at home! and so, farewell.
[*Exit.* VAL.

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends, to dignify them more:
I leave myself, my friends, and all, for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought;
Made wit with musing weak,[9] heart sick with thought.

Enter SPEED.[1]

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you: Saw you my master?

[8] At *Milan,*] The old copy has—*To* Milan. The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. The first copy, however, may be right. "*To Milan*"—may here be intended as an imperfect sentence. I am now bound for Milan.

Or the construction intended, may have been—Let me hear from thee, by letters, to Milan, i. e. addressed to me there. *Malone.*

[9] Made *wit with musing weak,*] For *made* read *make. Thou* Julia, *hast* made *me war with good counsel, and* make *wit weak with musing. Johnson.*

Surely there is no need of emendation. It is *Julia,* who "has *already made* wit weak with musing," &c. *Steevens.*

[1] This whole scene, like many others in these plays, (some of which, I believe, were written by Shakspeare, and others interpolated by the players) is composed of the lowest and most trifling conceits, to be accounted for only from the gross taste of the age he lived in; *Populo ut placerent.* I wish I had authority to leave them out; but I have done all I could, set a mark of reprobation upon them throughout this edition. *Pope.*

That this, like many other scenes, is mean and vulgar, will be universally allowed; but that it was interpolated by the players, seems advanced without any proof, only to give a greater licence to criticism. *Johnson.*

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Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one, then, he is shipp'd already; And I have play'd the sheep, in losing him.

Pro. Indeed a sheep doth very often stray, An if the shepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd then, and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore, I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore, thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry baa.

Pro. But dost thou hear? gav'st thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton;[2] and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

[2] *I, a* lost mutton, *gave your letter to her, a* laced mutton;] Speed calls himself a *lost mutton*, because he had lost his master, and because Proteus had been proving him a *sheep*. But why does he call the lady a *laced mutton?* Wenchers are, to this day, called *mutton mongers;* and consequently the object of their passion must, by the metaphor, be the *mutton*. And Cotgrave, in his English-French Dictionary, explains *laced mutton, Une garse, putain, fille de joye*. And Mr. Motteux has rendered this passage of Rabelais, in the prologue of his fourth book, *Cailles coiphees mignonnement chantans*, in this manner; *Coated quails and* laced mutton, *waggishly singing*. So, that *laced mutton* has been a sort of standard phrase for *girls of pleasure*. *Theobald.*

Nash, in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1595, speaking of Gabriel Harvey's incontinence, says: "*he would not stick to extoll rotten* lac'd mutton." So, in the comedy of *The Shoemaker's Holiday, or the Gentle Craft*, 1610:

"Why here's good *lac'd mutton*, as I promis'd you."

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Pro. Here 's too small a pasture for such a store of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are astray;[3] 'twere best pound you.

Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake: I mean the pound, a pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over, 'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what said she? did she nod?[4] [SPEED *nods.*

Speed. I.

Pro. Nod, I? why, that 's noddy.[5]

Again, in Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

" And I smelt he lov'd *lac'd mutton* well."

Again, Heywood, in his *Love's Mistress*, 1636, speaking of Cupid, says, he is the "Hero of hie-hoes, admiral of ay-mes, and monsieur of *mutton lac'd.*" *Steevens.*

A *laced mutton* was, in our author's time, so established a term for a courtezan, that a street in Clerkenwell, which was much frequented by women of the town, was then called *Mutton Lane.* It seems to have been a phrase of the same kind as the French expression—*caille coiffée*, and might be rendered in that language *mouton en corset.* This appellation appears to have been as old as the time of King Henry III. "Item sequitur gravis pœna corporalis, sed sine amissione vitæ, vel membrorum, si raptus fit de *concubinâ* legitimâ, vel *aliâ quæstum faciente*, sine delectu personarum: has quidem *oves* debet rex tueri pro pace suâ." Bracton, *de Legibus*, lib. ii. *Malone.*

[3] *Nay, in that you are* astray;] For the reason Proteus gives, Dr. Thirlby advises that we should read, *a stray*, i.e. a stray sheep; which continues Proteus's banter upon Speed. *Theobald.*

From the word *astray* here, and *lost mutton* above, it is obvious that the double reference was to the first sentence of the General Confession in the Prayer-book. *Henley.*

[4] —— *did she nod?*] These words were supplied by Theobald, to introduce what follows. *Steevens.*

In Speed's answer, the old spelling of the affirmative particle has been retained; otherwise the conceit of Proteus (such as it is) would be unintelligible. *Malone.*

[5] —— *why, that 's* noddy.] Noddy *was a game at cards.* So, in *The Inner Temple Mask*, by Middleton, 1619: "I leave them wholly (says Christmas) to my eldest son *Noddy*, whom, during his minority, I commit to the custody of *a pair of knaves*, and *one and thirty.*"

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Speed. You mistook, sir; I say, she did nod: and you ask me, if she did nod; and I say, I.

Pro. And that set together, is—noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive, I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word, noddy, for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief: What said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both at once delivered.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains: What said she?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you 'il hardly win her.

Pro. Why? Could'st thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her: no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter: And being so hard to me, that brought your mind, I fear she 'll prove as hard to you, in telling her mind.[6] Give her no token, but stones; for she 's as hard as steel.

Again, in Quarles's *Virgin Widow*, 1649:

"Let her forbear chess and *noddy*, as *games* too serious."
Steevens.

This play upon syllables is hardly worth explaining. The speakers intend to fix the name of *noddy*, that is, *fool*, on each other. So, in *The Second Part of Pasquil's Mad Cappe*, 1600, sig. E:

"If such a *Noddy* be not thought a *fool*."

Again, E. 1:

"If such an asse be *noddied* for the nounce."

Again, in *Wits Private Wealth*, 1612: "If you see a trull scarce, give her a nod, but follow her not, lest you prove a *noddy*."

Again, in *Cobbes Prophecies*, 1614:

"When fashions make mens bodies
"And wits are rul'd by *noddies*." *Reed.*

[6] ——*in telling* her *mind.*] The old copy has "—in telling *your* mind." But, as this reading is to me unintelligible, I have adopted the emendation of the second folio. *Steevens.*

The old copy is certainly right. The meaning is—*She being so hard to me, who was the* bearer *of your mind, I fear she will prove*

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Pro. What, said she nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as—*take this for thy pains.* To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testern'd me:[7] in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself: and so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck;
Which cannot perish,[8] having thee aboard,
Being destined to a drier death on shore:—
I must go send some better messenger;
I fear, my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. Garden of Julia's *house.*

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Would'st thou then counsel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion, which is worthiest love?

Luc. Please you, repeat their names, I'll shew my mind,
According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?[9]

no less so to you, when you address *her in person.* The opposition is between *brought* and *telling.* *Malone.*

[7] —— *you have* testern'd *me;*] You have gratified me with a *tester, testern,* or *testen,* that is, with a sixpence. *Johnson.*

By the succeeding quotation from the *Fruitful Sermons, preached by Hugh Latimer,* 1584, *fol.* 94, it appears, that a *tester* was of greater value, than our *sixpence:* "They brought him a *denari,* a piece of their current coyne, that was worth *ten of our usual pence, such another piece as our testerne.*" *Holt White.*

The old reading is *cestern'd.* This typographical error was corrected, by the editor of the second folio. *Malone.*

[8] *Which cannot perish,* &c.] The same proverb has already been alluded to, in the first and last scenes of *The Tempest.* *Reed.*

[9] *What think'st thou of the fair* Sir Eglamour?] This *Sir Eglamour* must not be confounded with the *persona dramatis* of the same name. The latter lived at Milan, and had vowed "pure chastity" upon the death of his "true love." *Ritson.*

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Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine;
But, were I you, he never should be mine.[1]
Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?
Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.
Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?
Luc. Lord, lord! to see what folly reigns in us!
Jul. How now! what means this passion at his name?
Luc. Pardon, dear madam: 'tis a passing shame,
That I, unworthy body, as I am,
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.[2]
Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?
Luc. Then thus,——of many good I think him best.
Jul. Your reason;
Luc. I have no other, but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.
Jul. And would'st thou have me cast my love on him?
Luc. Ay, If you thought your love not cast away.
Jul. Why, he of all the rest hath never mov'd me.
Luc. Yet, he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.
Jul. His little speaking shews his love but small.
Luc. Fire, that is closest kept, burns most of all.
Jul. They do not love, that do not shew their love.
Luc. O, they love least, that let men know their love.
Jul. I would, I knew his mind.
Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.
Jul. To Julia,—Say, from whom?
Luc. That the contents will shew.
Jul. Say, say; who gave it thee?
Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus:

[1] —— *he* [Sir Eglamour] *never should be mine.*] Perhaps *Sir Eglamour* was once the common cant term for an insignificant inamorato. So, in Decker's *Satiromastix:*

"Adieu, *sir Eglamour;* adieu lute-string, curtain-rod, goose-quill," &c. *Sir Eglamour of Artoys*, indeed, is the hero of an ancient metrical romance, "Imprinted at London, in Foster Lane, at the sygne of the Harteshorne, by John Walley," bl. l. no date. *Steevens.*

[2] *Should* censure *thus*, &c.] To *censure* means, in this place, to pass sentence. So, in Hinde's *Eliosto Libidinoso*, 1606: "Eliosto and Cleodora were astonished at such a hard *censure*, and went to limbo most willingly." *Steevens.*

To *censure*, in our author's time, generally signified to give one's judgment, or opinion. *Malone.*

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He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.
Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker![3]
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper, see it be return'd;
Or else return no more into my sight.
Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee, than hate.
Jul. Will you be gone?
Luc. That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*
Jul. And yet, I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.
It were a shame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view?
Since maids, in modesty, say *No*, to that[4]
Which they would have the profferer construe, *Ay*.
Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angerly I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!
My penance is, to call Lucetta back,
And ask remission for my folly past:—
What ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. What would your ladyship?
Jul. Is it near dinner-time?
Luc. I would it were;
That you might kill your stomach on your meat,[5]

[3] —— *a goodly* broker!] A *broker* was used for matchmaker, sometimes for a procuress. *Johnson.*
So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1599:
"And flie (o flie) these bed-*brokers* unclean,
"The monsters of our sex," &c. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *say* No, *to that*, &c.] A paraphrase on the old proverb, "Maids say *nay*, and take it." *Steevens.*

[5] —— stomach *on your meat*,] *Stomach* was used for *passion*, or *obstinacy*. *Johnson.*

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And not upon your maid.

Jul. What is 't you took up
So gingerly?

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why didst thou stoop then?

Luc. To take a paper up, that I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.

Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you, in rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune:
Give me a note: your ladyship can set.

Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible:
Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' love*.[6]

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Jul. Heavy? belike, it hath some burden then.

Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let 's see your song:—How now, minion?

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, madam; it is too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord, with too harsh a descant:[7]
There wanteth but a mean,[8] to fill your song.

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.[9]

[6] *Light o' love.*] This tune is given in a note on *Much Ado About Nothing*, Act III. sc. iv. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *too harsh a* descant:] *Descant* is a term in music. See Sir John Hawkins's note, on the first speech in *K. Richard III.* *Steevens.*

[8] —— *but a* mean, &c.] The *mean* is the *tenor* in music. So, in the interlude of *Mary Magdalen's Repentance*, 1569:

"Utilitie can sing the base full cleane,
"And noble honour shall sing the *meane*." *Steevens.*

[9] *Indeed, I* bid the base *for Proteus.*] The speaker here turns the allusion (which her mistress employed) from the *base in mu-*

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Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with protestation!— [*Tears the letter.*
Go, get you gone; and let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them, to anger me.
Luc. She makes it strange; but she would be best pleas'd
To be so anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*
Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
Injurious wasps! to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings!
I'll kiss each several paper for amends,
And, here is writ—*kind Julia;*—unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
Look, here is writ—*love-wounded Proteus:*—
Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
But twice, or thrice, was Proteus written down?[1]
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name; that some whirlwind bear

sick to a country exercise, *Bid the base:* in which some pursue, and others are made prisoners. So that Lucetta would intend, by this, to say, Indeed I take pains to make you a captive to Proteus's passion.—He uses the same allusion, in his *Venus and Adonis:*

"To *bid* the winds a *base* he now prepares."

And, in his *Cymbeline*, he mentions the game:

"——Lads more like
"To run the country *base*." *Warburton.*

Dr. Warburton is not quite accurate. The game was not called *Bid* the Base, but *the Base.* To *bid the base* means here, I believe, *to challenge to a contest.* So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis:*

"To *bid* the wind a *base* he now prepares,
"And wh'er he run, or fly, they knew not whether."

Again, in Hall's *Chronicle*, fol. 98. b: "The queen marched from York to Wakefield, and *bade base* to the duke, even before his castle." *Malone.*

Mr. Malone's explanation of the verb—*bid*, is unquestionably just. So, in one of the parts of *K. Henry VI:*

"Of force enough to *bid* his brother battle." *Steevens.*

[1] ——*written* down?] To *write down*, is still a provincial expression, for *to write*. *Henley.*

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Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging sea!
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ.—
Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To the sweet Julia; that I 'll tear away;
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names;
Thus will I fold them one upon another;
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. Madam, dinner's ready, and your father stays.

Jul. Well, let us go.

Luc. What, shall these papers lie, like tell-tales, here?

Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.[2]

Jul. I see, you have a month's mind to them.[3]

[2] *Yet here they shall not lie,* for catching cold.] That is, as Mr. M. Mason observes, *lest they should catch cold.* This mode of expression (he adds) is not frequent in Shakspeare, but occurs in every play of Beaumont and Fletcher.
So, in *The Captain:*
"We'll have a bib, *for* spoiling of your doublet."
Again, in *Love's Pilgrimage:*
"Stir my horse, *for* catching cold."
Again, in *The Pilgrim:*
"All her face patch'd, *for* discovery."
To these I shall add another instance from Barnabie Riche's *Souldiers Wishe to Britons Welfare, or Captaine Skill and Captaine Pill,* 1604, p. 64: "—such other ill disposed persons, being once pressed must be kept with continuall guard, &c. *for running away.*"
Again, in Chapman's version of the first *Iliad:*
"—— then forked anchor cast,
"And 'gainst the violence of storms, *for drifting* made her fast."
Again, in Tusser's *Five Hundred Pointes of Good Husbandrie,* 1586:
"Take heed how thou laiest the bane for the rats,
"*For* poisoning thy servant, thyself, and thy brats." *Steevens.*

[3] *I see, you have a* month's mind *to them.*] A *month's mind* was an *anniversary,* in times of popery; or, as Mr. Ray calls it, a less solemnity, directed by the will of the deceased. There was also *a year's mind,* and *a week's mind.* See *Proverbial Phrases.*
This appears from the interrogatories and observations against the clergy, in the year 1552, Inter. 7: "Whether there are *any months' minds,* and *anniversaries?*" Strype's *Memorials of the Reformation,* Vol. II. p. 354.

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Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see; I see things too, although you judge I wink.

Jul. Come, come, will 't please you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in Antonio's *House.*

Enter ANTONIO *and* PANTHINO.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk[4] was that, Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

Pant. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.

Ant. Why, what of him?

"Was the *month's mind* of Sir William Laxton, who died the last month, (July 1556,) his hearse burning with wax, and the morrow mass celebrated, and a sermon preached," &c. Strype's *Mem.* Vol. III. p. 305. *Grey.*

A month's mind, in the ritual sense, signifies not desire, or inclination, but remembrance; yet I suppose, this is the true original of the expression. *Johnson.*

In Hampshire, and other western counties, for "I can't *remember* it," they say, "I can't *mind* it." *Blackstone.*

Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589, chap. 24, speaking of *Poetical Lamentations*, says, they were chiefly used "at the burials of the dead, also at *month's minds*, and longer times:" and in the churchwardens' accompts of St. Helen's in Abingdon, Berkshire, 1558, these *month's minds*, and the expenses attending them, are frequently mentioned. Instead of *month's minds*, they are sometimes called *month's monuments*, and in the Injunctions of K. Edward VI. *memories*, Injunct. 21. By *memories*, says Fuller, we understand the *Obsequia for the dead*, which some say succeeded in the place of the heathen *Parentalia*.

If this line was designed for a verse, we should read—mon*thes* mind. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"Swifter than the moon*es* sphere."

Both these are the Saxon genitive case. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *what* sad *talk* —] *Sad* is the same as *grave*, or *serious*. *Johnson.*

So, in *The Wise Woman of Hogsden*, 1638:

"Marry, sir knight, I saw them in *sad talk*,
"But to say they were directly whispering," &c.

Again, in Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

"The king feigneth to talk *sadly* with some of his counsel." *Steevens.*

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Pant. He wonder'd, that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home;
While other men, of slender reputation,[5]
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some, to discover islands far away;[6]
Some, to the studious universities.
For any, or for all, these exercises,
He said, that Proteus, your son, was meet,
And did request me, to impórtune you
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,[7]
In having known no travel in his youth:

Ant. Nor need'st thou much impórtune me to that,
Wheron this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being try'd and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achiev'd,
And pérfected by the swift course of time:
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pant. I think, your lordship is not ignorant,
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor, in his royal court.[8]

[5] —— *of* slender reputation,] i. e. who are thought slightly of, are of little consequence. *Steevens.*

[6] *Some, to discover islands far away;*] In Shakspeare's time, voyages for the discovery of the islands of America were much in vogue. And we find, in the journals of the travellers of that time, that the sons of noblemen, and of others of the best families in England, went very frequently on these adventures. Such as the Fortescues, Collitons, Thornhills, Farmers, Pickerings, Littletons, Willoughbys, Chesters, Hawleys, Bromleys, and others. To this prevailing fashion our poet frequently alludes, and not without high commendations of it. *Warburton.*

[7] —— *great* impeachment *to his age,*] *Impeachment,* as Mr. M. Mason very justly observes, in this instance signifies *reproach* or *imputation.* So, Demetrius says to Helena, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream:*

"You do *impeach* your modesty too much,
"To leave the city, and commit yourself
"Into the hands of one, that loves you not." *Steevens.*

[8] *Attends the emperor, in his royal court.*] Shakspeare has been guilty of no mistake, in placing the emperor's court at Milan, in

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Ant. I know it well.

Pant. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him thither:
There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen;
And be in eye of every exercise,
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advis'd:
And, that thou may'st perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known;
Even with the speediest execution
I will despatch him to the emperor's court.

Pant. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company; with them shall Proteus go:
And, in good time,[9]—now will we break with him.[1]

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn:

this play. Several of the first German emperors held their courts there occasionally, it being, at that time, their immediate property, and the chief town of their Italian dominions. Some of them were crowned kings of Italy at Milan, before they received the imperial crown at Rome. Nor has the poet fallen into any contradiction by giving a duke to Milan, at the same time that the emperor held his court there. The first dukes of that, and all the other great cities in Italy, were not sovereign princes, as they afterwards became; but were merely governors, or viceroys, under the emperors, and removeable at their pleasure. Such was the *Duke of Milan*, mentioned in this play. Mr. M. Mason adds, that "during the wars in Italy, between Francis I, and Charles V, the latter frequently resided at Milan." *Steevens.*

[9] ——in good time,] *In good time* was the old expression, when something happened, that suited the thing in hand, as the French say, *à propos*. *Johnson.*

So, in *Richard III:*

"And, *in good time*, here comes the sweating lord."
Steevens.

[1] ——*now will we* break *with him.*] That is, *break* the matter to him. The same phrase occurs, in *Much Ado About Nothing*, Act I. sc. i. *M. Mason.*

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O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness, with their consents!
O heavenly Julia!

Ant. How now! what letter are you reading there?

Pro. May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendation, sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend, that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.

Pro. There is no news, my lord: but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd,
And daily graced by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one, relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish:
Muse not, that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolv'd, that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentinus in the emperor's court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition[2] thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow, be in readiness to go:
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided:
Please you, deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee:
No more of stay; to morrow thou must go.—
Come on, Panthino; you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition. [*Exeunt* ANT. *and* PANT.

Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire, for fear of burning;
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd:
I fear'd to shew my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And, with the vantage of mine own excuse,
Hath he excepted most against my love.

[2] *Like* exhibition —] i. e. allowance.
So, in *Othello:*
" Due reference of place and *exhibition.*"
Again, in the *Devil's Law Case*, 1623:
" —— in his riot, does far exceed the *exhibition* I allowed him." *Steevens.*

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O, how this spring of love resembleth[3]
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shews all the beauty of the sun,
And, by and by, a cloud takes all away!

[3] *O, how this spring of love* resembleth —] At the end of this verse there is wanting a syllable, for the speech apparently ends in a quatrain. I find nothing that will rhyme to *sun*, and, therefore, shall leave it to some happier critic. But I suspect that the author might write thus:

O how this spring of love resembleth right,
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shews all the glory of the light,
And, by and by, a cloud takes all away!

Light was, either by negligence or affectation, changed to *sun*, which, considered without the rhyme, is indeed better. The next transcriber, finding that the word *right* did not rhyme to *sun*, supposed it erroneously written, and left it out. *Johnson.*

It was not always the custom, among our early writers, to make the first and third lines rhyme to each other; and when a word was not long enough to complete the measure, they occasionally extended it. Thus Spenser, in his *Fairy Queen*, B. III. ch. 12:

"Formerly grounded and fast *setteled*."

Again, in B. II. ch. 12:

"The while sweet Zephirus loud *whisteled*
"His treble, a strange kind of harmony;
"Which Guyon's senses softly *tickeled*," &c.

From this practice, I suppose, our author wrote *resembeleth*, which, though it affords no jingle, completes the verse. Many poems have been written in this measure, where the second and fourth lines only rhyme. *Steevens.*

Resembleth is here used as a quadrisyllable, as if it was written *resembeleth*. See *Comedy of Errors*, Act V. sc. the last:

"And these two Dromios, one in *semblance*."

As you like it, Act II. sc. ii:

"The parts and graces of the *wrestler*."

And it should be observed, that Shakspeare takes the same liberty with many other words, in which *l*, or *r*, is subjoined to another consonant. See *Comedy of Errors*, next verse but one to that cited above:

"These are the parents to these *children*."

where some editors, being unnecessarily alarmed for the metre, have endeavoured to help it by a word of their own:

"These *plainly* are the parents to these children." *Tyrwhitt*

Thus much I had thought sufficient to say upon this point, in the edition of these plays, published by Mr. Steevens in 1778. Since which the author of *Remarks*, &c. on that edition, has been pleased to assert, p. 7: "that Shakspeare does not appear, from the above instances at least, to have taken the smallest liberty in extending his words: neither has the incident of *l*, or *r*, being

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Re-enter PANTHINO.

Pant. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you;
He is in haste; therefore, I pray you, go.

subjoined to another consonant, any thing to do in the matter."—"The truth is," he goes on to say, "that every *verb*, in the English language, gains an *additional syllable*, by its termination in *est*, *eth*, *ed*, *ing*, or (when formed into a substantive) in *er*; and the above words, *when rightly printed*, are not only unexceptionable, but most just. Thus, *resemble* makes *resemble-eth*; *wrestle*, *wrestle-er*; and *settle*, *whistle*, *tickle*, make *settle-ed*, *whistle-ed*, *tickle-ed*."

As to this *supposed* Canon of the English language, it would be easy to shew, that it is quite fanciful and unfounded; and what he calls *the right method of printing the above words*, is such as, I believe, was never adopted before by any mortal, in writing them, nor can be followed in the pronunciation of them, without the help of an entirely new system of spelling. But any further discussion of this matter is unnecessary; because the hypothesis, though allowed in its utmost extent, will not prove either of the points to which it is applied. It will neither prove that Shakspeare has not taken a liberty, in extending certain words, nor that he has not taken that liberty chiefly with words, in which *l*, or *r*, is subjoined to another consonant. The following are all instances of nouns, substantive or adjective, which can receive no support from the supposed Canon. That Shakspeare has taken a liberty, in extending these words, is evident, from the consideration, that the same words are more frequently used, by his contemporaries and by himself, without the additional syllable. Why he has taken this liberty, chiefly with words in which *l*, or *r*, is subjoined to another consonant, must be obvious to any one who can pronounce the language.

Country, trisyllable.

T. N. Act I. sc. ii. The like of him. Know'st thou this *country*?
Coriol. Act I. sc. iii. Die nobly for their *country*, than one!

Remembrance, quadrisyllable.

T. N. Act I. sc. i. And lasting in her sad *remembrance*.
W. T. Act IV. sc. iv. Grace and *remembrance* be to you both.

Angry, trisyllable.

Timon. Act III. sc. v. But who is man, that is not *angry*?

Henry, trisyllable.

Rich. III. Act II. sc. iii. So stood the state, when *Henry* the Sixth
—2 H. VI. Act II. sc. ii. Crown'd by the name of *Henry* the Fourth.
And so in many other passages.

Monstrous, trisyllable.

Macb. Act IV. sc. vi. Who cannot want the thought how *monstrous*.
Othello, Act II. sc. iii. 'Tis *monstrous*. Iago, who began it?

Assembly, quadrisyllable.

M. A. A. N. Act V. sc. last. Good morrow to this fair *assembly*.

Douglas, trisyllable.

1 H. IV. Act V. sc. ii. Lord *Douglas* go you and tell him so.

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Pro. Why, this it is! my heart accords thereto;
And yet a thousand times it answers, no. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.....SCENE I.

Milan. *An Apartment in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

Speed. Sir, your glove.

Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.

Speed. Why then this may be yours, for this is but one.[4]

Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it 's mine:—
Sweet ornament, that decks a thing divine!
Ah Silvia! Silvia!

Speed. Madam Silvia! madam Silvia!

Val. How now, sirrah?

Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.

Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her?

Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you 'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet, I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Go to, sir; tell me, do you know madam Silvia?

Speed. She, that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks: First, you have learned, like sir Proteus, to wreathe your arms like a male-content; to relish a love-song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one, that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy, that had lost his A. B. C; to

England, trisyllable.
Rich. II. Act IV. sc. i. Than Bolingbroke return to *England*.
Humbler, trisyllable.
1 H. VI. Act III. sc. i. Methinks his lordship should be *humbler*.
Nobler, trisyllable.
Coriol. Act III. sc. ii. You do the *nobler*. *Cor.* I muse my mother.—
Tyrwhitt.

[4] Val. *Not mine; my gloves are* on.
Speed. *Why then this may be yours, for this is but* one.] It should seem, from this passage, that the word *one* was anciently pronounced as if it were written, *on*. The quibble here is lost, by the change of pronunciation; a loss, however, which may be very patiently endured. *Malone.*

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weep, like a young wench, that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one, that takes diet;[5] to watch, like one, that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas.[6] You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions;[7] when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money; and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceived in me?

Speed. They are all perceived, without you.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that 's certain, for, without you were so simple, none else would:[8] but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water, in an urinal; that not an eye, that sees you, but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But, tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She, that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observed that?—even she I mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet knowest her not?

[5] —— *takes* diet;] To *take diet* was the phrase for being under regimen for a disease, mentioned in *Timon of Athens*:

" —— bring down the rose-cheek'd youth
" To the tub-fast and *the diet*." *Steevens.*

[6] —— *Hallowmas.*] This is about the feast of All-Saints, when winter begins, and the life of a vagrant becomes less comfortable. *Johnson.*

It is worth remarking, that on *All-Saints-Day*, the poor people in *Staffordshire*, and, perhaps, in other country places, go from parish to parish, *a souling*, as they call it; i. e. begging and *puling* (or singing small, as Bailey's *Dict.* explains *Puling*,) for *soul-cakes*, or any good thing to make them merry. This custom is mentioned by Peck, and seems a remnant of Popish superstition, to pray for departed souls, particularly those of friends. The *souler's* song, in Staffordshire, is different from that, which Mr. Peck mentions, and is by no means worthy publication. *Tollet.*

[7] —— *to walk like* one of the lions;] If our author had not been thinking of the lions *in the Tower*, he would have written—" to walk like *a lion*." *Ritson.*

[8] —— *none else would:*] None else would *be so simple*. *Johnson.*

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Speed. Is she not hard favoured, sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well favoured.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair, as (of you) well favoured.

Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

Speed. That 's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteemest thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deformed.

Val. How long hath she been deformed?

Speed. Ever since you loved her.

Val. I have loved her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at sir Proteus for going ungartered![9]

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swinged me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set;[1] so, your affection would cease.

[9] ——*for going* ungartered!] This is enumerated by Rosalind, in *As you like it*, Act III. sc. ii. as one of the undoubted marks of love: "Then your hose should be *ungartered*, your bonnet unbanded," &c. *Malone.*

[1] *I would you were* set;] *Set* for *seated*, in opposition to *stand* in the foregoing line. *M. Mason.*

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Val. Last night, she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them:—Peace, here she comes.

Enter SILVIA.

Speed. O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! now will he interpret to her.[2]

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

Speed. O, 'give you good even! here's a million of manners. [*Aside.*

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant,[3] to you two-thousand.

Speed. He should give her interest; and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter,
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,

[2] *O excellent* motion! &c.] *Motion*, in Shakspeare's time, signified *puppet*. In Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, it is frequently used in that sense, or rather, perhaps, to signify a *puppet-show*; the master whereof may properly be said to be an interpreter, as being the explainer of the inarticulate language of the actors. The speech of the servant is an allusion to that practice; and he means to say, that Silvia is a *puppet*, and that Valentine is to interpret *to*, or rather *for*, her. *Sir J. Hawkins.*

So, in *The City Match*, 1639, by Jasper Maine:

"——— his mother came,
"Who follows strange sights out of town, and went
"To Brentford for a *motion*."——

Again, in *The Pilgrim*:

"—— Nothing but a *motion?*
"A *puppet* pilgrim?"—— *Steevens.*

[3] *Sir Valentine and* servant,] Here Silvia calls her lover *servant*, and again below, her *gentle servant*. This was the language of ladies to their lovers, at the time when Shakspeare wrote. *Sir J. Hawkins.*

So, in Marston's *What you will*, 1607:

"Sweet sister, let's sit in judgment a little; faith upon my *servant* Monsieur Laverdure.
"*Mel.* Troth, well for a *servant*; but for a husband!"

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*:

"Every man was not born with my *servant* Brisk's features." *Steevens.*

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But for my duty to your ladyship.
Sil. I thank you, gentle servant: 'tis very clerkly done.[4]
Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;[5]
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.
Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?
Val. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much:
And yet,—
Sil. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel;
And yet I will not name it;—and yet I care not;—
And yet take this again;—and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.
Speed. And yet you will; and yet another yet.
[*Aside.*
Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?
Sil. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ:
But since unwillingly, take them again;
Nay, take them.
Val. Madam, they are for you.
Sil. Ay, ay? you writ them, sir, at my request;
But I will none of them; they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.
Val. Please you, I 'll write your ladyship another.
Sil. And, when it 's writ, for my sake read it over:
And, if it please you, so; if not, why, so.
Val. If it please me, madam! what then?
Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour;
And so good-morrow, servant. [*Exit* Sil.
Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!
My master sues to her; and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better?
That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?

[4] —— *'tis very* clerkly *done.*] i. e. like a scholar. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor:*
"Thou art *clerkly*, sir John, *clerkly*." *Steevens.*

[5] —— *it* came *hardly* off;] A similar phrase occurs in *Timon of Athens*, Act I. sc. i:
"This *comes off* well and excellent." *Steevens.*

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Val. How now, sir? what are you reasoning with yourself?[6]

Speed. Nay, I was rhyming; 'tis you that have the reason.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman from madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself; why, she wooes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you indeed, sir: But did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That 's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there an end.[7]

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. I 'll warrant you, 'tis as well:

For often you have writ to her; and she, in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind discover,
Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover—
All this I speak in print;[8] for in print I found it.—

[6] —— reasoning *with yourself?*] That is *discoursing, talking.* An Italianism. *Johnson.*

So, in the *Merchant of Venice:*

"I *reason'd* with a Frenchman yesterday." *Steevens.*

[7] —— *and there an end.*] i. e. there 's the conclusion of the matter. So, in *Macbeth:*

"—— the times have been
"That when the brains were out, the man would die,
"*And there an end.*"—— *Steevens.*

[8] *All this I speak* in print;] *In print,* means *with exactness.* So, in the comedy of *All Fooles,* 1605:

"—— not a hair
"About his bulk, but it stands *in print.*"

Again, in *The Portraiture of Hypocrisie,* bl. l. 1589: "—others lash out to maintaine their porte, which must needes bee *in print.*"

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Why muse you sir? 'tis dinner time.

Val. I have dined.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir: though the cameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one, that am nourished by my victuals, and would fain have meat: O, be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Verona. *A room in* Julia's *House.*

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner:
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.
[*Giving a ring.*

Pro. Why, then, we 'll make exchange; here, take you this.

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand, for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'er-slips me in the day
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming; answer not;
The tide is now: nay, not the tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should: [*Exit* JUL.
Julia, farewel.—What! gone without a word?
Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pant. Sir Proteus, you are staid for.

Pro. Go: I come, I come:—
Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb. [*Exeunt.*

Again, in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, p. 539: "—he must speake *in print*, walk *in print*, eat and drinke *in print*, and that, which is all in all, he must be mad *in print*." *Steevens.*

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SCENE III.

The same. A Street.

Enter LAUNCE, *leading a dog.*

Laun. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault; I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think, Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it: This shoe is my father;—no, this left shoe is my father;—no, no, this left shoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be so neither;—yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole; This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; A vengeance on't! there 'tis: now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid; I am the dog:[9]—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog,[1]—O, the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my father: *Father, your blessing;* now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping; now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on:—now come I to my mother, (O that she could speak now!) like a

[9] —— *I am the dog,* &c.] A similar thought occurs in a play printed earlier than the present. See *A Christian turn'd Turk,* 1612: "—— you shall stand for the lady, you for her *dog,* and I the page; you and the dog looking one upon another; the page presents himself." *Steevens.*

[1] —— I *am the dog,* &c.] This passage is much confused, and of confusion, the present reading makes no end. Sir T. Hanmer reads: *I am the dog, no, the dog is himself, and I am* me, *the dog is* the dog, *and I am myself.* This certainly is more reasonable; but I know not how much reason the author intended to bestow on Launce's soliloquy. *Johnson.*

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wood woman;[2]—well, I kiss her;—why there 'tis; here 's my mother's breath up and down: now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes: now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pant. Launce, away, away, aboard; thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What 's the matter? why weep'st thou, man? Away, ass; you will lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the ty'd were lost;[3] for it is the unkindest ty'd that ever any man ty'd.

Pant. What 's the unkindest tide?

[2] —— *like a* wood woman; —] The first folios agree in *would-woman:* for which, because it was a mystery to Mr. Pope, he has unmeaningly substituted *ould woman.* But it must be writ, or at least understood, *wood woman,* i. e. crazy, frantic with grief; or distracted, from any other cause. The word is very frequently used in Chaucer; and sometimes writ *wood,* sometimes *wode. Theobald.*

Print thus: "Now come I to my mother, (O that she could speak now!) like a wood woman."

Perhaps the humour would be heightened by reading—O that *the shoe* could *speak* now!) *Blackstone.*

I have followed the punctuation recommended by sir W. Blackstone. The emendation proposed by him was made, I find, by Sir T. Hanmer. *Malone.*

O that she could speak now like a wood woman!] Launce is describing the melancholy parting between him and his family. In order to do this more methodically, he makes one of his shoes stand for his father, and the other for his mother. And when he has done taking leave of his father, he says, *Now come I to my mother,* turning to the shoe, that is supposed to personate her. And in order to render the representation more perfect, he expresses his wish, that it could speak like a woman, frantic with grief! There could be no doubt about the sense of the passage, had he said—"O that *it* could speak like a wood woman!" But he uses the feminine pronoun, in speaking of the shoe, because it is supposed to represent a woman. *M. Mason.*

[3] —— *if the* ty'd *were lost;*] This quibble, wretched as it is, might have been borrowed by Shakspeare from Lyly's *Endymion,* 1591. "*Epi.* You know it is said, the *tide* tarrieth for no man.—*Sam.* True.—*Epi.* A monstrous lye: for I was *ty'd* two hours, and tarried for one to unloose me." The same play on words occurs in Chapman's *Andromeda Liberata,* 1614:

"And now came roaring to the *tied* the *tide.*" *Steevens.*

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Laun. Why, he that 's ty'd here; Crab, my dog.

Pant. Tut, man, I mean thou 'lt lose the flood; and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage: and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou should'st lose thy tongue?

Pant. Where should I lose my tongue?

Laun. In thy tale.

Pant. In thy tail?

Laun. Lose the tide,[4] and the voyage, and the master, and the service? The tide![5]—Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pant. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou darest.

Pant. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Milan. *An Apartment in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE, SILVIA, THURIO, *and* SPEED.

Sil. Servant—

Val. Mistress!

Speed. Master, sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it 's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress then.

Speed. 'Twere good, you knocked him down.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply, I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

[4] *Lose the tide,*] Thus the old copy. Some of the modern editors read—the *flood*. *Steevens.*

[5] —— *The tide!*] The old copy reads—"*and* the tide." I once supposed these three words to have been repeated, through some error of the transcriber or printer; but, pointed as the passage now is, (with the omission of *and*) it seems to have sufficient meaning. *Steevens.*

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Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I, that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote you my folly?[6]

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well then, I 'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, sir Thurio? do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of cameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, sir; you always end, ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire: sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows, kindly, in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir: you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers: for it appears by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more; here comes my father.

[6] —— *how* quote *you my folly?*] To *quote* is to *observe*. So, in *Hamlet:*

"I am sorry that with better heed and judgment
"I had not *quoted* him." *Steevens.*

Valentine, in his answer, plays upon the word, which was pronounced as if written *coat*. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

"—— the illiterate, that know not how
"To cipher what is writ in learned books,
"Will *cote* my loathsome trespass in my looks."

In our poet's time, words were thus frequently spelt by the ear. *Malone.*

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Enter DUKE.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.
Sir Valentine, your father 's in good health:
What say you to a letter from your friends,
Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?[7]

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,
And not without desert[8] so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good lord; a son, that well deserves,
The honour and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I knew him, as myself; for, from our infancy,
We have convers'd, and spent our hours together:
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time,
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection:
Yet hath sir Proteus, for that 's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days:
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow)
He is complete in feature and in mind,
With all good grace, to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beshrew me, sir, but if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love,
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
Well, sir; this gentleman is come to me,
With commendation from great potentates;
And here he means to spend his time a while:

[7] *Know you* Don *Antonio, your countryman?*] The word *Don* should be omitted; as, besides the injury it does to the metre, the characters are *Italians*, not *Spaniards*. Had the measure admitted it, Shakspeare would have written *Signor*. And yet, after making this remark, I noticed Don *Alphonso* in a preceding scene. But for all that, the remark may be just. *Ritson.*

[8] —— *not without* desert —] And not dignified with so much reputation without proportionate merit. *Johnson.*

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I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.
Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.
Duke. Welcome him then, according to his worth;
Silvia, I speak to you; and you, sir Thurio:—
For Valentine, I need not 'cite him to it:[9]
I 'll send him hither to you presently. [*Exit* DUKE.
Val. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyship,
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.
Sil. Belike, that now she hath enfranchis'd them
Upon some other pawn for fealty.
Val. Nay, sure, I think, she holds them prisoners still.
Sil. Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you?
Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.
Thu. They say, that love hath not an eye at all.
Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself:
Upon a homely object love can wink.

Enter PROTEUS.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.
Val. Welcome, dear Proteus! Mistress, I beseech you,
Confirm his welcome with some special favour.
Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.
Val. Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.
Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.
Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.
Val. Leave off discourse of disability:—
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.
Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.
Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed;
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.
Pro. I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.
Sil. That you are welcome?
Pro. No; that you are worthless.[1]

[9] *I need not* 'cite *him to it:*] i. e. incite him to it. *Malone.*

[1] No; *that you are* worthless.] I have inserted the particle *no*, to fill up the measure. *Johnson.*

Perhaps the particle supplied is unnecessary. *Worthless* was, I believe, used as a trisyllable. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, page 160. *Malone.*

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Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, my lord your father[2] would speak with you.

Sil. I 'll wait upon his pleasure. [*Exit* Ser.

Come, Sir Thurio,
Go with me:—Once more, new servant, welcome:
I 'll leave you to confer of home-affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We 'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[*Exeunt* SIL. THU. *and* SPEED.

Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know, you joy not in a love-discourse.

Val. Ay, Proteus; but that life is alter'd now:
I have done penance for contemning love;
Whose high imperious[3] thoughts have punish'd me,
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;

Is *worthless* a trisyllable, in the preceding speech of Silvia? Is there any instance of the licence recommended, respecting the adjective *worthless*, to be found in Shakspeare, or any other writer? *Steevens.*

[2] Ser. *Madam, my lord your father* —] This speech, in all the editions, is assigned, improperly, to Thurio; but he has been all along upon the stage, and could not know, that the duke wanted his daughter. Besides, the first line and half of Silvia's answer, is evidently addressed to two persons. A servant, therefore, must come in, and deliver the message; and then, Silvia goes out with Thurio. *Theobald.*

[3] Whose *high imperious* —] For *whose* I read *those*. I have contemned love and am punished. *Those* high thoughts, by which I exalted myself above the human passions or frailties, have brought upon me fasts and groans. *Johnson.*

I believe the old copy is right. *Imperious* is an epithet very frequently applied to *love*, by Shakspeare and his contemporaries. So, in *The Famous Historie of George Lord Faukonbridge*, 4to. 1616, p. 15: "Such an *imperious* god is love, and so commanding." A few lines lower, Valentine observes, that—"love 's a *mighty lord*." *Malone.*

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For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chac'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O, gentle Proteus! love 's a mighty lord;
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
There is no woe to his correction,[4]
Nor, to his service, no such joy on earth!
Now, no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye:
Was this the idol that you worship so?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O, flatter me; for love delights in praises.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills;
And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,[5]
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any;
Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

[4] —— *no woe* to *his correction,*] No misery that *can be compared to* the punishment inflicted by love. Herbert called for the prayers of the liturgy a little before his death, saying, *None* to *them, none* to *them*. *Johnson.*

The same idiom occurs in an old ballad quoted in *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1616:

"There is no comfort in the world
"*To* women that are kind." *Malone.*

[5] —— *a* principality,] The first or *principal* of women. So the old writers use *state*. "*She is a lady, a great* state." Latymer. "*This look is called in* states *warlie, in others otherwise.*" Sir T. More. *Johnson.*

There is a similar sense of this word in St. Paul's Epistle to the *Romans*, viii. 38:—"nor angels nor *principalities*."

Mr. M. Mason thus judiciously paraphrases the sentiment of Valentine. "If you will not acknowledge her as divine, let her at least be considered as an angel of the first order, superior to every thing on earth." *Steevens.*

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Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignified with this high honour,—
To bear my lady's train; lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,[6]
And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?

Val. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can, is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone.[7]

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own:
And I as rich, in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou seest me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes,
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along; and I must after;
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd;
Nay, more, our marriage hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of: how I must climb her window;
The ladder made of cords; and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on, for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,

[6] —— summer-swelling *flower,*] I once thought, that our poet had written *summer-smelling;* but the epithet, which stands in the text, I have since met with in the translation of Lucan, by Sir Arthur Gorges, 1614, B. VIII. p. 354:

"——no Roman chieftaine should
"Come near to Nyle's Pelusian mould,
"But shun that *summer-swelling* shore."

The original is, "—ripasque *æstate tumentes,*" l. 829. May likewise renders it *summer-swelled* banks. The *summer-swelling* flower is the flower which swells in summer, till it expands itself into bloom. *Steevens.*

[7] *She is alone.*] She stands by herself. There is none to be compared to her. *Johnson.*

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In these affairs to aid me, with thy counsel.
Pro. Go on before; I shall enquire you forth;
I must unto the road,[8] to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use;
And then I 'll presently attend you.
Val. Will you make haste?
Pro. I will.— [*Exit* VAL.
Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.[9]
Is it mine eye, or Valentinus' praise,[1]
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,

[8] —— *the* road,] The haven, where ships *ride* at anchor. *Malone.*

[9] *Even as one heat another heat expels,*
Or as one nail *by strength* drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.] Our author seems here to have remembered *The Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:
"And as out of a planke *a nayle a nayle doth drive*,
"*So novel love out of the minde the auncient love doth rive.*"
So also, in *Coriolanus*:
"One fire drives out one fire; *one nail one nail.*" *Malone.*

[1] *Is it mine* eye, *or Valentinus' praise*,] The old copy reads—
"Is it mine or Valentine's praise?" *Steevens.*
Here Proteus questions with himself, whether it is his own praise or Valentine's, that makes him fall in love with Valentine's mistress. But not to insist on the absurdity of falling in love through his own praises, he had not, indeed, praised her any farther, than giving his opinion of her in three words, when his friend asked it of him.
A word is wanting in the first folio. The line was originally thus:
It is mine EYE, *or Valentino's praise?*
Proteus had just seen Valentine's mistress, whom her lover had been lavishly praising. His encomiums, therefore, heightening Proteus's ideas of her at the interview, it was the less wonder he should be uncertain, which had made the strongest impression, Valentine's praises, or his own view of her. *Warburton.*
The first folio reads:
"It is mine, or Valentine's praise."
The second:
"Is it mine *then* or Valentine*an's* praise?" *Ritson.*
I read, as authorized, in a former instance, by the old copy,—Valentin*us*. See Act I. sc. iii. p. 159. *Steevens.*

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That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?
She 's fair; and so is Julia, that I love;—
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,[2]
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold;
And that I love him not, as I was wont:
O! but I love his lady, too, too much;
And that 's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,[3]
That thus, without advice, begin to love her?
'Tis but her picture[4] I have yet beheld,

[2] —— *a* waxen image *'gainst a fire,*] Alluding to the figures, made by witches, as representatives of those, whom they designed to torment or destroy. See my note on *Macbeth*, Act I. sc. iii. *Steevens.*

King James ascribes these images to the devil, in his treatise of Daemonologie: "to some others, at these times, he teacheth how to make pictures of waxe or claye, that, by the roasting thereof, the persons that they bear the name of may be continually melted, and dried away, by continual sicknesse." See Servius, on the 8th Eclogue of Virgil, Theocritus Idyl 2. 22. Hudibras, p. 2. l. 2. v. 331. *S. W.*

[3] —— *with* more advice,] *With more advice*, is, *on further knowledge, on better consideration.* So, in *Titus Andronicus:*

"The Greeks, *upon advice*, did bury Ajax."

The word, as Mr. Malone observes, is still current, among mercantile people, whose constant language is, "we are *advised* by letters from abroad," meaning *informed.* So, in bills of exchange, the conclusion always is—"Without further *advice*."—So, in this very play:

"This pride of hers, upon *advice*," &c.

Again, in *Measure for Measure:*

"Yet did repent me, *after more advice*." *Steevens.*

[4] *'Tis but her picture* —] This is evidently a slip of attention; for he had seen her in the last scene, and in high terms, offered her his service. *Johnson.*

I believe Proteus means, that, as yet, he had seen only her outward form, without having known her long enough to have any acquaintance with her mind.

So, in *Cymbeline:*

"All of her, that is *out of door*, most rich!
"If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare," &c.

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*, Act II. sc. i:

"Praise her but for this her *without-door* form."

Perhaps, Proteus is mentally comparing his fate with that of Pyrocles, the hero of Sidney's *Arcadia*, who fell in love with

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And that hath dazzled my reason's light;
But when] look on her perfections,[5]
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If] can check my erring love, [will;
If not, to compass her I 'll use my skill. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

The same. A Street.

Enter SPEED *and* LAUNCE.

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan.[6]

Laun. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is never undone, till he be hanged; nor never welcome to a place, till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, welcome.

Speed. Come on, you mad-cap, I 'll to the ale-house with you, presently; where, for one shot of five pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with madam Julia?

Laun. Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? Shall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Laun. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why, then, how stands the matter with them?

Laun. Marry, thus; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou? I understand thee not.

Philoclea, immediately on seeing her portrait, in the house of Kalander. *Steevens.*

[5] *And that hath* dazzled *my reason's light;*
But when I look, &c.] Our author uses *dazzled* as a trisyllable. The editor of the second folio, not perceiving this, introduced *so,* ("And that hath dazzled *so,*" &c.) a word as hurtful to the sense, as unnecessary to the metre. The plain meaning is, *Her mere outside has* dazzled *me;—when I am acquainted with the perfections of her mind, I shall be struck* blind. *Malone.*

[6] —— *to* Milan.] It is *Padua* in the former editions. See the note on Act III. *Pope.*

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Laun. What a block art thou, that thou canst not? My staff understands me.[7]

Speed. What thou say'st?

Laun. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I 'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Laun. Why, stand under and understand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will 't be a match?

Laun. Ask my dog: if he say, ay, it will; if he say, no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is, then, that it will.

Laun. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st thou, that my master is become a notable lover?[8]

Laun. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Laun. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whorson ass, thou mistakest me.

Laun. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Laun. Why I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the ale-house, so;[9] If not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

[7] *My staff* understands *me.*] This equivocation, miserable as it is, has been admitted by Milton in his great poem, B. VI:

" ——The terms we sent were terms of weight,
" Such as, we may perceive, amaz'd them all,
" And stagger'd many; who receives them right,
" Had need from head to foot well *understand;*
" Not *understood,* this gift they have besides,
" To shew us when our foes stand not upright."

Johnson.

The same quibble occurs likewise in the second part of *The Three Merry Coblers,* an ancient ballad:

" Our work doth th' owners *understand,*
" Thus still we are on the mending hand. *Steevens.*

[8] —— *how say'st thou, that my master is become a notable lover?*] i. e. (as Mr. M. Mason has elsewhere observed) What say'st thou to this circumstance,—namely, that my master is become a notable lover? *Malone.*

[9] —— so;] *So,* which is wanting in the first folio, was supplied by the editor of the second. *Malone.*

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Speed. Why?

Laun. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee, as to go to the ale[1] with a Christian: Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.[2]

The same. An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn:
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And even that power, which gave me first my oath,
Provokes me to his threefold perjury.
Love bade me swear, and love bids me forswear:
O sweet-suggesting love![3] if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.
At first, I did adore a twinkling star,

[1] —— *the* ale ——] *Ales* were merry meetings instituted in country places. Thus, Ben Jonson:

" And all the neighbourhood, from old records
" Of antique proverbs drawn from Whitson lords,
" And their authorities at wakes and *ales*,
" With country precedents, and old wives' tales,
" We bring you now."

Again, in Ascham's *Toxophilus*, edit. 1589, p. 2: "—or else make merry with their neighbours at the *ale*."

Again, as Mr. M. Mason observes, in the play of *Lord Cromwell:*

" O Tom, that we were now at Putney, at the *ale* there!"

See also Mr. T. Warton's *History of English Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 128. *Steevens.*

[2] It is to be observed, that, in the folio edition there are no directions concerning the scenes; they have been added by the later editors, and may therefore be changed by any reader that can give more consistency or regularity to the drama by such alterations. I make this remark, in this place, because I know not whether the following soliloquy of Proteus is so proper in the street. *Johnson.*

The reader will perceive that the scenery has been changed, though Dr. Johnson's observation is continued. *Steevens.*

[3] *O sweet*-suggesting *love!*] To *suggest* is to *tempt*, in our author's language. So again:

" Knowing that tender youth is soon *suggested*."

The sense is, *O* tempting love, *if thou hast* influenced me to sin, *teach me to excuse it.* *Johnson.*

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But now, I worship a celestial sun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit, that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.—
Fye, fye, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love, where I should love.
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
If I lose them, thus find I by their loss,
For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia.
I to myself am dearer, than a friend;
For love is still more precious in itself:
And Silvia, witness heaven, that made her fair!
Shews Julia but a swarthy Ethiope.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Rememb'ring that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I 'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to myself,
Without some treachery, used to Valentine:—
This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber window;
Myself in counsel, his competitor:[4]

[4] —— *in counsel, his* competitor:] *Myself, who am his* competitor *or* rival, being admitted to his counsel. *Johnson.*

Competitor is *confederate, assistant, partner.* So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" Is it not Cæsar's natural vice, to hate
" One great *competitor?*"

and he is speaking of Lepidus, one of the triumvirate. *Steevens.*

Steevens is right in asserting, that *competitor*, in this place, means confederate, or partner.—The word is used in the same sense in *Twelfth Night*, where the Clown, seeing Maria and Sir Toby, approach, who were joined in the plot against Malvolio, says, "The *competitors* enter." And again, in *K. Richard III*, the messenger says:

" ——The Guildfords are in arms,
" And every hour more *competitors*
" Flock to the rebels,"

So also, in *Love's Labour Lost:*

" The king, and his *competitors* in oath." *M. Mason.*

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Now presently I 'll give her father notice
Of their disguising, and pretended flight;[5]
Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine;
For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter:
But, Valentine being gone, I 'll quickly cross,
By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift![6] *Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Verona. *A Room in* Julia's *House.*

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me!
And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,—
Who art the table, wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly character'd and engrav'd,—
To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.

Luc. Alas! the way is wearisome and long.

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
Much less shall she, that hath love's wings to fly;
And when the flight is made to one, so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as sir Proteus.

Luc. Better forbear, till Proteus make return.

Jul. O, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food?
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,

[5] —— pretended *flight;*] *Pretended* flight is *proposed,* or *intended* flight. So, in *Macbeth:*

" ——What good could they *pretend.*"

Mr. M. Mason justly observes, that the verb *pretendre* in French, has the same signification. *Steevens.*

Again, in Dr. A. Borde's *Introduction of Knowledge,* 1542, sig. H 3: "*I pretend* to return and come round about thorow other regyons in Europ." *Reed.*

[6] —— *this drift!*] I suspect, that the author concluded the act with this couplet, and that the next scene should begin the third act; but the change, as it will add nothing to the probability of the action, is of no great importance. *Johnson.*

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Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.
Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire;
But qualify the fire's extreme rage; lest
It should burn above the bounds of reason.
Jul. The more thou dam'st it up, the more it burns;
The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet musick with th' enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
I 'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I 'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.
Luc. But in what habit will you go along?
Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well-reputed page.
Luc. Why, then, your ladyship must cut your hair.
Jul. No, girl; I 'll knit it up in silken strings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantastic may become a youth
Of greater time, than I shall show to be.
Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?
Jul. That fits as well, as—"tell me, good my lord,
"What compass will you wear your farthingale?"
Why, even that fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.
Luc. You must needs have them with a cod-piece, madam.
Jul. Out, out, Lucetta![7] that will be ill-favour'd.

[7] Out, out, *Lucetta!* &c.] Dr. Percy observes, that this interjection is still used in the North. It seems to have the same meaning as *apage*, Lat.
So, in Chapman's version of the thirteenth *Iliad:*
"*Out, out,* I hate ye from my heart, ye rotten-minded men!"

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Luc. A round hose, madam, now 's not worth a pin,
Unless you have a cod-piece, to stick pins on.
Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly:
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me,
For undertaking so unstaid a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.
Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.
Jul. Nay, that I will not.
Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey, when you come,
No matter who 's displeas'd, when you are gone:
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.
Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances as infinite[8] of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.
Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.
Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect!
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth:
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure messengers, sent from his heart;
His heart, as far from fraud as heaven from earth.
Luc. Pray heaven, he prove so, when you come to him!
Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only deserve my love, by loving him;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey.[9]
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;

So, in *Every Man out of his Humour*, Act II. sc. vi: "*Out, out!* unworthy to speak where he breatheth." *Reed.*

[8] —— as *infinite* ——] Old edit.—*of* infinite. *Johnson.* The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. *Malone.*

[9] —— *my* longing *journey.*] Dr. Grey observes, that *longing* is a participle active, with a passive signification; for *longed*, wished, or desired.

Mr. M. Mason supposes Julia to mean a journey which she shall *pass in longing*. *Steevens.*

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Only, in lieu thereof, despatch me hence:
Come, answer not, but to it presently;
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.....SCENE I.

Milan. *An Anti-room, in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter DUKE, THURIO, *and* PROTEUS.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;
We have some secrets to confer about.—— [*Exit* THU.
Now, tell me, Proteus, what 's your will with me?
Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover,
The law of friendship bids me to conceal:
But, when I call to mind your gracious favours,
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that,
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter;
Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know you have determin'd to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should she thus be stolen away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift,
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.
Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply, when they have judged me fast asleep;
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir Valentine her company, and my court:
But, fearing lest my jealous aim[1] might err,

[1] —— *Jealous* aim —] *Aim* is *guess*, in this instance, as in the following. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" I *aim'd* so near when I suppos'd you lov'd." *Steevens.*

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And so, unworthily, disgrace the man,
(A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd)
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.
And, that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept;
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean,
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently;
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
That my discovery be not aimed at;[2]
For, love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.[3]

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord; sir Valentine is coming. [*Exit.*

Enter VALENTINE.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenor of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay, then no matter; stay with me a while;
I am to break with thee of some affairs,
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend, sir Thurio, to my daughter.

[2] —— *be not* aimed *at;*] Be not *guessed.* *Johnson.*

[3] —— *of this* pretence.] Of this *claim* made to your daughter. *Johnson.*

Pretence is *design.* So, in *K. Lear:* "—to feel my affection to your honour, and no other *pretence* of danger."

Again, in the same play: "—*pretence* and purpose of unkindness." *Steevens.*

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Val. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities,
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter:
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me, as if I were her father;
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where[4] I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

Val. What would your grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady, sir, in Milan, here,[5]
Whom I affect; but she is nice, and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,
(For long agone I have forgot to court:
Besides, the fashion of the time[6] is chang'd;)
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
To be regarded, in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words;
Dumb jewels, often, in their silent kind,
More quick than words, do move a woman's mind.[7]

[4] *And,* where —] *Where,* in this instance, has the power of *whereas.* So, in *Pericles,* Act I. sc. i:
" *Where* now you 're both a father and a son." *Steevens.*

[5] —— *sir, in* Milan, *here,*] It ought to be thus, instead of—*in Verona, here*—for the scene apparently is in Milan, as is clear from several passages in the first act, and in the beginning of the first scene of the fourth act. A like mistake has crept into the eighth scene of Act II, where Speed bids his fellow-servant, Launce, welcome to Padua. *Pope.*

[6] —— *the fashion of the time* —] The modes of courtship, the acts by which men recommended themselves to ladies. *Johnson.*

[7] *Win her with gifts, if she respect not words;*
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More quick than words, do move a woman's mind.

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Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.[8]

So, in our author's *Passionate Pilgrim:*

" Spare not to spend,—
" The strongest castle, tower, and town,
" The golden bullet beats it down."

A line of this stanza—

" The strongest *castle,* tower, and town,"

and two in a succeeding stanza—

" What though she strive to try her strength,
" And ban an brawl, *and say thee nay,*"——

remind us of the following verses in *The Historie of Graunde Amoure,* [sign. I 2] written by Stephen Hawes, near a century before those of Shakspeare:

" Forsake her not, *though that she saye nay:*
" A womans guise is evermore delay.
" No *Castel* can be of so great a strength,
" If that there be a sure siege to it layed;
" It must yelde up, or els be won at length,
" Though that 'to-fore it hath bene long delayed;
" So continuance may you right well ayde:
" Some womans harte can not so harded be,
" But busy labour may make it agree."

Another earlier writer than Shakspeare, speaking of women, has also the same unfavourable (and, I hope, unfounded) sentiment:

" 'Tis wisdom to give much! a gift prevails,
" When deep persuasive oratory fails."

Marlowe's *Hero and Leander.*
Malone.

Again, in the *First Part of Jeronimo,* 1605, though written much earlier:

" ——let his protestations be
" Fashioned with rich jewels, for in love
" Great gifts and gold have the best tongues to move.
" Let him not spare an oath without a jewel
" To bind it fast: oh, I know womens hearts
" What stuff they are made of, my lord: gifts and giving
" Will melt the chastest seeming female living."

The same rude sentiment was soon after adopted by Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Woman Hater,* 1607, Act IV. sc. ii:

" ——your offers must
" Be full of bounty; velvets to furnish a gown, silks
" For petticoats and foreparts, shag for lining;
" Forget not some pretty jewel to fasten after
" Some little compliment! If she deny this courtesy,
" Double your bounties; be not wanting in abundance:
" Fulness of gifts, link'd with a pleasing tongue,
" Will win an anchorite." *Reed.*

[8] —— *that I sent* her.] To produce a more accurate rhyme, we might read:

" —— that I sent, *Sir:*"

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Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her:
Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For, *get you gone*, she doth not mean, *away:*
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say, they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If, with his tongue, he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she, I mean, is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth;
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access, by day, to her.

Val. Why, then, I would resort to her, by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her, by night.

Val. What lets,[9] but one may enter at her window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground;
And built so shelving that one cannot climb it,
Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why, then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
To cast up with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night; for love is like a child,
That longs for every thing, that he can come by.

Val. By seven o'clock I 'll get you such a ladder.

Mr. M. Mason observes, that the rhyme, which was evidently here intended, requires that we should read—"what best content her." The word *what* may imply *those which*, as well as *that which*. *Steevens.*

[9] *What* lets,] i. e. what hinders. So, in *Hamlet*, Act I. sc. iv: "By heaven, I 'll make a ghost of him that *lets* me." *Steevens.*

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Duke. But, hark thee; I will go to her alone;
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?
Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak, that is of any length.
Duke. A cloak, as long as thine, will serve the turn?
Val. Ay, my good lord.
Duke. Then let me see thy cloak;
I 'll get me one of such another length.
Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.
Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?—
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—
What letter is this same? What 's here?—*To Silvia?*
And here an engine fit for my proceeding!
I 'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*Reads.*
My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:
O, could their master come and go, as lightly,
Himself would lodge, where senseless they are lying.
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;
While I, their king, that thither them importune,
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,
Because myself do want my servants' fortune:
I curse myself, for they are sent by me,[1]
That they should harbour, where their lord should be.
What 's here?
Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee:
'Tis so; and here 's the ladder for the purpose.—
Why, Phaëton, (for thou art Merops' son)[2]
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?

[1] —— for *they are sent by me,*] *For* is the same as *for that, since.* *Johnson.*

[2] —— *Merops' son*)] Thou art Phaëton in thy rashness, but without his pretensions; thou art not the son of a divinity, but a *terræ filius*, a low-born wretch! Merops is thy true father, with whom Phaëton was falsely reproached. *Johnson.*

This scrap of mythology Shakspeare might have found in the spurious play of *K. John*, 1591:

" —— as sometime *Phaëton*
" Mistrusting silly *Merops* for his sire."

Or, in Robert Greene's *Orlando Furioso*, 1594:

" Why, foolish, hardy, daring, simple groom,
" Follower of fond conceited Phaëton," &c. *Steevens.*

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Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
Go, base intruder! over-weening slave!
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;
And think, my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence:
Thank me for this, more than for all the favours,
Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories,
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven! my wrath shall far exceed the love,
I ever bore my daughter, or thyself.
Begone; I will not hear thy vain excuse;
But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.

[*Exit* DUKE.

Val. And why not death, rather than living torment?
To die, is to be banish'd from myself;
And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her,
Is self from self; a deadly banishment!
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.[3]
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no musick in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my essence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:[4]
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTEUS *and* LAUNCE.

Pro. Run, boy; run, run, and seek him out.

[3] *And* feed *upon the shadow of perfection.*]
" Animum picturâ *pascit* inani." *Virg.* *Henley.*

[4] *I fly not death,* to fly his *deadly* doom:] *To fly his doom,* used for *by flying,* or *in flying,* is a Gallicism. The sense is, by avoiding the execution of his sentence I shall not escape death. If I stay here, I suffer myself to be destroyed; if I go away, I destroy myself. *Johnson.*

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Laun. So-ho! so-ho!

Pro. What seest thou?

Laun. Him we go to find: there 's not a hair[5] on 's head, but 'tis a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Laun. Can nothing speak? master, shall I strike?

Pro. Whom[6] would'st thou strike?

Laun. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Laun. Why, sir, I 'll strike nothing: I pray you—

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear: Friend Valentine, a word.

Val. My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!—
Hath she forsworn me?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!—
What is your news?

Laun. Sir, there 's a proclamation that you are vanish'd.

Pro. That thou art banished; Oh! that 's the news;
From hence, from Silvia, and from me, thy friend.

Val. Oh, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banished?

Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom
(Which, unrevers'd, stands in effectual force)
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;

[5] ——*there's not a* hair —] Launce is still quibbling. He is now running down the *hare* that he started when he entered. *Malone.*

[6] Whom —] Old copy—*Who.* Corrected in the second folio. *Malone.*

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With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of 'biding there.

Val. No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st
Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.[7]

[7] *Even in the* milk-white bosom of thy love.] So, in *Hamlet:*

"These *to her excellent white bosom,*" &c.

Again, in Gascoigne's *Adventures of Master F. I.* first edit. p. 206: "—at deliuerie thereof, [i. e. of a letter] she understode not for what cause he thrust the same *into her bosome.*"

Trifling as the remark may appear, before the meaning of this *address of letters to the bosom of a mistress* can be understood, it should be known, that women anciently had a pocket in the fore-part of their stays, in which they not only carried love-letters and love tokens, but even their money and materials for needle work. Thus Chaucer, in his *Marchantes Tale:*

"This *purse* hath she in *hire bosome* hid."

In many parts of England the rustic damsels still observe the same practice; and a very old lady informs me, that she remembers, when it was the fashion to wear prominent stays, it was no less the custom, for stratagem and gallantry, to drop its literary favours within the front of them. *Steevens.*

See Lord Surrey's Sonnets, 1557.

"My song, thou shalt attain to find the pleasant place,
"Where she doth live, by whom I live; may chance to have the grace,

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The time now serves not to expostulate:
Come, I 'll convey thee through the city gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs:
As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north-gate.

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

Val. O my dear Silvia! hapless Valentine.

[*Exeunt* VAL. *and* PRO.

Laun. I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think, my master is a kind of knave: but that 's all one, if he be but one knave.[8] He lives not now, that

" When she hath read, and seen the grief wherein I serve,
" *Between her breats she shall thee put, there shall she thee reserve.*" *Malone.*

[8] Laun. *I am* but a fool, *look you; and yet I have the wit to think, my master is* a kind of knave: *but that 's all one, if he be but one* KNAVE.] Where is the sense, or, if you won't allow the speaker that, where is the humour, of this speech? Nothing had given the fool occasion to suspect that his master was become double, like Antipholis in *The Comedy of Errors*. The last word is corrupt. We should read:

—— *if he be but one* KIND.

He thought his master was *a kind of knave;* however, he keeps himself in countenance with this reflection, that if he was a knave *but of one kind*, he might pass well enough amongst his neighbours. This is truly humorous. *Warburton.*

This alteration is acute and specious, yet I know not whether, in Shakspeare's language, *one knave* may not signify a *knave on only one occasion*, a *single knave*. We still use a *double* villain for a villain beyond the common rate of guilt. *Johnson.*

This passage has been altered, with little difference, by Dr. Warburton and Sir T. Hanmer.—Mr. Edwards explains it,—" if *he only* be a knave, if *I myself* be not found to be another." I agree with Dr. Johnson, and will support the old reading and his interpretation with indisputable authority. In the old play of *Damon and Pythias*, Aristippus declares of Carisophus: " You lose money by him if you sell him for *one knave*, for he serves for *twayne*."

This phraseology is often met with: Arragon says, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" With *one fool's* head I came to woo,
" But I go away with *two*."

Donne begins one of his sonnets:

" I am *two fools*, I know,
" For *loving*, and for *saying so*." &c.

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knows me to be in love: yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck[9] that from me; nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a woman: but that woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 'tis a milk-maid: yet tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips:[1] yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel,—which is much in a bare christian.[2] Here is the cat-log [*Pulling out a paper*] of her conditions.[3] Imprimis, *She can fetch and carry.* Why, a horse can do no more; nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore, is she better than a jade. Item, *She can milk;* look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. How now, signior Launce? what news with your mastership?

Laun. With my master's ship?[4] why, it is at sea.

And when Panurge cheats St. Nicholas of the chapel, which he vowed to him in a storm, *Rabelais* calls him "a rogue—a *rogue and an half—Le gallant, gallant et demy.*" *Farmer.*

Again, in *Like Will to Like, quoth the Devil to the Collier*, 1587:

"Thus thou may'st be called a knave in graine,
"And where knaves be scant thou may'st go for *twayne.*"
Steevens.

[9] —— *a team of horse shall not pluck*—] I see how Valentine suffers for telling his love-secrets; therefore, I will keep mine close. *Johnson.*

Perhaps Launce was not intended to shew so much sense; but here indulges himself in talking contradictory nonsense. *Steevens.*

[1] —— *for she hath had* gossips:] *Gossips* not only signify those, who answer for a child in baptism, but the tattling women, who attend lyings-in. The quibble between these is evident. *Steevens.*

[2] —— *a* bare *christian.*] *Launce* is quibbling on. *Bare* has two senses: *mere* and *naked.* In *Coriolanus* it is used in the first:

"'Tis but a *bare* petition of the state."

Launce uses it in both, and opposes the *naked* female to the water-spaniel, *cover'd with hairs of remarkable thickness.* *Steevens.*

[3] —— *her* conditions.] i. e. qualities. The old copy has *condition.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe. *Malone.*

[4] With my *master's ship?*] In former editions it is—

With my mastership? *why, it is at sea.*

For how does Launce mistake the word? Speed asks him about his mastership, and he replies to it *literatim.* But then how was his mastership at sea, and on shore too? The addition of a letter

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Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word: What news then in your paper?

Laun. The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Laun. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Laun. Fye on thee, jolt-head; thou canst not read.

Speed. Thou liest, I can.

Laun. I will try thee: Tell me this: Who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Laun. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother: this proves, that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come: try me in thy paper.

Laun. There; and saint Nicholas be thy speed![5]

Speed. Imprimis, *She can milk.*[6]

Laun. Ay, that she can.

Speed. Item, *She brews good ale.*

and a note of apostrophe, makes Launce both mistake the word, and sets the pun right: it restores, indeed, but a mean joke; but, without it, there is no sense in the passage. Besides, it is in character with the rest of the scene; and, I dare be confident, the poet's own conceit. *Theobald.*

[5] —— saint Nicholas *be thy speed!*] St. Nicholas presided over scholars, who were therefore called *St. Nicholas's clerks.* Hence, by a quibble between Nicholas and Old Nick, highwaymen, in *The First Part of Henry the Fourth,* are called *Nicholas's clerks.* *Warburton.*

That this saint presided over young scholars, may be gathered from Knight's *Life of Dean Colet,* p. 362; for, by the statutes of Paul's school there inserted, the children are required to attend divine service at the cathedral on his anniversary; the reason I take to be, that the legend of this saint makes him to have been a bishop, while he was a boy. *Sir J. Hawkins.*

So, Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry,* 1589: "Methinks this fellow speaks like bishop Nicholas; for on Saint Nicholas's night, commonly the scholars of the country make them a bishop, who, like a foolish boy, goeth about blessing and preaching, with such childish terms, as maketh the people laugh at his foolish counterfeit speeches." *Steevens.*

[6] Speed. Imprimis, *She can milk.*

Laun. *Ay, that she can.*] These two speeches should evidently be omitted. There is not only no attempt at humour in them, contrary to all the rest in the same dialogue, but Launce clearly directs Speed to go on with the paper, where he himself left off. See his preceding soliloquy. *Farmer.*

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Laun. And thereof comes the proverb,—Blessing of your heart,[7] you brew good ale.

Speed. Item, *She can sew.*

Laun. That 's as much as to say, Can she so?

Speed. Item, *She can knit.*

Laun. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock.[8]

Speed. Item, *She can wash and scour.*

Laun. A special virtue; for then she need not be washed and scoured.

Speed. Item, *She can spin.*

Laun. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. Item, *She hath many namcless virtues.*

Laun. That 's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. Here follow her vices.

Laun. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item, *She is not to be kissed fasting,*[9] *in respect of her breath.*

Laun. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast: Read on.

Speed. Item, *She hath a sweet mouth.*[1]

[7] —— *Blessing of your heart,* &c.] So, in Ben Jonson's *Masque of Augurs:*

" Our ale 's o' the best,
" And each good guest
" *Prays for their souls* that brew it." *Steevens.*

[8] —— *knit him a* stock.] i. e. *stocking.* So, in *Twelfth Night:* " —it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd *stock.*" *Steevens.*

[9] —— *she is not to be* kissed *fasting,*] The old copy reads—*she is not to be fasting,* &c. The necessary word—*kissed,* was first added by Mr. Rowe. *Steevens.*

[1] —— *sweet mouth.*] This I take to be the same with what is now vulgarly called a *sweet tooth,* a luxurious desire of dainties and sweetmeats. *Johnson.*

So, in Thomas Paynell's translation of Ulrich Hutten's Book, *De Medicina Guaiaci & Morbo Gallico,* 1539: " —delycates and deynties, wherewith they may stere up their *sweete mouthes* and prouoke theyr appetites."

Yet, how a *luxurious desire of dainties* can make amends for *offensive breath,* I know not. A *sweet* mouth may, however, mean a *likerish* mouth, in a wanton sense.

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Laun. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. Item, *She doth talk in her sleep.*

Laun. It 's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. Item, *She is slow in words.*

Laun. O villain! that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with 't; and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item, *She is proud.*

Laun. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. Item, *She hath no teeth.*

Laun. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. Item, *She is curst.*

Laun. Well; the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. Item, *She will often praise her liquor.*[2]

Laun. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. Item, *She is too liberal.*[3]

Laun. Of her tongue she cannot; for that 's writ down she is slow of: of her purse she shall not; for that I 'll keep shut: now, of another thing she may; and that I cannot help. Well, proceed.

Speed. Item, *She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.*

Laun. Stop there; I 'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse that once more.

So, in *Measure for Measure:*

" Their saucy *sweetness* that do coin heaven's image," &c.
Steevens.

[2] —— *praise her liquor.*] That is, shew how well she likes it, by drinking often. *Johnson.*

[3] —— *She is too* liberal.] *Liberal,* is licentious and gross in language. So, in *Othello:* " Is he not a prophane and very *liberal* counsellor?" *Johnson.*

Again, in *The Fair Maid of Bristow,* 1605, bl. l:

" But Vallenger, most like a *liberal* villain,
" Did give her scandalous ignoble terms."

Mr. Malone adds another instance from *Woman's a Weather-cock,* by N. Field, 1612:

" Next that the fame
" Of your neglect, and *liberal* talking tongue,
" Which breeds my honour an eternal wrong." *Steevens.*

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Speed. Item, *She hath more hair than wit,*[4]—

Laun. More hair than wit,—it may be; I 'll prove it: The cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt: the hair that covers the wit, is more than the wit; for the greater hides the less. What 's next?

Speed. —*And more faults than hairs,*—

Laun. That 's monstrous: O that that were out!

Speed. —*And more wealth than faults.*

Laun. Why, that word makes the faults gracious:[5] Well, I 'll have her: And if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

Speed. What then?

Laun. Why, then I will tell thee,—that thy master stays for thee at the north gate.

Speed. For me?

Laun. For thee? ay; who art thou? he hath staid for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Laun. Thou must run to him; for thou hast staid so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

[4] —— *She hath* more hair than wit,] An old English proverb. See Ray's collection:

"Bush natural, *more hair than wit.*"

Again, in Decker's *Satiromastix:*

"*Hair!* 'tis the basest stubble; in scorn of it

"This proverb sprung,—*He has more hair than wit.*"

Again, in *Rhodon and Iris*, 1631:

"Now is the old proverb really perform'd;

"*More hair than wit.*" *Steevens.*

[5] —— *makes the faults* gracious:] *Gracious*, in old language, means *graceful*. So, in *K. John:*

"There was not such a *gracious* creature born."

Again, in *Albion's Triumph*, 1631:

"On which *(the frieze)* were festoons of several fruits in their natural colours, on which, in *gracious* postures lay children sleeping."

Again, in *The Malcontent*, 1604:

"The most exquisite, &c. that ever made an old lady *gracious* by torch-light." *Steevens.*

Mr. Steevens's interpretation of the word *gracious* has been controverted, but it is right. We have the same sentiment in *The Merry Wives of Windsor:*

"O what a world of vile ill-favour'd *faults*

"Look *handsome* in *three hundred* pounds a year!" *Malone.*

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Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? 'pox of your love-letters! [*Exit.*

Laun. Now will he be swinged for reading my letter: An unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets!—I 'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The same. A room in the Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Duke *and* Thurio; Proteus *behind.*

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not, but that she will love you,
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

Thu. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most,
Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice;[6] which, with an hour's heat,
Dissolves to water, and doth lose its form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.—
How now, sir Proteus? Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.—
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou hast shown some sign of good desert)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,
Let me not live to look upon your grace.

Duke. Thou know'st how willingly I would effect
The match between sir Thurio and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

Duke. Ay, and perversely she persévers so.

[6] Trenched *in ice;*] Cut, carved in ice. *Trancher,* to cut, French. *Johnson.*

So, in *Arden of Feversham,* 1592:

"Is deeply *trenched* in my blushing brow." *Steevens.*

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What might we do, to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love sir Thurio?
Pro. The best way is to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent;
Three things, that women highly hold in hate.
Duke. Ay, but she 'll think that it is spoke in hate.
Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it must, with circumstance,[7] be spoken
By one, whom she esteemeth, as his friend.
Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.
Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do:
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman;
Especially, against his very friend.[8]
Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him:
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.
Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it,
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say, this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not, that she will love sir Thurio.
Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love[9] from him,
Lest it should ravel, and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me:
Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you, in worth, dispraise sir Valentine.
Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind;
Because we know, on Valentine's report,

[7] —— *with circumstance,*] With the addition of such incidental particulars, as may induce belief. *Johnson.*

[8] —— *his* very *friend.*] *Very* is *immediate*. So, in *Macbeth:*
" And the *very* ports they blow." *Steevens.*

[9] —— *as you unwind her love* —] As you wind off her love from him, make me the *bottom* on which you wind it. The housewife's term for a ball of thread, wound upon a central body, is a *bottom of thread*. *Johnson.*

So, in Grange's *Garden*, 1557: " in answer to a letter written unto him by a Curtyzan:"

" A *bottome* for your silke it seems
" My letters are become,
" Which oft with winding off and on
" Are wasted whole and some." *Steevens.*

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You are already love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access,
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her,[1] by your persuasion,
To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect:—
But you, sir Thurio, are not sharp enough:
You must lay lime,[2] to tangle her desires,
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Ay, much the force of heaven-bred poesy.

Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:
Write till your ink be dry; and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity:[3]—
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews;[4]

[1] —— *you may* temper *her,*] Mould her, like wax, to whatever shape you please. So, in *King Henry IV,* P. II: "I have him already *tempering* between my finger and my thumb; and shortly will I seal with him." *Malone.*

[2] —— *lime,*] That is, *birdlime. Johnson.*

[3] —— *such integrity:*] *Such integrity* may mean such ardour and sincerity, as would be manifested by practising the directions, given in the four preceding lines. *Steevens.*

I suspect that a line, following this, has been lost; the import of which perhaps was—

"As her obdurate heart may penetrate." *Malone.*

[4] *For Orpheus'* lute *was strung with* poets' sinews;] This shews Shakspeare's knowledge of antiquity. He here assigns Orpheus his true character of legislator. For, under that of a poet only, or lover, the quality given to his lute is unintelligible. But, considered as a lawgiver, the thought is noble, and the imagery exquisitely beautiful. For, by his *lute,* is to be understood his *system of laws;* and by the *poets' sinews,* the power of numbers, which Orpheus actually employed in those laws, to make them received by a fierce and barbarous people. *Warburton.*

Proteus is describing to Thurio the powers of poetry; and gives no quality to the lute of Orpheus, but those usually and vulgarly ascribed to it. It would be strange indeed, if, in order to prevail upon the ignorant and stupid Thurio to write a sonnet to his mistress, he should enlarge upon the legislative powers of

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Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps, to dance on sands.
After your dire lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window,
With some sweet concert:[5] to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump;[6] the night's dead silence

Orpheus, which were nothing to the purpose. Warburton's observations frequently tend to prove Shakspeare more profound and learned than the occasion required, and to make the Poet of Nature the most unnatural that ever wrote. *M. Mason.*

5 —— *with some sweet* concert:] The old copy has *consort*, which I once thought might have meant, in our author's time, a band or company of musicians. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"*Tyb.* Mercutio, thou *consort'st* with Romeo.

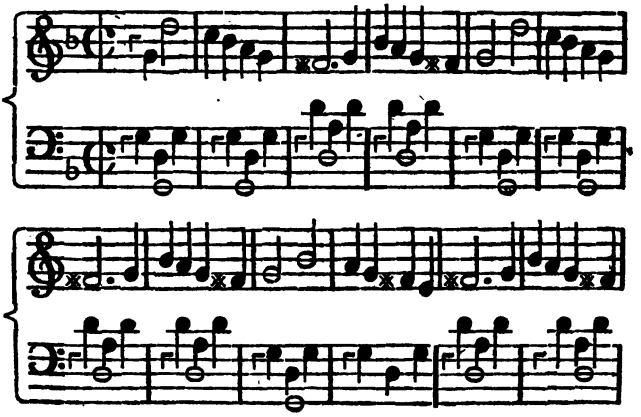
"*Mer. Consort!* what, dost thou make us *minstrels?*"

The subsequent words, "*To* their *instruments* —," seem to favour this interpretation; but other instances, that I have since met with, in books of our author's age, have convinced me, that *consort* was only the old spelling of *concert*, and I have accordingly printed the latter word in the text. The epithet *sweet*, annexed to it, seems better adapted to the musick itself than to the band. *Consort*, when accented on the first syllable (as here), had, I believe, the former meaning; when on the second, it signified a company. So, in the next scene:

"What say'st thou? Wilt thou be of our *consort?*" *Malone.*

6 *Tune a deploring* dump;] A *dump* was the ancient term for a *mournful elegy*.

A DOMPE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.



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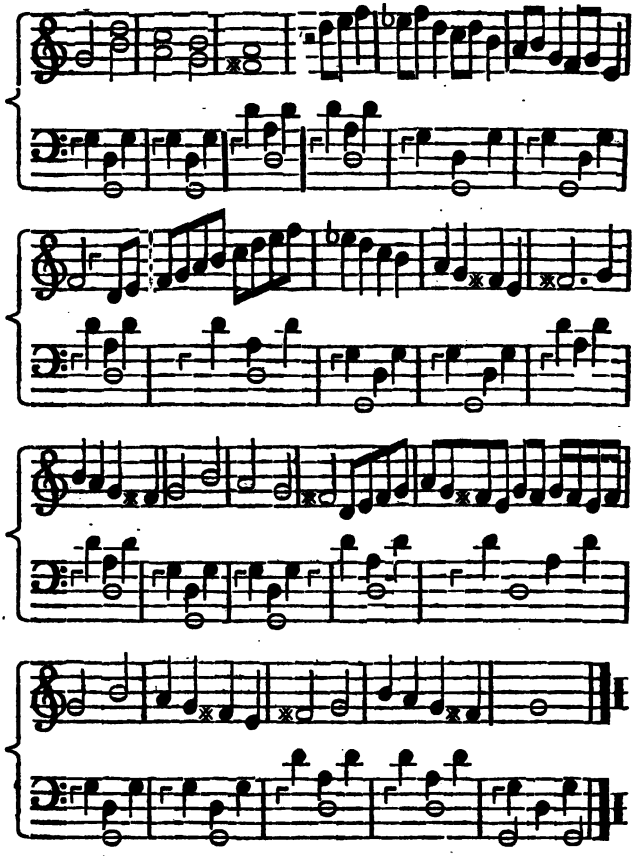
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.[7]



For this curiosity the reader is indebted to STAFFORD SMITH, Esq. of his Majesty's Chapel Royal. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *will* inherit *her.*] To *inherit,* is, by our author, sometimes used, as in this instance, for *to obtain possession* of, without any idea of acquiring *by inheritance.* So, in *Titus Andronicus:*

"He that had wit, would think that I had none,
"To bury so much gold under a tree,
"And never after to *inherit it.*"

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Duke. This discipline shews, thou hast been in love.
Thu. And thy advice this night I 'll put in practice:
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently,
To sort[8] some gentlemen, well skill'd in musick:
I have a sonnet, that will serve the turn,
To give the onset to thy good advice.
Duke. About it, gentlemen.
Pro. We 'll wait upon your grace till after supper:
And afterward determine our proceedings.
Duke. Even now about it; I will pardon you.[9]
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV..... SCENE I.

A Forest, near Mantua.

Enter certain Out-laws.

1 *Out.* Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.
2 *Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

3 *Out.* Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about you;
If not, we 'll make you sit, and rifle you.[1]
Speed. Sir, we are undone! these are the villains,
That all the travellers do fear so much.
Val. My friends,—
1 *Out.* That 's not so, sir; we are your enemies.

This sense of the word was not wholly disused in the time of Milton, who in his *Comus* has—"dis*inherit* Chaos,"—meaning only, *dispossess* it. *Steevens.*

[8] To sort —] i. e. to choose out. So, in *K. Richard III.*
"Yet I will *sort* a pitchy hour for thee." *Steevens.*

[9] —— *I will pardon you.*] I will excuse you from waiting. *Johnson.*

[1] *If not, we 'll make you* sit, *and rifle you.*] The old copy reads as I have printed the passage. Paltry as the opposition between *stand* and *sit* may be thought, it is Shakspeare's own. My predecessors read—"we 'll make you, *sir*," &c. *Steevens.*
Sir, is the corrupt reading of the third folio. *Malone.*

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2 *Out.* Peace; we 'll hear him.
3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we;
For he 's a proper man.[2]
Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to lose;
A man I am, cross'd with adversity:
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.
2 *Out.* Whither travel you?
Val. To Verona.
1 *Out.* Whence came you?
Val. From Milan.
3 *Out.* Have you long sojourn'd there?
Val. Some sixteen months; and longer might have staid,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.
1 *Out.* What, were you banish'd thence?
Val. I was.
2 *Out.* For what offence?
Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse:
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully, in fight,
Without false vantage, or base treachery.
1 *Out.* Why ne'er repent it, if it were done so:
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?
Val. I was; and held me glad of such a doom.
1 *Out.* Have you the tongues?
Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy;
Or else, I often had been miserable.
3 *Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,[3]

[2] —— *a* proper *man.*] i. e. a *well-looking* man; he has the appearance of a gentleman. So, afterwards:
"And partly, seeing you are *beautified*
"*With goodly shape*—." *Malone.*
Again, in *Othello:*
"This Ludovico is a *proper* man." *Steevens.*

[3] —— Robin Hood's *fat friar,*] *Robin Hood* was captain of a band of robbers, and was much inclined to rob churchmen. *Johnson.*
So, in *A mery Geste of Robin Hoode,* &c. bl. l. no date:
"These *byshoppes* and these *archebyshoppes*
"Ye shall them beate and bynde," &c.
But by Robin Hood's *fat friar,* I believe, Shakspeare means

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This fellow were a king for our wild faction.

1 *Out.* We 'll have him: sirs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them;
It is an honourable kind of thievery.

Val. Peace, villain!

2 *Out.* Tell us this: Have you any thing to take to?

Val. Nothing, but my fortune.

3 *Out.* Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful men:[4]

Friar Tuck, who was confessor and companion to this noted outlaw. So, in one of the old songs of *Robin Hood:*

" And of brave little John,
" Of *Friar Tuck* and Will Scarlett,
" Stokesly and Maid Marian."

Again, in the 26th song of Drayton's *Polyolbion:*

" Of *Tuck the merry friar,* which many a sermon made,
" In praise of *Robin Hoode,* his out-lawes, and his trade."

Again, in Skelton's Play of *Magnificence,* f. 5, 6:

" Another bade shave halfe my berde,
" And boys to the pylery gan me plucke,
" And wolde have made me *freer Tucke*
" To preche oute of the pylery hole."

See figure III. in the plate at the end of the first part of *King Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's observations on it. *Steevens.*

Dr. Johnson seems to have misunderstood this passage. The speaker does not swear by the scalp of some churchman, who had been plundered, but by the shaven crown of Robin Hood's chaplain.—" We will live and die together, (says a personage in Peele's *Edward I.* 1593) like Robin Hood, little John, *Frier Tucke,* and Maide Marian." *Malone.*

4 —— awful *men:*] Reverend, worshipful, such as magistrates, and other principal members of civil communities. *Johnson.*

Awful is used by Shakspeare, in another place, in the sense of *lawful.* Second part of *K. Henry IV.* Act IV. sc. ii:

" We come within our *awful* banks again." *Tyrwhitt.*

So, in *King Henry V.* 1600:

" —— creatures that by *awe* ordain
" An *act* of order to a peopled kingdom." *Malone.*

I believe we should read—*lawful* men—i. e. *legales homines.* So, in *The Newe Boke of Justices,* 1560: " —commandinge him to the same to make an inquest and pannel of *lawful* men of his countie." For this remark I am indebted to Dr. Farmer. *Steevens.*

Awful men means men *well governed, observant of law and authority; full of, or subject to, awe.* In the same kind of sense we use *fearful.* *Ritson.*

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Myself was from Verona banished,
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.[5]

2 *Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Whom, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.[6]

1 *Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose,—(for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives,)
And, partly, seeing you are beautified
With goodly shape; and by your own report
A linguist; and a man of such perfection,
As we do in our quality[7] much want;—

2 *Out.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

[5] *An* heir, *and* near *allied unto the duke.*] All the impressions, from the first downwards, read—*An heir and* niece, *allied unto the duke.* But our poet would never have expressed himself so stupidly, as to tell us, this lady was the duke's *niece*, and *allied* to him: for her alliance was certainly sufficiently included in the first term. Our author meant to say, she was an *heiress*, and *near allied* to the duke; an expression the most natural that can be for the purpose, and very frequently used by the stage-poets. *Theobald.*

A *niece*, or a *nephew*, did not always signify the daughter of a brother or sister, but any remote descendant. Of this use I have given instances, as to a *nephew*. See *Othello*, Act I. I have not, however, disturbed Theobald's emendation. *Steevens.*

Heir in our author's time (as it sometimes is now) was applied to females, as well as males. The old copy reads—*And* heir. The correction was made in the third folio. *Malone.*

[6] *Whom, in my* mood, *I stabb'd unto the heart.*] Thus, Dryden:

"Madness laughing in his ireful *mood.*"

Again, Gray:

"*Moody* madness, laughing, wild." *Henley.*

Mood is anger or resentment. *Malone.*

[7] ——*in our* quality —] Our *quality* means our profession, calling, or condition of life. Thus, in Massinger's *Roman Actor*, Arethusa says to Paris the tragedian:

"In thee, as being chief of thy profession,
I do accuse the *quality* of treason:"

that is, the whole profession or fraternity.

Hamlet, speaking of the young players, says, "will they pursue the *quality* no longer than they can sing?" &c. &c. *M. Mason.*

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3 *Out.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consort?
Say, ay, and be the captain of us all:
We 'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee, as our commander, and our king.

1 *Out.* But, if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you;
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women, or poor passengers.

3 *Out.* No, we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us, we 'll bring thee to our crews,
And shew thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Milan. *Court of the Palace.*

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access, my own love to prefer;
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falshood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think, how I have been forsworn,
In breaking faith with Julia, whom I lov'd:
And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,[8]
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio: now must we to her window,
And give some evening musick to her ear.

[8] —— sudden *quips,*] That is, hasty passionate reproaches and scoffs. So Macbeth is in a kindred sense said to be *sudden;* that is, irascible and impetuous. *Johnson.*

The same expression is used by Dr. Wilson in his *Arte of Rhetorique,* 1553: "And make him at his wit's end through the *sudden quip.*" *Malone.*

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Enter THURIO, *and Musicians.*

Thu. How now, sir Proteus? are you crept before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for, you know, that love Will creep in service where it cannot go.[9]

Thu. Ay, but, I hope, sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Whom? Silvia?

Pro. Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.

Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen, Let 's tune, and to it lustily a while.

Enter Host, *at a distance; and* JULIA, *in boy's clothes.*

Host. Now, my young guest, methinks you 're allycholly; I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we 'll have you merry: I 'll bring you, where you shall hear musick, and see the gentleman, that you ask'd for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be musick. [*Musick plays.*

Host. Hark! hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay: but peace, let 's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind, as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:[1]
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

9 —— *you know, that love*
Will creep *in service where it cannot go.*] Kindness will *creep*, where it cannot *gang*, is to be found in Kelly's *Collection of Scottish Proverbs*, p. 226. *Reed.*

1. —— *beauty* lives *with kindness:*] Beauty, without kindness, *dies* unenjoyed, and undelighting. *Johnson.*

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Then, to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now? are you sadder than you were before? How do you, man? the musick likes you not.

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How? out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false, that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive you delight not in musick.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the musick!

Jul. Ay; that change is the spite.

Host. You would have them always play, but one thing?

Jul. I would always have one play, but one thing. But, host, doth this sir Proteus, that we talk on, often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I tell you, what Launce, his man, told me, he loved her out of all nick.[2]

Jul. Where is Launce?

Host. Gone to seek his dog, which, to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

Jul. Peace! stand aside! the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you! I will so plead,
That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

[2] ——*out of all* nick.] Beyond all reckoning or count. Reckonings are kept upon nicked or notched sticks or tallies. *Warburton.*

So, in *A Woman never vex'd*, 1632:

" —— I have carried
" The tallies at my girdle seven years together,
" For I did ever love to deal honestly in the *nick*."

As it is an inn-keeper who employs the allusion, it is much in character. *Steevens.*

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Pro. At saint Gregory's well.
Thu. Farewel. [*Exeunt* THU. *and Musicians.*

SILVIA *appears above, at her window.*

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.
Sil. I thank you for your musick, gentlemen:
Who is that, that spake?
Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You 'd quickly learn to know him, by his voice.
Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.
Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.
Sil. What is your will?
Pro. That I may compass yours.
Sil. You have your wish; my will is even this,[3]—
That presently you hie you home to bed.
Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!
Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me,—by this pale queen of night, I swear,
I am so far from granting thy request,
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit:
And, by and by, intend to chide myself,
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.
Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;
But she is dead.
Jul. 'Twere false, if I should speak it;
For, I am sure, she is not buried. [*Aside.*
Sil. Say, that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend,
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,
I am betroth'd: And art thou not asham'd
To wrong him with thy importúnacy.
Pro. I likewise hear, that Valentine is dead.
Sil. And so, suppose, am I; for in his grave,
Assure thyself, my love is buried.
Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.
Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call her's thence;
Or, at the least, in her's sepulchre thine.
Jul. He heard not that. [*Aside.*

[3] *You have your wish; my* will *is even this,*] The word *will* is here ambiguous. He wishes to *gain* her *will:* she tells him, if he wants her *will*, he has it. *Johnson.*

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Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdúrate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture, that is hanging in your chamber;
To that I 'll speak, to that I 'll sigh and weep:
For, since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow I will make true love.

Jul. If 'twere a substance, you would, sure, deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am. [*Aside.*

Sil. I am very loth to be your idol, sir;
But, since your falshood shall become you well[4]
To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I 'll send it:
And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'er-night,
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt* PRO. *and* SIL. *from above.*

[4] *But, since* your falshood *shall become you well*—] This is hardly sense. We may read, with very little alteration:

"But since *your 're false*, it shall become you well." *Johnson.*

There is no occasion for any alteration, if we only suppose, that *it* is understood here, as in several other places:

"But, since your falshood, shall become you well
"To worship shadows and adore false shapes,"

i. e. But, since your falshood, *it* shall become you well, &c.

Or indeed, in this place, *To worship shadows*, &c. may be considered as the nominative case to *shall become*. *Tyrwhitt.*

"I am very loth (says Silvia) to be your idol; but since your falshood to your friend and mistress shall well become you, to worship shadows, and adore false shapes (i. e. will be properly employed in so doing,) send to me, and you shall have my picture." *Ritson.*

I once had a better opinion of the alteration, proposed by Dr. Johnson, than I have at present. I now believe the text is right, and that our author means, however licentious the expression,—But, since your falshood well becomes, or is well suited to, the worshipping of shadows, and the adoring of false shapes, send to me in the morning for my picture, &c. Or, in other words, But, since the worshipping of shadows and the adoring of false shapes shall well become *you, false as you are*, send, &c. *To worship shadows*, &c. I consider as the objective case, as well as *you*. There are other instances in these plays of a double accusative, depending on the same verb. I have, therefore, followed the punctuation of the old copy, and not placed a comma after *falshood*, as in the modern editions. *Since* is, I think, here an adverb, not a preposition. *Malone.*

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Jul. Host, will you go?

Host. By my hallidom, I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies sir Proteus?

Host. Marry, at my house: Trust me, I think, 'tis almost day.

Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night,
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest.[5] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same.

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. This is the hour, that madam Silvia
Entreated me to call, and know her mind;
There 's some great matter she 'd employ me in.—
Madam, madam!

SILVIA *appears above, at her window.*

Sil. Who calls?

Egl. Your servant, and your friend;
One, that attends your ladyship's command.

Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good-morrow.

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself.
According to your ladyship's impose,[6]
I am thus early come, to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,
(Think not, I flatter, for, I swear, I do not,)
Valiant, wise, remorseful,[7] well accomplish'd.

[5] —— *most heaviest.*] This use of the double superlative is frequent in our author. So, in *King Lear*, Act II. sc. iii:

"To take the basest and *most poorest* shape." *Steevens.*

[6] —— *your ladyship's* impose,] *Impose* is *injunction, command.* A task set at college, in consequence of a fault, is still called an *imposition.* *Steevens.*

[7] —— remorseful,] *Remorseful* is pitiful. So, in *The Maids' Metamorphosis*, by Lyly, 1600:

"Provokes my mind to take *remorse* of thee."

Again, in Chapman's translation of the 2d book of Homer's *Iliad*, 1598:

"Descend on our long-toyled host with thy *remorseful* eye."

Again, in the same translator's version of the 20th *Iliad:*

"—— he was none of those *remorsefull* men,
"Gentle and affable; but fierce at all times, and mad then."
Steevens.

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Thou art not ignorant, what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhorr'd.
Thyself hast loved; and I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.[8]
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune still reward with plagues.
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows, as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;[9]
Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd,
I give consent to go along with you;
Recking as little[1] what betideth me,

[8] *Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure* chastity.] It was common in former ages for widowers and widows to make vows of chastity, in honour of their deceased wives or husbands. In Dugdale's *Antiquities of Warwickshire*, page 1013, there is the form of a commission by the bishop of the diocese for taking a vow of chastity, made by a widow. It seems that, besides observing the vow, the widow was, for life, to wear a veil and a mourning habit. Some such distinction we may suppose to have been made, in respect of male votarists; and therefore this circumstance might inform the players how Sir Eglamour should be drest; and will account for Silvia's having chosen him as a person in whom she could confide, without injury to her own character. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *grievances;*] Sorrows, sorrowful affections. *Johnson.*

[1] Recking *as little* —] To *reck* is to care for. So, in *Hamlet:*
"And *recks* not his own rede."
Both Chaucer and Spenser use this word with the same signification. *Steevens.*

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As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?
Sil. This evening coming.
Egl. Where shall I meet you?
Sil. At friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession.
Egl. I will not fail your ladyship:
Good-morrow, gentle lady.
Sil. Good-morrow, kind sir Eglamour.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The same.

Enter LAUNCE, *with his dog.*

When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one, that I brought up of a puppy: one, that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it! I have taught him—even as one would say precisely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him, as a present to mistress Silvia, from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher, and steals her capon's leg. Oh, 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himself[2] in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog[3] indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me, that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for 't; sure as I live, he had suffered for 't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentlemen-like dogs, under the duke's table: he had not been there (bless the mark) a pissing-while; but all the chamber smelt him. *Out with the dog!* says one; *What cur is that?* says another; *Whip him out!* says the third; *Hang him up!* says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes

[2] —— keep *himself*—] i. e. restrain himself. *Steevens.*

[3] —— *to be a dog*—] I believe we should read—*I would have*, &c. *one that takes upon him to be a dog*, to be a dog *indeed, to be*, &c. *Johnson.*

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me to the fellow that whips the dogs:[4] *Friend*, quoth I, *you mean to whip the dog? Ay, marry, do I*, quoth he. *You do him the more wrong*, quoth I; *'twas I did the thing you wot of.* He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for their servant?[5] Nay, I 'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed: I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for 't: thou think'st not of this now!—Nay, I remember the trick you served me, when I took my leave of madam Silvia;[6] did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? Didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please;—I will do what I can.

Pro. I hope, thou wilt.—How now, you whoreson peasant! [*To* LAUN.
Where have you been these two days loitering?

Laun. Marry, sir, I carried mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

[4] *The fellow, that* whips *the dogs:*] This appears to have been part of the office of an *usher of the table.* So, in *Mucedorus:*

" — I' ll prove my office good: for look you, &c.—When a dog chance to blow his nose backward, then with a *whip* I give him good time of the day, and strew rushes presently." *Steevens.*

[5] —— their *servant?*] The old copy reads—*his* servant? *Steevens.*

Corrected by Mr. Pope. *Malone.*

[6] —— *madam* Silvia;] Perhaps we should read of madam *Julia.* It was *Julia* only of whom a formal leave could have been taken. *Steevens.*

Dr. Warburton, without any necessity, I think, reads—Julia; "alluding to the leave his master and he took when they left Verona." But it appears from a former scene, (as Mr. Heath has observed) that Launce was not present, when Proteus and Julia parted. Launce on the other hand has just taken leave of, i. e. parted from, (for that is all that is meant) madam Silvia. *Malone.*

Though Launce was not present, when *Julia* and Proteus parted, it by no means follows that he and Crab had not likewise their audience of leave. *Ritson.*

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Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Laun. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and tells you, currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she received my dog?

Laun. No, indeed, she did not: here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

Laun. Ay, sir; the other squirrel[7] was stolen from me by the hangman's boys in the market-place: and then I offered her mine own; who is a dog, as big as ten of yours, and, therefore, the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight.
Away, I say: Stay'st thou to vex me here?
A slave, that, still an end,[8] turns me to shame.
[*Exit* LAUN.
Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business;
For 'tis no trusting to yon foolish lout;
But, chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour;
Which (if my augury deceive me not)
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore, know thou,[9] for this I entertain thee.
Go presently, and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to madam Silvia:

[7] —— *the other* squirrel, &c.] Sir T. Hanmer reads—"the other, *Squirrel*," &c. and consequently makes *Squirrel* the proper name of the beast. Perhaps Launce only speaks of it as of a diminutive animal, more resembling a *squirrel* in size, than a dog. *Steevens.*

The subsequent words,—"who is a dog, *as big as ten of yours*," shew that Mr. Steevens's interpretation is the true one. *Malone.*

[8] —— an end,] i. e. *in the end*, at the conclusion of every business he undertakes. *Steevens.*

Still an end, and *most an end*, are vulgar expressions, and mean commonly, generally. So, in Massinger's *Very Woman*, a Citizen asks the Master, who had slaves to sell, "What will that girl do?" To which he replies:

"—— sure no harm at all, sir,
"For she sleeps *most an end*." *M. Mason.*

[9] —— *know* thou,] The old copy has—*thee*. The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. *Malone.*

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She loved me well, deliver'd it to me.[1]

Jul. It seems, you lov'd her not, to leave her token:[2] She 's dead, belike.[3]

Pro. Not so; I think, she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry, alas?

Jul. I cannot choose but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore should'st thou pity her?

Jul. Because, methinks, that she lov'd you as well,
As you do love your lady Silvia:
She dreams on him, that has forgot her love;
You dote on her, that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity, love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry, alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal
This letter;—that 's her chamber.—Tell my lady,
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,

[1] *She loved me well, deliver'd it to me.*] i. e. She, *who* delivered it to me, loved me well. *Malone.*

[2] *It seems, you lov'd her* not, *to* leave *her token:*] Proteus does not properly leave his lady's token, he gives it away. The old edition has it:

It seems you lov'd her not, not *leave her token.*

I should correct it thus:

It seems you loved her not, nor love *her token.* *Johnson.*

The emendation was made in the second folio. *Malone.*

Johnson, not recollecting the force of the word *leave*, proposes an amendment of this passage, but that is unnecessary; for, in the language of the time, to *leave* means to *part with*, or *give away*. Thus, in *The Merchant of Venice*, Portia, speaking of the ring she gave Bassanio, says:

" —— and here he stands;
" I dare be sworn for him, he would not *leave* it,
" Or pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
" That the world masters."

And Bassanio says, in a subsequent scene:

" If you did know to whom I gave the ring, &c.
" And how unwillingly I *left* the ring,
" You would abate the strength of your displeasure."

M. Mason.

To *leave*, is used with equal licence, in a former scene, for to *cease*. " I *leave* to be, &c. *Malone.*

[3] *She 's dead, belike.*] This is said, in reference to what Proteus had asserted to Silvia in a former scene; viz. that both *Julia* and Valentine were dead. *Steevens.*

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Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary. [*Exit* PRO.
Jul. How many women would do such a message?
Alas! poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd
A fox, to be the shepherd of thy lambs:
Alas! poor fool! why do I pity him,
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me;
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will:
And now am I (unhappy messenger!)
To plead for that, which I would not obtain;
To carry that which I would have refus'd;
To praise his faith, which I would have dispraisd.[4]
I am my master's true confirmed love;
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet I will woo for him; but yet so coldly,
As, heaven, it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter SILVIA, *attended.*

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with madam Silvia.
Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?
Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.
Sil. From whom?
Jul. From my master, sir Proteus, madam.
Sil. O!—he sends you for a picture?
Jul. Ay, madam.
Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there. [*Picture brought.*
Go, give your master this: tell him, from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber, than this shadow.
Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter.——
Pardon me, madam; I have unadvis'd
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not;
This is the letter to your ladyship.
Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.
Jul. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.

[4] *To carry that, which I would have refus'd;* &c.] The sense is, to go and present that, which I wish not to be accepted, to praise him, whom I wish to be dispraised. *Johnson.*

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Sil. There, hold.
I will not look upon your master's lines:
I know, they are stuff'd with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break,
As easily as I do tear his paper.
Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.
Sil. The more shame for him, that he sends it me;
For I have heard him say a thousand times,
His Julia gave it him at his departure:
Though his false finger hath profan'd the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.
Jul. She thanks you.
Sil. What say'st thou?
Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her:
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.
Sil. Dost thou know her?
Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself:
To think upon her woes, I do protest,
That I have wept an hundred several times.
Sil. Belike, she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.
Jul. I think she doth, and that 's her cause of sorrow.
Sil. Is she not passing fair?
Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is:
When she did think my master lov'd her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,[5]
That now she is become as black as I.
Sil. How tall was she?[6]
Jul. About my stature: for, at Pentecost,

[5] *And* pinch'd *the lily-tincture of her face,*] The colour of a part *pinched,* is livid, as it is commonly termed, *black and blue.* The weather may therefore be justly said to *pinch,* when it produces the same visible effect. I believe this is the reason why the cold is said to *pinch.* *Johnson.*
Cleopatra says of herself:
" —— think on me,
" That am with Phœbus' amorous *pinches,* black." *Steevens.*

[6] Sil. *How tall was she?*] We should read—" How tall *is* she?" For that is evidently the question, which Silvia means to ask. *Ritson.*

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When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown;
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgment
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore, I know she is about my height.
And, at that time, I made her weep a-good,[7]
For I did play a lamentable part:
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight;[8]
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth!—
Alas, poor lady! desolate and left!—
I weep myself, to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.
Farewel. [*Exit* Sil.

Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful.
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.[9]

[7] —— *weep* a-good,] i. e. in good earnest. *Tout de bon.* Fr. So, in Turberville's translation of Ovid's epistle from *Ariadne to Theseus:*

" —— beating of my breast *a-good.*" *Steevens.*

So, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

" And therewithal their knees have rankled so,
" That I have laugh'd *a-good.*" *Malone.*

[8] —— *'twas Ariadne*, passioning, &c.] *To passion* is used as a verb, by writers contemporary with Shakspeare. In *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, printed 1598, we meet with the same expression: " —what, art thou *passioning* over the picture of Cleanthes?"

Again, in *Eliosto Libidinoso*, a novel, by John Hinde, 1606: " —if thou gaze on a picture, thou must, with Pigmalion, be *passionate.*"

Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. III, c. 12:

" Some argument of matter *passioned.*" *Steevens.*

—— *'twas Ariadne*, passioning —] On her being deserted by Theseus in the night, and left on the island of Naxos. *Malone.*

[9] —— my mistress' *love so much.*] She had in her preceding speech called Julia *her mistress;* but it is odd enough that she

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Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture:—Let me see; I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
If that be all the difference in his love,
I 'll get me such a colour'd periwig.[1]
Her eyes are grey as glass;[2] and so are mine:

should thus describe herself, when she is *alone*. Sir T. Hanmer reads—"*his* mistress;" but without necessity. Our author knew that his audience considered the disguised Julia, in the present scene, as a page to Proteus, and this, I believe, and the love of antithesis, produced the expression. *Malone.*

[1] *I 'll get me such a colour'd* periwig.] It should be remembered, that false hair was worn by the ladies, long before *wigs* were in fashion. These false coverings, however, were called *periwigs*. So, in *Northward Hoe*, 1607: "There is a new trade come up for cast gentlewomen, of *perriwig-making*: let your wife set up in the Strand."—"*Perwickes*, however, are mentioned by Churchyard, in one of his earliest poems. *Steevens.*

See *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act II, sc. iii: "—and her hair shall be of what colour it please God." And *The Merchant of Venice*, Act III, sc. ii:

"So are crisped snaky golden locks," &c.

Again, in *The Honestie of this Age, proving by good Circumstance, that the World was never honest till now*, by Barnabe Rich, quarto, 1615: "My lady holdeth on her way, perhaps to the tire-maker's shop, where she shaketh her crownes, to bestow upon some new-fashioned attire;—upon such artificial deformed *periwigs*, that they were fitter to furnish a theatre, or for her that in a stage play should represent some hag of hell, than to be used by a Christian woman." Again, *ibid.*: "These attire-makers, within these forty years were not known by that name; and but now very lately, they kept their lowzie commodity of *periwigs*, and their monstrous attires, closed in boxes,—and those women that used to weare them would not buy them but in secret. But now they are not ashamed to set them forth upon their stalls,—such monstrous mop-powles of haire, so proportioned and deformed, that but within these twenty or thirty years would have drawne the passers-by to stand and gaze, and to wonder at them."

Malone.

[2] *Her eyes are* grey as glass;] So Chaucer, in the character of his Prioress:

"Ful semely hire wimple y-pinched was;
"Hire nose tretis; hire *eyen grey as glas*." *Theobald.*

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Ay, but her forehead 's low,[3] and mine 's as high.
What should it be, that he respects in her,
But I can make respective[4] in myself,
If this fond love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow; come, and take this shadow up,
For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd;
And, were there sense in his idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead.[5]

[3] —— *her forehead 's low,*] A high forehead was, in our author's time, accounted a feature eminently beautiful. So, in *The History of Guy of Warwick*, "Felice his lady" is said to "have *the same high forehead as Venus.*" *Johnson.*

[4] —— respective —] i. e. *respectable. Steevens.*

[5] *My substance should be* statue *in thy stead.*] It would be easy to read, with no more roughness than is found in many lines of Shakspeare:

"—— should be *a* statue in thy stead."

The sense, as Mr. Edwards observes, is, "He should have my substance as a *statue* instead of thee [the picture] who art a senseless form." This word, however, is used without the article *a*, in Massinger's *Great Duke of Florence:*

"—— it was your beauty,
"That turn'd me *statue.*"

And again, in Lord Surrey's translation of the 4th *Æneid:*

"And Trojan *statue* throw into the flame."

Again, in Dryden's *Don Sebastian:*

"—— try the virtue of that Gorgon face,
"To stare me into *statue.*" *Steevens.*

Steevens has clearly proved that this passage requires no amendment; but it appears from hence, and a passage in Massinger, that the word *statue* was formerly used to express a *portrait.* Julia is here addressing herself to a *picture;* and in the *City Madam,* the young ladies are supposed to take leave of the *statues* of their lovers, as they style them, though Sir John, at the beginning of the scene, calls them *pictures,* and describes them afterwards as nothing but superficies, colours, and no substance. *M. Mason.*

—— statue —] *Statue* here, I think, should be written *statua,* and pronounced as it generally, if not always, was in our author's time, a word of three syllables. It being the first time this word occurs, I take the opportunity of observing that alterations have been often improperly made in the text of Shakspeare, by supposing *statue* to be intended by him for a dissyllable. Thus, in *King Richard III.* Act III, sc. vii:

"But like dumb *statues* or breathing stones."

Mr. Rowe has unnecessarily changed *breathing* to *un*breathing, for a supposed defect in the metre, to an actual violation of the sense.

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I 'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That us'd me so; or else, by Jove I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,[6]
To make my master out of love with thee. [*Exit.*

Again, in *Julius Cæsar*, Act II, sc. ii:

"She dreamt to-night she saw my *statue*."

Here, to fill up the line, Mr. Capell adds the name of Decius; and the last editor, deserting his usual caution, has improperly changed the regulation of the whole passage.

Again, in the same play, Act III, sc. ii:

"Even at the base of Pompey's *statue*."

In this line, however, the true mode of pronouncing the word is suggested by the last editor, who quotes a very sufficient authority for his conjecture. From authors of the times, it would not be difficult to fill whole pages with instances to prove that *statue* was at that period a trisyllable. Many authors spell it in that manner. On so clear a point the first proof, which occurs, is enough. Take the following from Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, 4to. 1633: "It is not possible to have the true pictures or *statuaes* of Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar, no nor of the kings or great personages of much later years," &c. p. 88. Again: "— without which the history of the world seemeth to be as the *Statua* of Polyphemus with his eye out," &c. *Reed.*

It may be observed, on this occasion, that some Latin words, which were admitted into the English language, still retained their Roman pronunciation. Thus *heroe* and *heroes* are constantly used for trisyllables; as in the following instances, by Chapman:

"His speare fixt by him as he slept, the great end in the ground,
"The point, that brisled the darke earth, cast a reflection round
"Like pallid lightnings throwne by Jove. Thus his *Heroe* lay,
"And under him a big oxe hide." 10*th Iliad.*

Again, in the same book:

"This said, he on his shoulders cast a yellow lion's hide,
"Big, and reacht earth; then took his speare; and Nestor's will applide,
"Rais'd the *Heroes*, brought them both. All met, the round they went." *Steevens.*

[6] —— *your* unseeing *eyes*,] So, in *Macbeth*:

"Thou hast *no speculation* in those eyes —." *Steevens.*

ACT V.....SCENE I.

The same. An Abbey.

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. The sun begins to gild the western sky;
And now, it is about the very hour,
That Silvia, at Patrick's cell, should meet me.[7]
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time;
So much they spur their expedition.

Enter SILVIA.

See, where she comes! Lady, a happy evening!

Sil. Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour!
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall;
I fear, I am attended by some spies.

Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we are sure enough.[8] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. An Apartment in the Duke's *Palace.*

Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, *and* JULIA.

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?

Pro. O, sir, I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thu. What, that my leg is too long?

Pro. No; that it is too little.

Thu. I 'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.

Pro. But love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes.

Thu. What says she to my face?

Pro. She says, it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,

[7] *That Silvia, at Patrick's cell, should meet me.*] The old copy redundantly reads: "—*friar* Patrick's cell." But the omission of this title is justified by a passage in the next scene, where the Duke says—

"At Patrick's cell this even; and there she was not."

Steevens.

[8] —— sure *enough.*] *Sure* is safe, out of danger. *Johnson.*

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Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.[9]

Jul. 'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them. [*Aside.*

Thu. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well, when I discourse of love, and peace?

Jul. But better, indeed, when you hold your peace. [*Aside.*

Thu. What says she to my valour?

Pro. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Jul. She needs not, when she knows it cowardice. [*Aside.*

Thu. What says she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Jul. True; from a gentleman to a fool. [*Aside.*

Thu. Considers she my possessions?

Pro. O, ay; and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. That such an ass should owe them. [*Aside.*

Pro. That they are out by lease.[1]

Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. How now, sir Proteus? how now, Thurio?
Which of you saw sir Eglamour of late?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

[9] Black *men are pearls, &c.*] So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632:

" —— a *black complexion*
" Is always *precious* in a *woman's eye.*"

Again, in *Sir Giles Goosecap:*

" —— but to make every *black* slovenly cloud a *pearl in her eye.*" *Steevens.*

" A black man is a jewel in a fair woman's eye," is one of Ray's proverbial sentences. *Malone.*

[1] *That they are* out by lease.] I suppose he means, because Thurio's folly has let them on disadvantageous terms. *Steevens.*

She pities Sir Thurio's possessions, because they are let to others, and are not in his own dear hands. This appears to me to be the meaning of it. *M. Mason.*

" By Thurio's *possessions*, he himself understands his lands and estate. But Proteus chooses to take the word likewise in a figurative sense, as signifying his *mental endowments:* and when he says, they are *out by lease*, he means they are no longer enjoyed by their master, (who is a fool) but are leased out to another." *Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786. *Steevens.*

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Duke. Saw you my daughter?
Pro. Neither.
Duke. Why, then, she 's fled unto that peasant Valentine;
And Eglamour is in her company.
'Tis true; for friar Laurence met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the forest:
Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she;
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it:
Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick's cell this even; and there she was not:
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently; and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot
That leads towards Mantua, whither they are fled.
Despatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit.*
Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,[2]
That flies her fortune when it follows her:
I 'll after; more to be reveng'd on Eglamour,
Than for the love of reckless Silvia.[3] [*Exit.*
Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,
Than hate of Eglamour, that goes with her. [*Exit.*
Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love,
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Frontiers of Mantua. *The Forest.*

Enter SILVIA, *and* Out-laws.

Out. Come, come;
Be patient; we must bring you to our captain.
Sil. A thousand more mischances, than this one,
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.
2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.
1 *Out.* Where is the gentleman, that was with her?
3 *Out.* Being nimble-footed, he hath out-run us,

[2] —— *a* peevish *girl,*] *Peevish,* in ancient language, signifies *foolish.* So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I:
"To send such *peevish* tokens to a king." *Steevens.*

[3] —— reckless *Silvia.*] i. e. careless, heedless. So, in *Hamlet:*
"—— like a puff'd and *reckless* libertine. *Steevens.*

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But Moyses, and Valerius, follow him.
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood;
There is our captain: we 'll follow him that 's fled;
The thicket is beset, he cannot 'scape.

1 *Out.* Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave:
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O Valentine! this I endure for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another part of the Forest.

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And, to the nightingale's complaining notes,
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.[4]
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was![5]
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;

[4] —— record *my woes.*] To *record* anciently signified to *sing*. So, in *The Pilgrim*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

" —— O sweet, sweet! how the birds *record* too?"

Again, in a pastoral, by N. Breton, published in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

" Sweet Philomel, the bird that hath the heavenly throat,
" Doth now, alas! not once afford *recording* of a note."

Again, in another *Ditty*, by Thomas Watson, *ibid:*

" Now birds *record* with harmonie."

Sir John Hawkins informs me, that to *record* is a term still used by bird-fanciers, to express the first essays of a bird in singing. *Steevens.*

[5] *O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,*
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!] It is hardly possible to point out four lines, in any of the plays of Shakspeare, more remarkable for ease and elegance. *Steevens.*

And leave no memory of what it was!] So, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta:*

" And leave no memory *that e'er I* was." *Ritson.*

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Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!—
What halloing, and what stir, is this to-day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chace:
They love me well; yet I have much to do,
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine; who 's this comes here?
[*Steps aside.*

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, *and* JULIA.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you,
(Though you respect not aught your servant doth)
To hazard life, and rescue you from him
That would have forc'd your honour and your love.
Vouchsafe me, for my meed,[6] but one fair look;
A smaller boon, than this, I cannot beg,
And less, than this, I am sure, you cannot give.

Val. How like a dream is this I see and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile. [*Aside.*

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!

Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But, by my coming, I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

Jul. And me, when he approacheth to your presence.
[*Aside.*

Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
O, heaven be judge, how I love Valentine,
Whose life 's as tender to me as my soul;
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I do detest false, perjur'd Proteus:
Therefore, be gone; solicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look?
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,[7]

[6] —— *my* meed,] i. e. reward. So, in *Titus Andronicus:*
" —— thanks, to men
" Of noble minds, is honourable *meed.*" *Steevens.*
Again, in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, 1575:
" O Christ! that I were sure of it! in faith he should have his *mede.*"
See also Spenser, and almost every writer of the times. *Reed.*

[7] —— *and still* approv'd,] *Approv'd* is *felt, experienced. Malone.*

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When women cannot love, where they 're belov'd.
Sil. When Proteus cannot love, where he 's belov'd.
Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou hadst two,
And that 's far worse than none; better have none,
Than plural faith, which is too much by one:
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!
Pro. In love,
Who respects friend?
Sil. All men, but Proteus.
Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I 'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end;
And love you 'gainst the nature of love, force you.
Sil. O heaven!
Pro. I 'll force thee yield to my desire.
Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch;
Thou friend of an ill fashion!
Pro. Valentine!
Val. Thou common friend, that 's without faith or love;[8]
(For such is a friend now) treacherous man!
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me. Now I dare not say
I have one friend alive: thou would'st disprove me.
Who should be trusted now, when one's right hand[9]

[8] —— that 's *without faith or love;*] *That 's* is perhaps here used, not for *who is*, but for *id est, that is to say*. *Malone.*

[9] *Who should be trusted* now, *when one's right hand* —] The word *now* is wanting in the first folio. *Steevens.*

The second folio, to complete the metre, reads:

"Who shall be trusted *now*, when one's right hand —."

The addition, like *all* those made in that copy, appears to have been merely arbitrary; and the modern word [*own*, which was introduced by Sir Thomas Hanmer] is, in my opinion, more likely to have been the author's than the other. *Malone.*

What! "*all* at one fell swoop!" are they *all* arbitrary, when Mr. Malone has honoured so many of them with a place in his text? Being completely satisfied with the reading of the second folio, I have followed it. *Steevens.*

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Is perjur'd to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry, I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest:[1] O time, most curst!
'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst!

Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me.—
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender it here; I do as truly suffer,
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest:—
Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heaven nor earth; for these are pleas'd;
By penitence the Eternal's wrath 's appeas'd:—
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia, I give thee.[2]

[1] *The private wound,* &c.] I have a little mended the measure. The old editions, and all but Sir Thomas Hanmer's, read:

"*The private wound is deepest: O time most* accurs'd."

Johnson.

Deepest, highest, and other similar words, were sometimes used by the poets of Shakspeare's age, as monosyllables. So, in our poet's 133d Sonnet:

"But slave to slavery my *sweetest* friend must be." *Malone.*

Perhaps our author only wrote—"*sweet,*" which the transcriber, or printer, prolonged into the superlative—"*sweetest.*" *Steevens.*

[2] *All that was mine in* Silvia, *I give thee.*] It is (I think) very odd, to give up his mistress thus at once, without any reason alleged. But our author probably followed the stories, just as he found them in his novels as well as histories. *Pope.*

This passage either hath been much sophisticated, or is one great proof, that the main parts of this play did not proceed from Shakspeare; for it is impossible he could make Valentine act and speak so much out of character, or give to Silvia so unnatural a behaviour, as to take no notice of this strange concession, if it had been made. *Hanmer.*

Valentine, from seeing *Silvia* in the company of Proteus, might conceive she had escaped with him from her father's court, for the purposes of love, though she could not foresee the violence which his villany might offer, after he had seduced her, under the pretence of an honest passion. If Valentine, however, be supposed to hear all that passed between them in this scene, I am afraid I have only to subscribe to the opinions of my predecessors. *Steevens.*

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Jul. O me, unhappy! [*Faints.*

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! why, wag! how now? what is the matter!
Look up; speak.

Jul. O good sir, my master charg'd me
To deliver a ring to madam Silvia;[3]
Which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis: this is it. [*Gives a ring.*

Pro. How! let me see:[4]
Why this is the ring I gave to Julia.

Jul. O, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook;
This is the ring you sent to Silvia. [*Shows another ring.*

Pro. But, how cam'st thou by this ring? at my depart,
I gave this unto Julia.

Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How! Julia!

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,[5]

—— *I give thee.*] Transfer these two lines to the end of Thurio's speech in page 237, and all is right. Why then should Julia faint? It is only an artifice, seeing Silvia given up to Valentine, to discover herself to Proteus, by a pretended mistake of the rings. One great fault of this play is, the hastening too abruptly, and without due preparation, to the denouëment, which shews that, if it be Shakspeare's, (which I cannot doubt) it was one of his very early performances. *Blackstone.*

[3] *To* deliver *a ring to madam Silvia;*] Surely our author wrote —"*Deliver a* ring," &c. A verse, so rugged as that in the text, must be one of those corrupted by the players, or their transcribers. *Steevens.*

[4] Pro. *How! let me see:* &c.] I suspect that this unmetrical passage should be regulated as follows:

Pro. *How! let me see* it: *Why, this is the ring*
I gave to Julia.
Jul. *'Cry you mercy, sir,*
I have mistook: this is the ring you sent
To Silvia.
Pro. *But how cam'st thou by this?*
At my depart, I gave this unto Julia. *Steevens.*

[5] *Behold her that* gave aim *to all thy oaths,*] So, in *Titus Andronicus,* Act V, sc. iii:

"But, gentle people, *give* me *aim* a while."

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And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root?[6]
O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!
Be thou asham'd, that I have took upon me
Such an immodest rayment; if shame live[7]
In a disguise of love:
It is the lessser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds! 'tis true: O heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all sins:
Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins:
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's, with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close;
'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.

Pro. Bear witness, heaven, I have my wish for ever.

Jul. And I have mine.[8]

Enter Out-laws, *with* DUKE *and* THURIO.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!

Val. Forbear, I say; it is my lord the duke.[9]
Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine!

Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia 's mine.

Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death;

Both these passages allude to the *aim-crier* in archery. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act III, sc. ii: "—all my neighbours shall *cry aim*." See note, *ibid.* *Steevens.*

[6] *How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the* root?] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*cleft the root* on 't. *Johnson.*

—— *cleft the* root?] i. e. of her heart. *Malone.*

An allusion to *cleaving the pin* in archery. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *if* shame *live* —] That is, *if it be any shame to wear a disguise for the purposes of love.* *Johnson.*

[8] *And I* have *mine.*] The old copy reads—"And I mine."—I have inserted the word *have*, which is necessary to metre, by the advice of Mr. Ritson. *Steevens.*

[9] Forbear, *I say; it is my lord the duke.*] The old copy, without regard to metre, repeats the word *forbear*, which is here omitted. *Steevens.*

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Come not within the measure[1] of my wrath:
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Milan shall not behold thee.[2] Here she stands;
Take but possession of her with a touch;—
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.—

Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I;
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,[3]
And leave her, on such slight conditions.—
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love.[4]
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,[5]
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.—
Plead a new state[6] in thy unrivall'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe,—sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;

[1] —— *the measure* —] The length of my sword, the reach of my anger. *Johnson.*

[2] Milan *shall not behold thee.*] All the editions—*Verona shall not behold thee.* But whether through the mistake of the first editors, or the poet's own carelessness, this reading is absurdly faulty. For the threat here is to Thurio, who is a Milanese; and has no concern, as it appears, with Verona. Besides, the scene is between the confines of Milan and Mantua, to which Silvia follows Valentine, having heard that he had retreated thither. And, upon these circumstances, I ventured to adjust the text, as I imagine the poet must have intended; i. e. Milan, *thy country, shall never see thee again: thou shalt never live to go back thither. Theobald.*

[3] *To* make such means *for her as thou hast done,*] i. e. to make such interest for, to take such disingenuous pains about her. So, in *King Richard III:*

"One that *made means* to come by what he hath." *Steevens.*

[4] *And think thee* worthy of an empress' love.] This thought has already occurred in the fourth scene of the second act:

"He is as *worthy for an empress' love.*" *Steevens.*

[5] —— *all former* griefs,] *Griefs*, in old language, frequently signified *grievances, wrongs. Malone.*

[6] Plead *a new state* —] Should not this begin a new sentence? *Plead* is the same as *plead thou. Tyrwhitt.*

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Take thou thy Silvia; for thou hast deserv'd her.
Val. I thank your grace: the gift hath made me happy.
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.
Duke. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.
Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endued with worthy qualities.
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile:
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.
Duke. Thou hast prevail'd: I pardon them, and thee;
Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.
Come, let us go; we will include all jars[7]
With triumphs,[8] mirth, and rare solemnity.
Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile:
What think you of this page, my lord?
Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him; he blushes.
Val. I warrant you, my lord; more grace than boy.
Duke. What mean you by that saying?
Val. Please you, I 'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned.—
Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance, but to hear
The story of your loves discovered:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness. [*Exeunt.*[9]

[7] —— include *all jars* —] To *include* is to *shut up*, to *conclude*. So, in *Macbeth:*

" —— and *shut up*
" In measureless content."

Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. IV, ch. ix:

" And for to *shut up* all in friendly love." *Steevens.*

[8] *With* triumphs,] *Triumphs*, in this and many other passages of Shakspeare, signify Masques and Revels, &c. So, in *King Henry VI*, P. III:

" With stately *triumphs*, mirthful comic shows." *Steevens.*

[9] In this play there is a strange mixture of knowledge and ignorance, of care and neligence. The versification is often excellent, the allusions are learned and just; but the author conveys his heroes by sea from one inland town to another in the same country; he places the Emperor at Milan, and sends his young men to attend him, but never mentions him more; he makes Proteus, after an interview with Silvia, say he has only seen her

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picture; and, if we may credit the old copies, he has, by mistaking places, left his scenery inextricable. The reason of all this confusion seems to be, that he took his story from a novel, which he sometimes followed, and sometimes forsook, sometimes remembered, and sometimes forgot.

That this play is rightly attributed to Shakspeare, I have little doubt. If it be taken from him, to whom shall it be given? This question may be asked of all the disputed plays, except *Titus Andronicus;* and it will be found more credible, that Shakspeare might sometimes sink below his highest flights, than that any other should rise up to his lowest. *Johnson.*

Johnson's general remarks on this play are just, except that part in which he arraigns the conduct of the poet, for making Proteus say, that he had only seen the picture of Silvia, when it appears that he had had a personal interview with her. This, however, is not a blunder of Shakspeare's, but a mistake of Johnson's, who considers the passage alluded to in a more literal sense than the author intended it. Sir Proteus, it is true, had seen Silvia for a few moments; but though he could form from thence some idea of her person, he was still unacquainted with her temper, manners, and the qualities of her mind. He therefore considers himself as having seen her picture only.—The thought is just, and elegantly expressed.—So, in *The Scornful Lady*, the elder Loveless says to her:

"I was mad once, when I loved *pictures;*
"For what are shape and colours else, but *pictures?*"

M. Mason.

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MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Theseus, *Duke of* Athens.
Egeus, *Father to* Hermia.
Lysander, Demetrius, } *in love with* Hermia.
Philostrate, *Master of the Revels to* Theseus.
Quince, *the Carpenter.*
Snug, *the Joiner.*
Bottom, *the Weaver.*
Flute, *the Bellows-mender.*
Snout, *the Tinker.*
Starveling, *the Tailor.*

Hippolyta, *Queen of the* Amazons, *betrothed* to Theseus.
Hermia, *Daughter to* Egeus, *in love with* Lysander.
Helena, *in love with* Demetrius.

Oberon, *King of the Fairies.*
Titania, *Queen of the Fairies.*
Puck, *or* Robin-goodfellow, *a Fairy.*
Peas-blossom, Cobweb, Moth, Mustard-seed, } *Fairies.*
Pyramus, Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, Lion, } *Characters in the* Interlude *performed by the* Clowns.

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen.
Attendants on Theseus *and* Hippolyta.

SCENE,
Athens, *and a Wood not far from it.*

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MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT I.....SCENE I.

Athens. *A room in the Palace of* Theseus.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, *and Attendants.*

The. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, oh! methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.[1]

Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights;[2]
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow,
New bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp.—

[*Exit* PHILOS.

[1] *Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,*
Long withering out *a young man's revenue.*] The authenticity of this reading having been questioned, by Dr. Warburton, I shall exemplify it from Chapman's translation of the 4th Book of Homer:

" —— there the goodly plant lies *withering out* his grace."
Steevens.

" ——— *Ut piget annus*
" *Pupillis, quos dura premit custodia matrum,*
" *Sic mihi tarda fluunt ingrataque tempora.*" Hor. *Malone.*

[2] —— steep *themselves in nights;*] So, in *Cymbeline*, Act V, sc. iv.

" ——— neither deserve,
" And yet are *steep'd* in favours." *Steevens.*

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Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.[3]

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, *and* DEMETRIUS.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke![4]

The. Thanks, good Egeus: What 's the news with thee?

[3] *With pomp, with* triumph, *and with revelling.*] By triumph, as Mr. Warton has observed in his late edition of Milton's *Poems*, p. 56, we are to understand *shows*, such as masks, revels, &c. So again, in *King Henry VI*, P. III:

" And now what rests, but that we spend the time
" With stately *triumphs*, mirthful comick shows,
" Such as befit the pleasures of the court!"

Again, in the preface to Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, 1624: " Now come tidings of weddings, maskings, mummeries, entertainments, trophies, *triumphs*, revels, sports, playes." Jonson, as the same gentleman observes, in the title of his masque called *Love's Triumph through Callipolis*, by *triumph* seems to have meant a grand procession; and, in one of the stage-directions, it is said, " the triumph is seen far off." *Malone.*

Thus also, (and more satisfactorily) in the *Duke of Anjou's Entertainment at Antwerp*, 1581: " yet notwithstanding, their triumphes [those of the Romans] have so borne the bell above all the rest, that the word *triumphing*, which commeth thereof, *hath beene applied to all high, great, and statelie dooings.*" *Steevens.*

[4] —— *our renowned* duke!] Thus, in Chaucer's *Knight's Tale:*

" Whilom as olde stories tellen us,
" There was a *Duk* that highte Theseus,
" Of Athenes he was lord and governour," &c.

Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 861.

Lidgate too, the monk of Bury, in his translation of the *Tragedies of John Bochas*, calls him by the same title, ch. xii, l. 21:

" *Duke* Theseus had the victorye."

Creon, in the tragedy of *Jocasta*, translated from *Euripides* in 1566, is called *Duke Creon.*

So likewise Skelton:

" Not like *Duke* Hamilcar,
" Nor like *Duke* Asdrubal."

Stanyhurst, in his Translation of Virgil, calls Æneas, *Duke* Æneas; and in Heywood's *Iron Age*, Part II, 1632, Ajax is styled *Duke* Ajax, Palamedes, *Duke* Palamedes, and Nestor, *Duke* Nestor, &c.

Our version of the Bible exhibits a similar misapplication of a modern title; for in Daniel, iii. 2, Nebuchadonozar, King of Babylon, sends out a summons to the *Sheriffs* of his provinces. *Steevens.*

See also the 1st Book of *The Chronicles*, ch. i, v. 51, & seqq. a list of the *Dukes* of Edom. *Harris.*

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Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.—
Stand forth, Demetrius;—my noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her:—
Stand forth, Lysander;—and, my gracious duke,
This hath bewitch'd[5] the bosom of my child:
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast giv'n her rhymes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child;
Thou hast, by moon-light, at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds,[6] conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweet-meats; messengers
Of strong prevailment, in unharden'd youth:
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness:—And, my gracious duke,
Be it so she will not here, before your grace,
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens;
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
Which shall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death; according to our law,[7]

[5] *This* hath *bewitch'd*—] The old copies read—This *man* hath bewitch'd—. The emendation was made for the sake of the metre, by the editor of the second folio. It is very probable that the compositor caught the word *man*, from the line above. *Malone.*

[6] —— *gawds*,] i. e. baubles, toys, trifles. Our author has the word frequently. See *King John*, Act III, sc. v.
Again, in *Appius and Virginia*, 1576:
"When gain is no grandsier,
"And *gaudes* not set by," &c.
Again, in Drayton's *Mooncalf*:
"——— and in her lap
"A sort of paper puppets, *gauds* and toys."
The Rev. Mr. Lambe, in his notes on the ancient metrical history of *The Battle of Flodden*, observes, that a *gawd* is *a child's toy*, and, that the children in the North call their play-things *gowdys*, and their baby-house a *gowdy-house*. *Steevens.*

[7] *Or to her death; according to our law*,] By a law of Solon, parents had an absolute power of life and death over their children. So it suited the poet's purpose well enough, to suppose the Athenians had it before.—Or, perhaps, he neither thought nor knew any thing of the matter. *Warburton.*

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Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia? be advis'd, fair maid:
To you, your father should be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.[8]
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is:
But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold;
Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts:
But I beseech your grace, that I may know
The worst that may befal me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death,[9] or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
Know of your youth,[1] examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye[2] to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,

[8] *To* leave *the figure, or* disfigure *it.*] The sense is, *you owe to your father a being, which he may at pleasure continue or destroy.* *Johnson.*

[9] ——*to die the death,*] So, in the second part of *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

"We will, my liege, else let us *die the death.*"

See notes on *Measure for Measure*, Act II, sc. iv. *Steevens.*

[1] *Know of your youth,*] Bring your youth to the question. Consider your youth. *Johnson.*

[2] *For* aye —] i. e. for *ever*. So, in *K. Edward II*, by Marlowe, 1622:

"And sit for *aye* enthronized in heaven." *Steevens.*

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To undergo such maiden pilgrimage:
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,[3]
Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke[4]
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause: and, by the next new moon,
(The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship)
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For disobedience to your father's will;
Or else, to wed Demetrius, as he would:
Or, on Diana's altar to protest,
For aye, austerity and single life.

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia;—and, Lysander, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.[5]

Ege. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love;
And what is mine my love shall render him;
And she is mine; and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.

[3] *But* earthlier *happy is the rose* distill'd,] Thus all the copies: yet *earthlier* is so harsh a word, and *earthlier happy*, for *happier earthly*, a mode of speech so unusual, that I wonder none of the editors have proposed *earlier happy*. *Johnson.*

It has since been observed, that Mr. Pope did propose *earlier*. We might read—*earthly happy*.

—— *the* rose distill'd,] So, in Lyly's *Midas*, 1592: "—You bee all young and faire, endeavour to bee wise and vertuous; that when, like *roses*, you shall fall from the stalke, you may be gathered, and put to the *still*."

This image, however, must have been generally obvious, as in Shakspeare's time, the distillation of rose-water was a common process, in all families. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *whose unwished yoke* —] Thus both the quartos 1600, and the folio 1623. The second folio reads—

——— *to whose unwished yoke* —. *Steevens.*

[5] *You have her father's love, Demetrius;*
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.] I suspect, that Shakspeare wrote:

Let me have Hermia; do you marry him. *Tyrwhitt.*

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Lys. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia.
Why should not I, then, prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I 'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted[6] and inconstant man.

The. I must confess, that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me;
I have some private schooling for you both.—
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or else, the law of Athens yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of single life.—
Come, my Hippolyta; What cheer, my love?—
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial; and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty and desire we follow you.

[*Exeunt* THE. HIP. EGE. DEM. *and train.*

Lys. How now, my love? Why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

Her. Belike, for want of rain; which I could well
Beteem them[7] from the tempest of mine eyes.

[6] —— *spotted* —] As *spotless* is innocent, so *spotted* is wicked. *Johnson.*

[7] Beteem *them* —] Give them, bestow upon them. The word is used by Spenser. *Johnson.*

"So would I, said th' enchanter, glad and fain
"*Beteem* to you his sword, you to defend." *Fairy Queen.*

Again, in *The Case is Altered. How? Ask Dalio and Milo*, 1605:
"I could *beteeme* her a better match."

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Lys. Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear, by tale or history,
The course of true love[8] never did run smooth:
But, either it was different in blood,—
Her. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low![9]
Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of years;
Her. O spite! too old to be engag'd to young!
Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends:
Her. O hell! to choose love by another's eye!
Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;
Making it momentany as a sound,[1]
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,[2]

But I rather think, that to *beteem*, in this place, signifies (as in the northern counties) to *pour out;* from *tommer*, Danish. *Steevens.*

[8] *The course of true love* —] This passage seems to have been imitated by Milton. *Paradise Lost*, B. X.—896. & seq. *Malone.*

[9] —— *too high to be enthrall'd to* low!] *Love*—possesses all the editions, but carries no just meaning in it. Nor was Hermia displeased at being in love; but regrets the inconveniences, that generally attend the passion; either the parties are disproportioned, in degree of blood and quality; or unequal, in respect of years; or brought together by the appointment of friends, and not by their own choice. These are the complaints, represented by Lysander; and Hermia, to answer to the first, as she has done to the other two, must necessarily say:

O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low!

So the antithesis is kept up in the terms; and so she is made to condole the disproportion of blood and quality in lovers. *Theobald.*

The emendation is fully supported, not only by the tenour of the preceding lines, but by a passage in our author's *Venus and Adonis*, in which the former predicts that the course of love never shall run smooth:

"Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend,
"Ne'er settled equally, *too high*, or *low*," &c. *Malone.*

[1] —— momentany *as a sound,*] Thus the quartos. The first folio reads—*momentary*. *Momentany* (says Dr. Johnson) is the old and proper word. *Steevens.*

"—— that short *momentany* rage,"—is an expression of Dryden. *Henley.*

[2] *Brief as the lightning in the* collied *night,*] *Collied*, i. e. black, smutted with coal, a word still used in the midland counties.

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That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And, ere a man hath power to say,—Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:[3]
So quick bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross;
As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.[4]

Lys. A good persuasion; therefore, hear me, Hermia.
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child:
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee:
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us: If thou lov'st me, then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
And, in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.

So, in Ben Jonson's *Poetaster:*

"—— Thou hast not *collied* thy face enough." *Steevens.*

[3] *That, in a* spleen, *unfolds both heaven and earth,*
And, ere a man hath power to say,—Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:] Though the word *spleen* be here employed oddly enough, yet I believe it right. Shakspeare, always hurried on by the grandeur and multitude of his ideas, assumes, every now and then, an uncommon licence in the use of his words. Particularly in complex moral modes it is usual with him to employ one, only to express a very few *ideas* of that number of which it is composed. Thus wanting here to express the ideas—of a sudden, or—*in a trice*, he uses the word *spleen;* which, partially considered, signifying a hasty sudden fit, is enough for him, and he never troubles himself about the further or fuller signification of the word. Here, he uses the word *spleen* for a *sudden hasty fit;* so, just the contrary, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, he uses *sudden* for *splenetic;* "*sudden quips.*" And it must be owned, this sort of conversation adds a force to the diction. *Warburton.*

[4] —— fancy's *followers.*] *Fancy* is *love.* So, afterwards, in this play:

"Fair Helena in *fancy* following me." *Steevens.*

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Her. My good Lysander!
I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow;
By his best arrow, with the golden head;[5]
By the simplicity of Venus' doves;
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves;
And by that fire, which burn'd the Carthage queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
By all the vows, that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke;—
In that same place, thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love: Look, here comes Helena.

Enter HELENA.

Her. God speed fair Helena! Whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair:[6] O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars:[7] and your tongue's sweet air

[5] —— *his best* arrow, *with the* golden *head;*] So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book II:

" —— *arrowes* two, and tipt with *gold* or lead:
" Some hurt, accuse a third with horny head." *Steevens.*

[6] *Demetrius loves your* fair:] *Fair* is used again as a substantive in *The Comedy of Errors*, Act III, sc. iv:

" —— My decayed *fair*,
" A sunny look of his would soon repair."

Again, in *The Death of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

" But what foul hand hath arm'd Matilda's *fair?*"

Again, in *A Looking-Glass for London and England*, 1598:

" And fold in me the riches of thy *fair*."

Again, in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:

" Then tell me, love, shall I have all thy *fair?*"

Again, in Greene's *Never too late*, 1616: " Though she were false to Menelaus, yet her *fair* made him brook her follies."

Again:

" Flora in tawny hid up all her flowers,
" And would not diaper the meads with *fair*." *Steevens.*

[7] *Your eyes are lode-stars;*] This was a compliment not unfrequent among the old poets. The lode-star is the *leading* or guiding star, that is, the pole-star. The magnet is, for the same reason, called the *lode-stone*, either because it leads iron, or because it guides the sailor. Milton has the same thought in *L'Allegro:*

" Towers and battlements it sees
" Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
" Where perhaps some beauty lies,
" The *cynosure* of neighb'ring eyes."

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More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching; oh, were favour so![8]
Your's would I catch,[9] fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I 'll give to be to you translated.[1]
O, teach me how you look; and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. O, that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. O, that my pray'rs could such affection move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.[2]

Hel. None, but your beauty; 'would that fault were mine![3]

Davies calls Queen Elizabeth:

" *Lode-stone* to hearts, and *lode-stone* to all eyes." *Johnson.*

So, in *The Spanish Tragedy:*

" Led by the *loadstar* of her heavenly looks."

Again, in *The battle of Alcazar*, 1594:

" The *loadstar* and the honour of our line." *Steevens.*

[8] —— *O, were* favour *so!*] *Favour* is *feature, countenance.* So, in *Twelfth Night*, Act II, sc. iv:

" ———— thine eye
" Hath stay'd upon some *favour* that it loves." *Steevens.*

[9] *Yours* would *I catch,*] This emendation is taken from the Oxford edition. The old reading is—*Your words I catch. Johnson.*

I have deserted the old copies, only because I am unable to discover how Helena, by catching the words of Hermia, could also catch her *favour*, i. e. her beauty. *Steevens.*

[1] —— *to be to you* translated.] To *translate* in our author, sometimes signifies to *change*, to *transform.* So, in *Timon:*

" —— to present slaves and servants
" *Translates* his rivals." *Steevens.*

[2] *His folly, Helena, is* no fault *of mine.*] The folio, and the quarto, printed by Roberts, read:

His folly, Helena, is none *of mine. Johnson.*

[3] *None, but your beauty; 'would that fault were mine!*] I would point this line thus:

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Her. Take comfort; he no more shall see my face;
Lysander and myself will fly this place.—
Before the time I did Lysander see,[4]
Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:
O, then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto hell!

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:
To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
(A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal)
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet:
And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.
Farewel, sweet playfellow! pray thou for us;
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!—
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight
From lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight.
[*Exit* HER.

Lys. I will, my Hermia.—Helena, adieu:
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you! [*Exit* LYS.

Hel. How happy some o'er other some can be!
Through Athens, I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know.
And, as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.

None.—But your beauty;—'would that fault were mine!
Henderson.

[4] *Take comfort; he no more shall see my face;*
Lysander and myself will fly this place.—
Before the time I did Lysander see,] Perhaps every reader may not discover the propriety of these lines. Hermia is willing to comfort Helena, and to avoid all appearance of triumph over her. She therefore bids her not to consider the power of pleasing as an advantage to be much envied or much desired, since Hermia, whom she considers as possessing it in the supreme degree, has found no other effect of it than the loss of happiness. *Johnson.*

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Things base and vile, holding no quantity,[5]
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And, therefore, is wing'd Cupid painted blind:
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:
And, therefore, is love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.
As waggish boys in game[6] themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where:
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,[7]
He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine;
And when this hail[8] some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:[9]
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither, and back again. [*Exit.*

[5] —— *holding no* quantity,] *Quality* seems a word more suitable to the sense than quantity, but either may serve. *Johnson.*
Quantity is our author's word. So, in *Hamlet*, Act III, sc. ii:
" And women's fear and love *hold quantity*." *Steevens.*

[6] —— *in* game —] *Game* here signifies, not contentious play, but *sport, jest*. So Spenser:
" —— 'twixt earnest, and 'twixt *game*." *Johnson.*

[7] —— *Hermia's* eyne,] This plural is common both in Chaucer and Spenser. So, in Chaucer's *Character of the Prioresse*, Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 152:
" —— hir *eyen* grey as glass."
Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. I, c. iv, st. 9:
" While flashing beams do dare his feeble *eyen*." *Steevens.*

[8] —— this *hail* —] Thus all the editions, except the 4to. 1600, printed by Roberts, which reads instead of *this hail*, his *hail*. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *it is a* dear expense:] i. e. it will *cost him much*, (be a severe constraint on his feelings) to make even so slight a return for my communication. *Steevens.*

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SCENE II.

The same. A Room in a Cottage.

Enter SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, QUINCE, *and* STARVELING.[1]

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.[2]

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow to a point.[3]

[1] In this scene, Shakspeare takes advantage of his knowledge of the theatre, to ridicule the prejudices and competitions of the players. Bottom, who is generally acknowledged the principal actor, declares his inclination to be for a tyrant, for a part of fury, tumult, and noise, such as every young man pants to perform, when he first steps upon the stage. The same Bottom, who seems bred in a tiring-room, has another histrionical passion. He is for engrossing every part, and would exclude his inferiors from all possibility of distinction. He is, therefore, desirous to play Pyramus, Thisbe, and the Lion, at the same time. *Johnson.*

[2] —— *the* scrip.] A *scrip*, Fr. *escript*, now written *écrit*. So, Chaucer, in *Troilus and Cressida*, l. 2. 1130:

"*Scripe* nor bil."

Again, in Heywood's *If you know not me you know Nobody*, 1606, P. II:

"I'll take thy own word without *scrip* or scroll."

Holinshed likewise uses the word. *Steevens.*

[3] —— grow *to a point.*] Dr. Warburton reads—*go on*; but *grow* is used, in allusion to his name, Quince. *Johnson.*

To *grow* to a point, I believe, has no reference to the name of *Quince*. I meet with the same kind of expression in *Wily Beguiled*:

"As yet we are *grown* to no conclusion."

Again, in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

"Our reasons will be infinite, I trow,

"Unless *unto some other point we grow*." *Steevens.*

And so grow to a point.] The sense, in my opinion, hath been hitherto mistaken; and instead of a *point*, a substantive, I would read *appoint*, a verb; that is, *appoint* what part each actor is to perform, which is the real case. Quince first tells them the name of the play, then calls the actors by their names, and after that, tells each of them what part is set down for him to act.

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Quin. Marry, our play is—The most lamentable comedy,[4] and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry.[5]—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll: Masters, spread yourselves.[6]

Quin. Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready: Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes: I will move storms, I will condole in some measure.[7] To the rest:—Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could

Perhaps, however, only the particle *a* may be inserted by the printer, and Shakspeare wrote to *point*, i. e. to appoint. The word occurs in that sense, in a poem, by N. B. 1614, called *I would and I would not*, stanza iii:

"To *point* the captains every one their fight." *Warner.*

[4] —— *The most lamentable comedy*, &c.] This is very probably a burlesque on the *title page* of *Cambyses*: "A lamentable Tragedie, mixed full of pleasant Mirth, containing, *The Life of Cambises King of Percia*," &c. By Thomas Preston, bl. l. no date.

On the registers of the Stationers' company, however, appears "the boke of *Pyramus and Thisbye*," 1562. Perhaps Shakspeare copied some part of his interlude from it." *Steevens.*

A poem, entitled *Pyramus and Thisbe*, by D. Gale, was published in 4to. in 1597; but this, I believe, was posterior to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. *Malone.*

[5] *A very* good *piece of work, and a* merry.] This is designed as a ridicule on the titles of our ancient moralities and interludes. Thus Skelton's *Magnificence* is called "a goodly interlude and a mery." *Steevens.*

[6] —— spread *yourselves.*] i. e. stand separately, not in a group, but so that you may be distinctly seen, and called over. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *I will* condole *in some measure,*] When we use this verb at present, we put *with* before the person for whose misfortune we profess concern. Anciently, it seems to have been employed without it. So, in *A Pennyworth of good Counsell*, an ancient ballad:

"Thus to the wall
"I may *condole.*"

Again, in *Three Merry Coblers*, another old song:

"Poor weather beaten soles,
"Whose case the body *condoles.*" *Steevens.*

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play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in,[8] to make all split.[9]

"The raging rocks,
"With shivering shocks,[1]
"Shall break the locks
"Of prison-gates:
"And Phibbus' car
"Shall shine from far,
"And make and mar
"The foolish fates."

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the players.—This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.[2]

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take Thisby on you.

Flu. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman; I have a beard coming.

[8] *I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a* cat *in,*] In the old comedy of *The Roaring Girl*, 1611, there is a character, called *Tear-cat*, who says: "I am called, by those, who have seen my valour, *Tear-cat.*" In an anonymous piece called *Histriomastix*, or *The Player Whipt*, 1610, in six acts, a parcel of soldiers drag a company of players on the stage, and the captain says: "Sirrah, this is you that would rend and *tear a cat* upon a stage," &c. Again, in *The Isle of Gulls*, a comedy, by J. Day, 1606; "I had rather hear two such jests, than a whole play of such *Tear-cat* thunderclaps." *Steevens.*

[9] ——*to* make all split.] This is to be connected with the previous part of the speech; not with the subsequent rhymes. It was the description of a bully. In the second act of *The Scornful Lady*, we meet with "two *roaring boys* of Rome, that *made all split.*" *Farmer.*

I meet with the same expression in *The Widow's Tears*, by Chapman, 1612: "Her wit I must employ upon this business, to prepare my next encounter, but in such a fashion as shall *make all split.*" *Malone.*

[1] With *shivering shocks,*] The old copy reads—"*And* shivering," &c. The emendation is Dr. Farmer's. *Steevens.*

[2] —— *the* bellows-mender.] In Ben Jonson's *Masque of Pan's Anniversary*, &c. a man of the same profession is introduced. I have been told that a *bellows-mender* was one, who had the care of *organs, regals, &c. Steevens.*

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Quin. That 's all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.[3]

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too: I 'll speak in a monstrous little voice;—*Thisne, Thisne,*—*Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear; thy Thisby dear! and lady dear!*

Quin. No, no; you must play Pyramus; and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.[4]—Tom Snout the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus's father; myself, Thisby's father;—Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part:—and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

[3] —— *as small,* &c.] This passage shows how the want of women on the old stage was supplied. If they had not a young man, who could perform the part with a face that might pass for feminine, the character was acted in a mask, which was, at that time, a part of a lady's dress, so much in use, that it did not give any unusual appearance to the scene: and he that could modulate his voice in a female tone, might play the woman very successfully. It is observed, in Downes's *Roscius Anglicanus,* that Kynaston, one of these counterfeit heroines, moved the passions more strongly than the women that have since been brought upon the stage. Some of the catastrophes of the old comedies, which makes lovers marry the wrong women, are, by recollection of the common use of masks, brought nearer to probability. *Johnson.*

Dr. Johnson here seems to have quoted from memory. Downes does not speak of Kynaston's performance in such unqualified terms. His words are—"It has since been disputable among the judicious, whether any women that succeeded him (Kynaston) so sensibly touched the audience as he." *Reed.*

[4] —— *you must play Thisby's mother.*] There seems a double forgetfulness of our poet, in relation to the characters of this interlude. The father and mother of Thisby, and the father of Pyramus, are here mentioned, who do not appear at all in the interlude; but Wall and Moonshine are both employed in it, of whom there is not the least notice taken here. *Theobald.*

Theobald is wrong as to this last particular. The introduction of *Wall* and *Moonshine* was an after-thought. See Act III, sc. i. It may be observed, however, that no part of what is rehearsed is afterwards repeated, when the piece is acted before Theseus. *Steevens.*

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Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.[5]

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, *Let him roar again, Let him roar again*.

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.[6]

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus: for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day: a most lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-coloured beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.[7]

[5] —— *slow of* study.] *Study* is still the cant term used in a theatre for getting any nonsense by rote. Hamlet asks the player if he can "*study*" a speech. *Steevens*.

[6] —— an '*twere any nightingale*.] *An* means *as if*. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:—"He will weep you, *an* 'twere a man born in April." *Steevens*.

[7] —— *your perfect yellow*.] Here Bottom again discovers a true genius for the stage, by his solicitude for propriety of dress, and his deliberation which beard to choose among many beards, all unnatural. *Johnson*.

So, in the old comedy of *Ram Alley*, 1611:

"What *colour'd beard* comes next by the window?
"A black man's, I think;
"I think, a *red*: for that is most in fashion."

This custom of wearing coloured beards, the reader will find more amply explained in *Measure for Measure*, Act IV, sc. ii. *Steevens*.

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Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced.[8]—But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moon-light; there will we rehearse: for if we meet in the city, we shall be dog'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time, I will draw a bill of properties,[9] such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely, and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; Hold, or cut bow-strings.[1] [*Exeunt.*

[8] —— *French crowns*, &c.] That is, a head from which the hair has fallen, in one of the last stages of the *lues venerea*, called the *corona veneris*. To this our poet has too frequent allusions.
Steevens.

[9] —— *properties*,] *Properties* are whatever little articles are wanted in a play for the actors, according to their respective parts, dresses and scenes excepted. The person who delivers them out is, to this day, called the *property-man*. In *The Basingbourne Roll*, 1511, we find "garnements and *propyrtes*." See Warton's History of English Poetry, Vol. III, p. 326.
Again, in *Albumazar*, 1615:
"Furbo, our beards,
"Black patches for our eyes, and other *properties*."
Again, in *Westward-Hoe*, 1607:
"I'll go make ready my rustical *properties*." *Steevens.*

[1] *At the duke's oak we meet.*
—— *Hold, or cut* bow-strings.] This proverbial phrase came originally from the camp. When a rendezvous was appointed, the militia soldiers would frequently make excuse for not keeping word, that their *bow-strings* were *broke*, i. e. their arms unserviceable. Hence when one would give another absolute assurance of meeting him, he would say, proverbially—*hold or* cut *bow-strings*—i. e. whether the bow-strings held or broke. For *cut* is used as a neuter, like the verb *fret*. As when we say, the *string frets*, the *silk frets*, for the passive, *it is cut or fretted*.
Warburton.

This interpretation is very ingenious, but somewhat disputable. The excuse, made by the militia soldiers, is a mere supposition, without proof; and it is well known that while *bows* were in use, no archer ever entered the field without a supply of *strings* in his pocket; whence originated the proverb, *to have two strings*

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ACT II.....SCENE I.

A Wood near Athens.

Enter a Fairy *at one door, and* PUCK *at another.*

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?
Fai. Over hill, over dale,[2]
Thorough bush, thorough briar,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moones sphere;[3]

to one's bow. In *The Country Girl*, a comedy, by T. B. 1647, is the following threat to a fidler:

" ——— fiddler, strike;

" I 'll strike you, else, and *cut your begging bowstrings.*"

Again, in *The Ball*, by Chapman and Shirley, 1639:

" ——— have you devices to jeer the rest?

" *Luc.* All the regiment of 'em, or I 'll *break my bowstrings.*"

The *bowstrings*, in both these instances, may only mean the *strings*, which make part of the *bow* with which musical instruments of several kinds are struck. The propriety of the allusion I cannot satisfactorily explain. Let the curious reader, however, consult Ascham's *Toxophilus*, edit. 1589, p. 38, b. *Steevens.*

To meet, *whether bow-strings hold or are cut*, is to meet, in all events. To cut the bowstring, when bows were in use, was probably a common practice of those, who bore enmity to the archer. " He hath twice or thrice *cut* Cupid's *bowstring*, (says Don Pedro, in *Much Ado about Nothing*) and the little hangman dare not shoot at him." *Malone.*

[2] *Over hill, over dale*, &c.] So Drayton, in his *Nymphidia:*

" Thorough brake, thorough brier,
" Thorough muck, thorough mire,
" Thorough water, thorough fire." *Johnson.*

[3] ——— *the* moones *sphere;*] Unless we suppose this to be the Saxon genitive case, (as it is here printed) the metre will be defective. So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. III, c. i, st. 15:

" And eke through feare as white as *whales* bone."

Again, in a letter from Gabriel Harvey to Spenser, 1580: " Have we not *God hys wrath*, for Goddes wrath, and a thousand of the same stampe, wherein the corrupte orthography, in the most, hath been the sole or principal cause of corrupte prosodye in over-many?"

The following passage, however, in the 3d Book of Sidney's *Arcadia*, may suggest a different reading:

" ——— what mov'd me to invite
" Your presence (sister deare) first to my *moony sphere?*"

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And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green:[4]
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;[5]
In their gold coats spots you see;[6]
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.[7]

[4] *To dew her* orbs *upon the green:*] The *orbs*, here mentioned, are circles supposed to be made by the fairies on the ground, whose verdure proceeds from the fairies' care to water them. Thus, Drayton:

"They in their courses make that *round*,
"In meadows and in marshes found,
"Of them so called the fairy ground." *Johnson.*

Thus, in *Olaus Magnus de Gentibus Septentrionalibus:* "— similes illis spectris, quæ in multis locis, præsertim nocturno tempore, suum *saltatorium orbem* cum omnium musarum concentu versare solent." It appears, from the same author, that these dancers always parched up the grass, and therefore it is properly made the office of the fairy to refresh it. *Steevens.*

[5] *The* cowslips *tall her* pensioners *be;*] The *cowslip* was a favourite among the fairies. There is a hint in Drayton of their attention to May morning:

"—— For the queen a fitting tower,
"Quoth he, is that fair *cowslip flower.*——
"In all your train there 's not a fay
"That ever went to *gather May*,
"But she hath made it in her way,
"The *tallest* there that groweth." *Johnson.*

This was said in consequence of Queen Elizabeth's fashionable establishment of a band of military courtiers, by the name of *pensioners*. They were some of the handsomest and *tallest* young men, of the best families and fortune, that could be found. Hence, says Mrs. Quickly, in *The Merry Wives*, Act II, sc. ii: "— and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, *pensioners*." They gave the mode in dress and diversions.—They accompanied the Queen in her progress to Cambridge, where they held staff-torches, at a play on a Sunday evening, in King's College Chapel. *T. Warton.*

[6] *In their gold coats* spots *you see;*] Shakspeare, in *Cymbeline*, refers to the same red spots:

"*A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson* drops
"*I' th' bottom of a cowslip.*" *Percy.*

Perhaps there is likewise some allusion to the habit of a *pensioner*. See a note on the second Act of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, sc. ii. *Steevens.*

[7] *And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.*] The same thought

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Farewel, thou lob of spirits,[8] I 'll be gone;
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night;
Take heed, the queen come not within his sight.
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy stol'n from an Indian king;
She never had so sweet a changeling:[9]
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild:[1]

occurs in an old comedy, called *The Wisdom of Doctor Dodypoll*, 1600; i. e. the same year, in which the first printed copies of this play made their appearance. An enchanter says:

" 'Twas I that led you through the painted meads,
" Where the light fairies danc'd upon the flowers,
" *Hanging on every leaf an orient pearl.*" *Steevens.*

[8] —— lob *of spirits,*] *Lob, lubber, looby, lobcock,* all denote both inactivity of body, and dulness of mind. *Johnson.*

Both *lob* and *lobcock* are used as terms of contempt in *The Rival Friends*, 1632:

Again, in the interlude of *Jacob and Esau*, 1568:

" Should find Esau such a lout or a *lob.*"

Again, in the second book of Homer, as translated by Arthur Hall, 1581:

" —— yet fewe he led, bycause he was a *lobbe.*"

Again, in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, by Beaumont and Fletcher: " There is a pretty tale of a witch that had the devil's mark about her, that had a giant to her son, that was called *Lob-lyé-by-the-fire.*" This being seems to be of kin to the *lubber-fiend* of Milton, as Mr. Warton has remarked in his *Observations on the Fairy Queen. Steevens.*

[9] —— *changeling:*] *Changeling* is commonly used for the child supposed to be left by the fairies, but here for a child taken away. *Johnson.*

So, Spenser, B. I, c. x:

" And her base elfin brood there for thee left,
" Such men do *changelings* call, so call'd by fairy theft."
Steevens.

It is *here* properly used, and in its *common acceptation;* that is, for a *child got in exchange.* A fairy is now speaking. *Ritson.*

[1] —— trace *the forests wild:*] This verb is used in the same sense in Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals*, B. II, Song II, 1613:

" In shepherd's habit seene
" To *trace* our woods."

Again, in Milton's *Comus*, v. 423:

" May *trace* huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths."
Holt White.

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But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy:
And now they never meet, in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,[2]
But they do square;[3] that all their elves, for fear,
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
Call'd Robin Good-fellow:[4] are you not he,
That fright[5] the maidens of the villagery;

[2] —— *sheen,*] Shining, bright, gay. *Johnson.*
So, in *Tancred and Gismund,* 1592:
" ———— but why
" Doth Phœbus' sister *sheen* despise thy power?"
Again, in the ancient romance of *Syr Tryamoure,* bl. l. no date:
" He kyssed, and toke his leave of the quene,
" And of other ladies bright and *shene.*" *Steevens.*

[3] *But they do* square;] To *square* here is to quarrel. The French word *contrecarrer* has the same import. *Johnson.*
So, in *Jack Drum's Entertainment,* 1601:
" —— let me not seem rude,
" That thus I seem to *square* with modesty."
" —— pray let me go, for he 'll begin to *square,*" &c.
Again, in *Promos and Cassandra,* 1578:
" Marry, she knew you and I were at *square,*
" And lest we fell to blowes, she did prepare." *Steevens.*
It is somewhat whimsical, that the glasiers use the words *square* and *quarrel* as synonymous terms for a pane of glass. *Blackstone.*

[4] —— *Robin Good-fellow;*] This account of Robin Good-fellow corresponds, in every article, with that given of him in Harsenet's *Declaration,* ch. xx, p. 134; " And if that the bowle of curds and creame were not duly set out for Robin Good-fellow, the frier, and Sisse the dairy-maid, why then either the pottage was burnt to next day in the pot, or the cheeses would not curdle, or the butter would not come, or the ale in the fat never would have good head. But if a Peeter-penny, or an housle-egge were behind, or a patch of tythe unpaid,—then 'ware of bull-beggars, spirits," &c. He is mentioned by Cartwright [*Ordinary,* Act III, sc. i,] as a spirit particularly fond of disconcerting and disturbing domestic peace and œconomy. *T. Warton.*

[5] *That* fright—] The old copies read—*frights;* and in grammatical propriety, I believe, this verb, as well as those that follow, should agree with the personal pronoun *he,* rather than with *you.* If so, our author ought to have written—*frights, skims, labours, makes,* and *misleads.* The other, however, being the

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Skim milk; and sometimes labour in the quern,
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;[6]
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm;[7]
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?

more common usage, and that which he has preferred, I have corrected the former word. *Malone.*

[6] *Skim milk; and sometimes labour in the quern,*
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;] The sense of these lines is confused. *Are not you he,* (says the fairy,) *that fright the country girls, that skim milk, work in the handmill, and make the tired dairy-woman churn without effect?* The mention of the mill seems out of place, for she is not now telling the good, but the evil that he does. I would regulate the lines thus:

And sometimes make the breathless housewife churn
Skim milk, and bootless labour in the quern.

Or, by a simple transposition of the lines:

And bootless make the breathless housewife churn
Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern.

Yet there is no necessity of alteration. *Johnson.*

Dr. Johnson thinks the mention of the *mill* out of place, as the fairy is not now telling the good, but the evil he does. The observation will apply, with equal force, to his *skimming* the milk, which, if it were done at a proper time, and the cream preserved, would be a piece of service. But we must understand both to be mischievous pranks. He skims the milk, when it ought not to be skimmed:—
(So, in *Grim the Collier of Croydon:*

" But woe betide the silly dairy-maids,
" For I shall fleet their cream-bowls night by night.")

and grinds the corn, when it is not wanted; at the same time, perhaps, throwing the flour about the house. *Ritson.*

A *Quern* is a hand-mill, kuerna, *mola.* Islandic. So, in Chaucer's *Monkes Tale:*

" Wheras they made him at the *querne* grinde."

Again, in *Stanyhurst's* translation of the first book of *Virgil,* 1582, *quern*-stones are mill-stones:

" Theyre corne in *quern-stoans* they do grind," &c.

Again, in *The More the Merrier,* a collection of epigrams, 1608:

" Which like a *querne* can grind more in an hour."

Again, in the old Song of *Robin Goodfellow,* printed in the 3d volume of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry:*

" I grind at *mill,*
" Their malt up still," &c. *Steevens.*

[7] ——*no* barm;] *Barme* is a name for *yeast,* yet used in our midland counties, and universally in Ireland. So, in *Mother Bombie,* a comedy, 1594: "It behoveth my wits to work like *barme,* alias yeast." Again, in *The Humorous Lieutenant,* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

" I think my brains will work yet, without *barm.*" *Steevens.*

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Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,[8]
You do their work, and they shall have good luck:

[8] *Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,*
You do their work,] To those traditionary opinions Milton has reference in *L'Allegro:*

" Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
" With stories told of many a feat,
" How fairy Mab the junkets eat;
" She was pinch'd and pull'd, she said,
" And he by frier's lanthorn led;
" Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
" To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
" When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
" His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,
" That ten day-labourers could not end;
" Then lies him down the *lubber* fiend."

A like account of Puck is given by Drayton, in his *Nymphidia:*

" He meeteth Puck, which most men call
" Hobgoblin, and on him doth fall.——
" This Puck seems but a dreaming dolt,
" Still walking like a ragged colt,
" And oft out of a bush doth bolt,
" Of purpose to deceive us;
" And leading us, makes us to stray,
" Long winter's nights, out of the way,
" And when we stick in mire and clay,
" He doth with laughter leave us."

It will be apparent to him, that shall compare Drayton's poem with this play, that either one of the poets copied the other, or, as I rather believe, that there was then some system of the fairy empire generally received, which they both represented as accurately as they could. Whether Drayton or Shakspeare wrote first, I cannot discover. *Johnson.*

Gervase of Tilbury, speaking of the *Portunus*, a species of dæmon, says:—" Cum inter ambiguas noctis tenebras Angli solitarii equitant, Portunus nonnunquam invisus equitanti se copulat, et cum diutius comitatur euntem, tandem loris arreptis equum in lutum ad manum ducit, in quo dum infixus volutatur, *Portunus* exiens *cachinnum facit*, & sic hujuscemodi ludibrio humanam simplicitatem deridet." See also Mr. Tyrwhitt, on v. 6441, of the *Cant. Tales* of Chaucer.

The same learned editor supposes Drayton to have been the follower of Shakspeare; for, says he, *Don Quixote* (which was not published till 1605) is cited in the *Nymphidia*, whereas we have an edition of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, in 1600.

In this century, some of our poets have been as little scrupulous in adopting the ideas of their predecessors. In Gay's ballad, inserted in *The What d'ye call it*, is the following stanza:

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Are not you he?

" How can they say that nature
" Has nothing made in vain;
" Why then beneath the water
" Should hideous rocks remain?" &c. &c.

Compare this with a passage in Chaucer's *Frankeleines Tale*, Tyrwhitt's edit. v. i, 11,179, &c.

" In idel, as men sain, ye nothing make,
" But, lord, thise grisly fendly rockes blake," &c. &c.

And Mr. Pope is more indebted to the same author for beauties, inserted in his *Eloisa to Abelard*, than he has been willing to acknowledge. *Steevens.*

If Drayton wrote *The Nymphidia* after *A Midsummer Night's Dream* had been acted, he could with very little propriety say:

" Then since no muse hath been so bold,
" Or of the *later* or the ould,
" Those elvish secrets to unfold,
" Which lye from others reading;
" My active muse to light shall bring
" The court of that proud fayry king,
" And tell there of the revelling;
" Jove prosper my proceeding." *Holt White.*

Don Quixote, though published in Spain, in 1605, was probably little known in England, till Skelton's translation appeared, in 1612. Drayton's poem was, I have no doubt, subsequent to that year. The earliest edition of it, that I have seen, was printed in 1619. *Malone.*

—— *sweet* Puck,] The epithet is by no means superfluous; as *Puck* alone was far from being an endearing appellation. It signified nothing better than *fiend*, or *devil*. So, the author of *Pierce Ploughman* puts *the pouk* for *the devil*, fol. lxxxx, B. V, penult. See also, fol. lxvii, v. 15: " *none helle* powke."

It seems to have been an old Gothic word. *Puke, puken;* Sathanas, *Gudm. And. Lexicon Island. Tyrwhitt.*

In *The Bugbears*, an ancient MS. comedy, in the possession of the Marquis of Lansdowne, I likewise met with this appellation of a fiend:

" *Puckes, puckerels*, hob howlard, by gorn and Robin Goodfelow."

Again, in *The Scourge of Venus, or the wanton Lady, with the rare Birth of Adonis*, 1615:

" Their bed doth shake and quaver as they lie,
" As if it groan'd to bear the weight of sinne;
" The fatal night-crowes at their windowes flee,
" And cry out at the shame they do live in:
" And that they may perceive the heavens frown,
" The *poukes* and goblins pul the coverings down."

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Puck. Thou speak'st aright;[9]
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing, in likeness of a filly foal:
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;[1]
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,

Again, in Spenser's *Epithalamion*, 1595:

" Ne let house-fyres, nor lightning's helpelesse harms,
" Ne let the *pouke*, nor other evil spright,
" Ne let mischievous witches with their charmes,
" Ne let hobgoblins," &c.

Again, in the ninth Book of Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, edit. 1587, p. 126:

" —— and the country where Chymæra, that same *pooke*,
" Hath goatish bodie," &c. *Steevens.*

9 Puck. *Thou speak'st aright;*] I would fill up the verse, which I suppose the author left complete:

I am, thou speak'st aright;

It seems that, in the fairy mythology, Puck, or Hobgoblin, was the trusty servant of Oberon, and always employed to watch or detect the intrigues of Queen Mab, called by Shakspeare, Titania. For, in Drayton's *Nymphidia*, the same fairies are engaged in the same business. Mab has an amour with Pigwiggen: Oberon, being jealous, sends Hobgoblin to catch them, and one of Mab's nymphs opposes him by a spell. *Johnson.*

1 —— *a roasted* crab;] i. e. a wild apple of that name. So, in the anonymous play of *King Henry V*, &c.

" Yet we will have in store a *crab* in the fire,
" With nut-brown ale," &c.

Again, in *Damon and Pythias*, 1582:

" And sit down in my chaire by my wife fair Alison,
" And turne a *crabbe* in the fire," &c.

So, in the old ballad:

" I love no rost, but a nut-brown toast
" And a *crab* laid in the fire,
" And little bread shall do me stead;
" Much bread I nought desire."

In *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, 1600, *Christmas* is described as—

" —— sitting in a corner, turning *crabs*,
" Or coughing o'er a warmed pot of ale." *Steevens.*

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And *tailor* cries,[2] and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe;[3]
And waxen[4] in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.—
But room, Faery,[5] here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress:—'Would that he were gone!

[2] *And* tailor *cries,*] The custom of crying *tailor,* at a sudden fall backwards, I think I remember to have observed. He that slips beside his chair, falls as a tailor squats upon his board. The Oxford editor, and Dr. Warburton after him, read—*and rails or cries,* plausibly, but I believe not rightly. Besides, the trick of the fairy is represented as producing rather merriment than anger. *Johnson.*

This phrase perhaps originated in a pun. *Your* tail *is now on the ground.* See Camden's *Remaines,* 1614, Proverbs. "Between two stools the *tayle* goeth to the ground." *Malone.*

[3] —— *hold their hips, and loffe;*] So, in Milton's *L'Allegro:*
"And laughter holding both his sides." *Steevens.*

[4] *And* waxen —] And *encrease,* as the *moon waxes. Johnson.*

A feeble sense may be extracted from the foregoing words as they stand; but Dr. Farmer observes to me, that *waxen* is probably corrupted from *yoxen,* or *yexen. Yoxe* Saxon, *to hiccup.* Yyxyn. *Singultio.* Prompt. Parv.

Thus, in Chaucer's *Reve's Tale,* v. 4149:
"He *yoxeth,* and he speaketh thurgh the nose."

Again, in the preface to *XII. mery Jestes of the Wyddow Edyth.* 1575:
"Beside the cough, a bloudy flyx,
"And cuir among a deadly *yex.*"

Again, in Philemon Holland's translation of the 27th Book of Pliny, chap v: "—and also they do stay the excessive *yex* or hocket."

That *yex,* however, was a familiar word, so late as the time of Ainsworth the lexicographer, is clear from his having produced it as a translation of the Latin substantive—*singultus.*

The meaning of the passage before us will then be, that the objects of Puck's waggery laughed till their laughter ended in a *yex* or *hiccup.*

It should be remembered, in support of this conjecture, that Puck is at present speaking, with an affectation of ancient phraseology. *Steevens.*

[5] *But room, Faery,*] Thus the old copies. Some of our modern editors read—"But *make* room, Fairy." The word Fairy, or Faery, was sometimes of three syllables, as often in Spenser. *Johnson.*

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SCENE II.

Enter OBERON,[6] *at one door, with his train, and* TITANIA,[7] *at another, with hers.*

Obe. Ill met by moon-light, proud Titania.
Tita. What, jealous Oberon? Fairy, skip hence;
I have forsworn his bed and company.
Obe. Tarry, rash wanton. Am not I thy lord?
Tita. Then I must be thy lady: But I know
When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn,[8] and versing love[9]
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of India?
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress, and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded; and you come

[6] *Enter* Oberon,] *Oberon* had been introduced on the stage in 1594, by some other author. In the Stationers' books is entered "The Scottishe Story of James the fourthe, slain at Flodden, intermixed with a pleasant Comedie, presented by *Oberon, King of Fairies*." The judicious editor of *The Cant. Tales* of Chaucer, in his *Introductory Discourse*, (See Vol. IV, p. 161) observes that *Pluto* and *Proserpina* in *The Merchant's Tale*, appear to have been "the true progenitors of *Oberon* and *Titania*." *Steevens.*

[7] *Titania,*] As to the *Fairy Queen*, (says Mr. Warton, in his *Observations on Spenser*) considered apart from the race of fairies, Chaucer, in his *Rime of Sir Thopas*, mentions her, together with a Fairy land. Again, in *The Wif of Bathes Tale*, v. 6439:

"In olde dayes of the king Artour,
"Of which that Bretons speken gret honour;
"All was this lond fulfilled of faerie;
"The *Elf-quene*, with hire joly compagnie
"Danced ful oft in many a grene mede;
"This was the old opinion as I rede." *Steevens.*

[8] *Playing on* pipes of corn,] Richard Brathwaite (*Strappado for the Devil*, 1615,) has a poem addressed "To the queen of harvest, &c. much honoured by the reed, *corn-pipe*, and whistle:" and it must be remembered, that the shepherd boys of Chaucer's time, had—

"——many a floite and lilting horne,
"And *pipes made of greene corne*." *Ritson.*

[9] ——versing *love*—] Perhaps Prior was the last, who employed this verb:

"And Mat mote praise what Topaz *verseth*." *Steevens.*

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To give their bed joy and prosperity.
Obe. How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night[1]
From Perigenia, whom he ravished?[2]
And make him with fair Æglé break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiopa?
Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle summer's spring,[3]

[1] *Didst thou not lead him through the* glimmering night —] The *glimmering night* is the night, *faintly illuminated* by stars. In *Macbeth* our author says:

"The west yet *glimmers* with some streaks of day." *Steevens.*

[2] *From* Perigenia, *whom he ravished?*] Thus all the editors; but our author who diligently perused Plutarch, and gleaned from him, where his subject would admit, knew, from the life of *Theseus*, that her name was Perygine, (or Perigune,) by whom Theseus had his son Melanippus. She was the daughter of Sinnis, a cruel robber, and tormenter of passengers in the Isthmus. Plutarch and Athenæus are both express in the circumstance of Theseus ravishing her. *Theobald.*

In North's translation of Plutarch (Life of Theseus) this lady is called *Perigouna*. The alteration was probably intentional, for the sake of harmony. Her real name was *Perigune*. *Malone.*

Æglé, Ariadne, and Antiopa, were all at different times mistresses to Theseus. See Plutarch.

Theobald cannot be blamed for his emendation; and yet it is well known that our ancient authors, as well as the French and the Italians, were not scrupulously nice about proper names, but almost always corrupted them. *Steevens.*

[3] *And never, since the* middle summer's spring, &c.] By the *middle summer's spring*, our author seems to mean the *beginning* of *middle* or *mid* summer. *Spring*, for *beginning*, he uses again in *King Henry IV*, P. II:

"As flaws congealed in the *spring* of day:"

which expression has authority from the scripture, St. Luke, i, 78: "——— whereby the day-*spring* from on high hath visited us." Again, in the romance of *Kyng Appolyn of Thyre*, 1510:

"——arose in a mornynge at the *sprynge of the day*," &c.

Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. III, c. x:

"He wooed her till day-*spring* he espyde." *Steevens.*

So Holinshed, p. 494: "—the morrowe after about the *spring* of the daie —." *Malone.*

The middle summer's spring, is, I apprehend, the season when trees put forth their *second*, or, as they are frequently called, their *midsummer shoots*. Thus, Evelyn in his *Silva*: "Cut off

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Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain,[4] or by rushy brook,
Or on the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping[5] to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,
Have every pelting river[6] made so proud,
That they have overborne their continents:[7]

all the side boughs, and especially at midsummer, if you spy them *breaking* out." And again, "Where the rows and brush lie longer than *midsummer*, unbound, or made up, you endanger the loss of the *second spring*." *Henley*.

[4] *Paved fountain,*] A fountain laid round the edge with stone. *Johnson.*

Perhaps *paved* at the bottom. So, Lord Bacon in his *Essay on Gardens:* "As for the other kind of *fountaine*, which we may call a bathing-poole, it may admit much curiosity and beauty .... As that the bottom be finely *paved* .... the *sides* likewise," &c. *Steevens.*

The epithet seems here intended to mean no more than that the beds of these fountains were covered with pebbles, in opposition to those of the rushy brooks, which are oozy.

The same expression is used by Sylvester in a similar sense:

"By some cleare river's lillie-*paved* side." *Henley.*

[5] —— *the winds*, piping —] So, Milton:

"While rocking winds are *piping* loud." *Johnson.*

And Gawin Douglas, in his translation of the *Æneid*, p. 69, 1710, fol. Edinb.

"The soft *piping wynd* calling to se."

The Glossographer observes, "we say a *piping wind, when an ordinary gale blows, and the wind is neither too loud, nor too calm.*" *Holt White.*

[6] —— pelting *river* —] Thus the quartos: the folio reads—*petty*. Shakspeare has in *Lear* the same word, *low pelting farms*. The meaning is plainly, *despicable, mean, sorry, wretched;* but as it is a word, without any reasonable etymology, I should be glad to dismiss it for *petty:* yet it is undoubtedly right. We have "*petty pelting officer*" in *Measure for Measure*. *Johnson.*

So, in Gascoigne's *Glass of Government*, 1575:

"Doway is a *pelting* town pack'd full of poor scholars."

This word is always used as a word of contempt. So, again, in Lyly's *Midas*, 1592: "—attire never used but of old women and *pelting* priests." *Steevens.*

[7] —— *overborne their* continents:] Borne down the banks, that contain them. So, in *Lear:*

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The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:[8]
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock[9]
The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud;[1]

" ——— close pent up guilts,
" Rive your concealing *continents!*" *Johnson.*

[8] ——— *and the* green *corn*
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:] So, in our author's 12th Sonnet:
" And summer's *green*, all girded up in *sheaves*,
" Borne on the bier with white and bristly *beard*." *Malone.*

[9] —— murrain *flock;*] The *murrain* is the plague in cattle. It is here used by Shakspeare as an adjective; as a substantive by others:
" ——— sends him as a *murrain*
" To strike our herds; or as a worser plague,
" Your people to destroy."
Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613. *Steevens.*

[1] *The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud;*] In that part of Warwickshire where Shakspeare was educated, and the neighbouring parts of Northamptonshire, the shepherds and other boys dig up the turf with their knives to represent a sort of imperfect chess-board. It consists of a square, sometimes only a foot diameter, sometimes three or four yards. Within this is another square, every side of which is parallel to the external square; and these squares are joined by lines drawn from each corner of both squares, and the middle of each line. One party, or player, has wooden pegs, the other stones, which they move in such a manner as to take up each other's men, as they are called, and the area of the inner square is called the pound, in which the men taken up are impounded. These figures are, by the country people, called *Nine Men's Morris*, or *Merrils:* and are so called because each party has nine men. These figures are always cut upon the green turf or leys, as they are called, or upon the grass at the end of ploughed lands, and in rainy seasons never fail to be *choaked up with mud.* *Jame*s.

See Peck on Milton's *Masque*, 115, Vol. I, p. 135. *Steevens.*

Nine men's morris is a game still played by the shepherds, cowkeepers, &c. in the midland counties, as follows;

A figure is made on the ground (like this which I have drawn) by cutting out the turf; and two persons take each nine stones, which they place by turns in the angles, and afterwards move alternately, as at chess or draughts. He, who can place three in a straight line, may then take off any one of his adversary's, where he pleases, till one, having lost all his men, loses the game.

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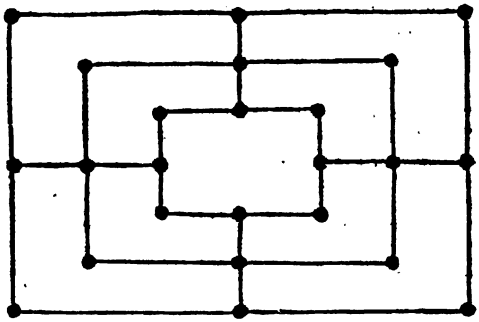
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,[2]
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable:
The human mortals[3] want their winter here;[4]



Alchorne.

In Cotgrave's *Dictionary*, under the article *Merelles*, is the following explanation: "Le Jeu des Merelles. The boyish game called Merils, or fivepenny morris; played here most commonly with stones, but in France with pawns, or men made on purpose, and termed *merelles*." The pawns or figures of men used in the game might originally be *black*, and hence called *morris*, or *merelles*, as we yet term a black cherry a *morello*, and a small black cherry a *merry*, perhaps from *Maurus*, or *Moor*, or rather from *morum*, a mulberry. *Tollet.*

The *Jue de merelles* was also a table-game. A representation of two monkies engaged at this amusement, may be seen in a German edition of Petrarch de remedio utriusque fortunæ, B. I, ch. 26. The cuts to this book were done in 1520. *Douce.*

[2] —— *the* quaint mazes *in the wanton green,*] This alludes to a sport, still followed by boys; i. e. what is now called *running the figure of eight. Steevens.*

[3] *The* human *mortals* —] Shakspeare might have employed this epithet, which, at first sight appears redundant, to mark the difference between *men* and *fairies*. *Fairies* were not *human*, but they were yet *subject to mortality*. It appears from the romance of *Sir Huon of Bordeaux*, that *Oberon* himself was mortal.

The same phrase, however, occurs in Chapman's translation of Homer's address *to Earth, the mother of all:*

" —— referr'd to thee
" For life and death, is all the pedigree
" Of *mortal humans*." *Steevens.*

" This, however, (says Mr. Ritson,) does not by any means appear to be the case. Oberon, Titania, and Puck, *never dye; the inferior agents must necessarily be supposed to enjoy the same privilege;* and the ingenious commentator may rely upon it, that the

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No night is now with hymn or carol blest:[4]—
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatick diseases do abound:[5]

oldest woman in England never heard of *the death of a Fairy. Human mortals* is, notwithstanding, evidently put in opposition to fairies who partook of a middle nature between *men* and *spirits*." It is a misfortune, as well to the commentators as to the readers of Shakspeare, that so much of their time is obliged to be employed in explaining and contradicting unfounded conjectures and assertions. Spenser in his *Fairy Queen*, B. II, c. x, says, (I use the words of Mr. Warton; *Observations on Spenser*, Vol. I, p. 55,) "That man was first made by Prometheus, was called *Elfe*, who wandering over the world, at length arrived at the gardens of Adonis, where he found a female whom he called *Fay*.—The issue of *Elfe* and *Fay* were called *Fairies*, who soon grew to be a mighty people, and conquered all nations. Their eldest son Elfin governed America, and the next to him, named Elfinan, founded the city of Cleopolis, which was enclosed with a golden wall by Elfinine. His son Elfin overcame the Gobbelines; but of all fairies, Elfant was the most renowned, who built Panthea of crystal. To these succeeded Elfar, who slew two brethren giants; and to him Elfinor, who built a bridge of glass over the sea, the sound of which was like thunder. At length, Elficleos ruled the Fairy-land with much wisdom, and highly advanced its power and honour: he left two sons, the eldest of which, fair Elferon, died a premature death, his place being supplied by the mighty Oberon; a prince, whose 'wide memorial' still remains; who, dying, left Tanaquil to succeed him by will, she being also called Glorian or Gloriana." I transcribe this pedigree, merely to prove that in Shakspeare's time the notion of Fairies dying was generally known. *Reed.*

Mr. Reed might here have added the names of many divines and philosophers, whose sentiments coincide with his own position on this subject: "—post prolixum tempus *moriuntur omnes*:" i. e. aerial and familiar spirits, &c. were *all mortal*. See Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, p. 42. *Steevens.*

[4] *No night is now with* hymn or carol blest:] Since the coming of Christianity, this season, [winter,] in commemoration of the birth of Christ, has been particularly devoted to festivity. And to this custom, notwithstanding the impropriety, *hymn or carol blest* certainly alludes. *Warburton.*

Hymns and carols, in the time of Shakspeare, during the season of Christmas, were sung every night about the streets, as a pretext for collecting money from house to house. *Steevens.*

[5] *That* rheumatick diseases *do abound:*] *Rheumatick diseases* signified in Shakspeare's time, not what we now call *rheumatism*, but distillations from the head, catarrhs, &c. So, in a paper entitled "The State of Sir H. Sydney's bodie, &c. Feb. 1567;"

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And thorough this distemperature, we see

Sydney's Memorials, Vol. I, p. 94: "—he hath verie much distempered diverse parts of his bodie, as namely, his hedde, his stomach, &c. and thereby is always subject to coughes, distillations, and other *rumatic diseases*." *Malone.*

Therefore *the moon, the governess of floods*, &c.] The repeated adverb *therefore*, throughout this speech, I suppose to have constant reference to the first time, when it is used. All these irregularities of season happened in consequence of the disagreement between the king and queen of the fairies, and not in consequence of each other. Ideas crouded fast on Shakspeare; and, as he committed them to paper, he did not attend to the distance of the leading object from which they took their rise. Mr. Malone concurs with me on this occasion.

That the festivity and hospitality attending Christmas, decreased, was the subject of complaint to many of our ludicrous writers. Among the rest to Nash, whose comedy called *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, made its first appearance in the same year with this play, viz. 1600. There *Christmas* is introduced, and *Summer* says to him:

"*Christmas*, how chance thou com'st not as the rest,
"Accompanied with some music or some song?
"A merry carrol would have grac'd thee well,
"Thy ancestors have us'd it heretofore."

"*Christmas*. Ay, antiquity was the mother of ignorance," &c. and then proceeds to give reasons for such a decay in mirth and house-keeping.

The confusion of seasons here described, is no more than a poetical account of the weather, which happened in England about the time when the *Midsummer Night's Dream* was written. For this information I am indebted to chance, which furnished me with a few leaves of an old meteorological history.

The date of the piece, however, may be better determined by a description of the same weather in Churchyard's *Charitie*, 1595, when, says he, "a colder season, in all sorts, was never seene." He then proceeds to say the same over again in rhyme:

"A colder time in world was neuer seene:
"The skies do lowre, the sun and moone waxe dim;
"Sommer scarce knowne but that the leaues are greene.
"The winter's waste driues water ore the brim;
"Upon the land great flotes of wood may swim.
"Nature thinks scorne to do hir dutie right,
"Because we have displeasde the Lord of Light."

Let the reader compare these lines with Shakspeare's, and he will find that they are both descriptive of the same weather and its consequences.

Churchyard is not enumerating, on this occasion, fictitious but real misfortunes. He wrote the present poem to excite Charity on his own behalf; and among his other sufferings, very natu-

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The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts

rally dwelt on the coldness of the season, which his poverty had rendered the less supportable.

L'Allegro, and il Penseroso, will naturally impute one incident to different causes. Shakspeare, in prime of life and success, fancifully ascribes this distemperature of seasons to a quarrel between the playful rulers of the fairy world; while Churchyard, broken down by age and misfortunes, is seriously disposed to represent the same inclemency of weather, as a judgment from the Almighty on the offences of mankind. *Steevens.*

Therefore *the moon, the governess of floods*, &c.] This line has no immediate connection with that preceding it, as Dr. Johnson seems to have thought. It does not refer to the omission of hymns or carols, but of the fairy rites, which were disturbed in consequence of Oberon's quarrel with Titania. The moon is, with peculiar propriety, represented as incensed at the cessation—not of the carols, (as Dr. Warburton thinks) nor of the heathen rites of adoration, (as Dr. Johnson supposes) but of those sports, which have been always reputed to be celebrated by her light.

As the whole passage has been much misunderstood, it may be proper to observe, that Titania begins with saying:

"And never, since the middle summer's spring,
"Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,—
"But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport."

She then particularly enumerates the several consequences that have flowed from their contention. The whole is divided into four clauses:

1. "*Therefore* the winds, &c.
"That they have overborne their continents:
2. "The ox hath *therefore* strech'd his yoke in vain;
"The ploughman lost his sweat;——
"No night is now with hymn or carol blest;
3. "*Therefore* the moon—washes all the air,
"That rheumatic diseases do abound:
4. "And, *thorough* this distemperature, we see,
"The seasons alter;——
"—— and the 'mazed world,
"By their increase, now knows not which is which,
"And this same progeny of evils comes
"From *our* debate, from *our* dissention."

In all this there is no difficulty. All these calamities are the consequences of the dissention between Oberon and Titania; as seems to be sufficiently pointed out by the word *therefore*, so often repeated. Those lines which have it not, are evidently put in apposition with the preceding line, in which that word is found. *Malone.*

6 —— *this* distemperature,] Is, this *perturbation* of the elements. *Steevens.*

By *distemperature*, I imagine is meant, in this place, the per-

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Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;[7]
And on old Hyems' chin,[8] and icy crown,

turbed state in which the king and queen had lived for some time past. *Malone.*

Perhaps Mr. Malone has truly explained the force of the word in question. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" Thou art up-rous'd by some *distemperature.*" *Steevens.*

[7] *Fall in the fresh* lap *of the crimson rose;*] To have "snow in the *lap* of June," is an expression used in *Northward Hoe*, 1607; and Shakspeare himself, in *Coriolanus*, talks of the "consecrated snow that lies on Dian's *lap:*" and Spenser, in his *Fairy Queen*, B. II, c. ii, has:

" And fills with flow'rs fair Flora's painted *lap.*" *Steevens.*

This thought is elegantly expressed by Goldsmith, in his *Traveller:*

" And winter lingering chills the *lap* of May." *M. Mason.*

[8] —— *Hyems'* chin,] Dr. Grey, not inelegantly, conjectures, that the poet wrote:

—— *on old Hyems'* chill *and icy crown.*

It is not indeed easy to discover how a chaplet can be placed on *the chin.* *Steevens.*

I believe this peculiar image of Hyems' *chin* must have come from Virgil, (*Æneid* iv, 253,) through the medium of the translation of the day:

" —— tum flumina *mento*
" Precipitant senis, et glacie riget horrida barba." *S. W.*

Thus translated by Phaer, 1561:

" —— and from his hoary beard adowne,
" The streames of waters fall; with yce and frost his face doth frowne."

This singular image was, I believe, suggested in our poet by Golding's translation of Ovid, Book II:

" And lastly, quaking for the colde, stood *Winter* all forlorne,
" With rugged head as white as dove, and garments all to torne,
" Forladen with the isycles, that dangled up and downe
" Upon his gray and *horie beard,* and snowie *frozen crown.*" *Malone.*

I should rather be for *thin,* i. e. thin-hair'd. *Tyrwhitt.*

So, Cordelia, speaking of *Lear:*

" —— to watch, poor perdu!
" With this *thin* helm."

Again, in *King Richard II:*

" White-beards have arm'd their *thin* and hairless scalps
" Against thy majesty; —" *Steevens.*

Thinne is nearer to *chinne* (the spelling of the old copies) than *chill,* and therefore, I think, more likely to have been the author's word. *Malone.*

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An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set: The spring, the summer,
The childing autumn,[9] angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and the 'mazed world,
By their increase,[1] now knows not which is which:
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissention:
We are their parents and original.
Obe. Do you amend it then; it lies in you:
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman.[2]

[9] *The* childing *autumn,*] Is the *pregnant* autumn, *frugifer autumnus*. So, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:

"Fifty in number *childed* all one night."

Again, in his *Golden Age*, 1611:

"I *childed* in a cave remote and silent."

Again, in his *Silver Age*, 1613:

"And at one instant he shall *child* two issues."

There is a *rose* called the *childing rose*. *Steevens.*

Again, in Tasso's *Godfrey of Bulloigne*, by Fairfax, B. XVIII, st. 26:

"An hundreth plants beside (even in his sight)
"*Childed* an hundreth nymphes so great, so dight."

Childing is an old term in botany, when a small flower grows out of a large one; "the *childing* autumn," therefore, means the autumn which unseasonably produces flowers on those of summer. Florists have also a *childing* daisy, and a *childing* scabious.

Holt White.

[1] *By their* increase,] That is, *By their produce*. *Johnson.*

So, in our author's 97th Sonnet:

"The *teeming autumn*, big with rich *increase*,
"Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime."

The latter expression is scriptural: "Then shall the earth bring forth her *increase*, and God, even our God, shall give us his blessing." PSALM lxvii. *Malone.*

[2] —— *henchman.*] Page of honour. This office was abolished by Queen Elizabeth. *Grey.*

This office might be abolished at court, but probably remained in the city. Glapthorne, in his comedy called *Wit in a Constable*, 1640, has this passage:

"—— I will teach his *hench-boys*,
"Serjeants, and trumpeters to act, and save
"The city all that charges."

So, again:

"When she was lady may'ress, and you humble
"As her trim *hench-boys*."

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Tita. Set your heart at rest,
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a vot'ress of my order:
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side;
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Christmas Masque*: "—he said grace as well as any of the sheriff's *hench-boys*."

Skinner derives the word from Hine A. S. quasi domesticus famulus. Spelman from Hengstman, equi curator, *ἱππουρος*. *Steevens.*

In a letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury, dated 11th of December, 1565, it is said; "Her Highness (i. e. Queen Elizabeth) hathe of late, whereat some doo moche marvell, dissolved the auncient office of *Henchemen*." (Lodge's *Illustrations*, Vol. I, p. 358.) On this passage Mr. Lodge observes, that *Henchmen* were "a certain number of youths, the sons of gentlemen, who stood or walked near the person of the monarch on all public occasions. They are mentioned in the sumptuary statutes of the 4th of Edward the Fourth, and 24th of Henry VIII; and a patent is preserved in the *Fœdera*, Vol. XV, 242, whereby Edward VI, gives to William Bukley, M. A. *propter gravitatem morum et doctrinæ abundantiam, officium docendi, erudiendi, atque instituendi adolescentulos vocatos* HENCHMEN; with a salary of 40l. per annum. *Henchman*, or *Heinsmen*, is a German word, as Blount informs us in his *Glossographia*, signifying a domestic, whence our ancient term *Hind*, a servant in the house of a farmer. Dr. Percy, in a note on the Earl of Northumberland's houshold-book, with less probability, derives the appellation from their custom of standing by the side, or *Haunch*, of their Lord. *Reed.*

Upon the establishment of the houshold of Edward IV, were "*henxmen* six *enfants, or more, as it pleyseth the king, eatinge in the hall*, &c. There was also *a maister of the henxmen, to shewe them the schoole of nurture, and learne them to ride, to wear their harnesse; to have all curtesie—to teach them all languages, and other virtues, as harping, pipynge, singing, dauncing, with honest behawioure of temperaunce and patyence*." MS. Harl. 293.

At the funeral of Henry VIII, nine *henchmen* attended with Sir Francis Bryan, *master of the henchmen*.

Strype's Eccl. Mem. v. 2, App. n. 1. *Tyrwhitt.*

—— *Henchman*. Quasi haunch-man. One that goes behind another. *Pedisequus*. *Blackstone.*

The learned commentator might have given his etymology some support from the following passage in *King Henry IV*, P. II, Act IV, sc. iv:

"O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,
"Which ever in the *haunch* of winter sings
"The lifting up of day." *Steevens.*

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Marking the embarked traders on the flood;
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind:[3]
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait,
(Following her womb, then rich with my young 'squire)[4]
Would imitate; and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And, for her sake, I do rear up her boy:
And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

Obe. How long within this wood intend you stay?

Tita. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,

[3] *And grow* big-bellied *with the wanton wind:*] Dryden, in his translation of the 1st Book of Homer's *Iliad* (and Pope after him) were perhaps indebted to the foregoing passage:

" ——————— winds suffic'd the sail
" The *bellying* canvas strutted with the gale." *Dryden.*
" ——————— indulgent gales
" Supply'd by Phœbus, fill the swelling sails,
" The milk white canvas *bellying* as they blow." *Steevens.*

[4] *Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait,*
Following *(her womb, then rich with my young 'squire)*
Would imitate;—] Perhaps the parenthesis should begin sooner; as I think Mr. Kenrick observes:

(Following her womb, *then rich with my young 'squire.)*

So, in Trulla's combat with Hudibras:

" —— She press'd so home,
" That he retir'd, and *follow'd 's bum.*"

And Dryden says of his *Spanish Friar*, " his great belly walks in state *before him*, and his gouty legs come limping *after it.*" *Farmer.*

I have followed this regulation (which is likewise adopted by Mr. Steevens), though I do not think that of the old copy at all liable to the objection made to it by Dr. Warburton. " She did not (he says) follow the ship, whose motion she imitated; for that sailed on the water, she on land." But might she not on land move in the same direction with the ship at sea, which certainly would outstrip her? and what is this but *following?*

Which, according to the present regulation, must mean—*which motion of the ship with swelling sails*, &c; according to the old regulation it must refer to " embarked traders." *Malone.*

This passage, as it is printed, appears to me ridiculous. Every woman who walks forward must *follow her womb*. The absurdity is avoided by leaving the word *following* out of the parenthesis. Warburton's grammatical objection has no foundation. *M. Mason.*

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And see our moon-light revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.
Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.
Tita. Not for thy kingdom.—Fairies, away:[5]
We shall chide down-right, if I longer stay.
[*Exeunt* TITA. *and her train.*
Obe. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury.—
My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's musick.[6]

[5] *Not for thy kingdom.—Fairies, away:*] The ancient copies read:

Not for thy fairy *kingdom.—Fairies, away.*

By the advice of Dr. Farmer, I have omitted the useless adjective *fairy*, as it spoils the metre; *Fairies*, the following substantive, being apparently used, in an earlier instance, as a trisyllable. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *Thou remember'st*
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's musick.] The first thing observable on these words is, that this action of the *mermaid* is laid in the same time and place with Cupid's attack upon the *vestal*. By the *vestal*, every one knows, is meant Queen Elizabeth. It is very natural and reasonable, then, to think that the *mermaid* stands for some eminent personage of her time. And if so, the allegorical covering, in which there is a mixture of satire and panegyric, will lead us to conclude that this person was one of whom it had been inconvenient for the author to speak openly, either in praise or dispraise. All this agrees with Mary Queen of Scots, and with no other. Queen Elizabeth could not bear to hear her commended; and her successor would not forgive her satirist. But the poet has so well marked out every distinguished circumstance of her life and character in this beautiful allegory, as will leave no room to doubt about his secret meaning. She is called a *mermaid*, 1. to denote her reign over a kingdom situate in the sea, and 2. her beauty, and intemperate lust:

" ——— Ut turpiter atrum
" Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne."

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Puck. I remember.

for as Elizabeth, for her chastity, is called a *vestal*, this unfortunate lady, on a contrary account, is called a *mermaid*. 3. An ancient story may be supposed to be here alluded to. The emperor Julian tells us, Epistle 41, that the Sirens (which, with all the modern poets, are *mermaids*) contended for precedency with the Muses, who, overcoming them, took away their wings. The quarrels between Mary and Elizabeth had the same cause, and the same issue.

——*on a dolphin's back,*] This evidently marks out that distinguishing circumstance of Mary's fortune, her marriage with the dauphin of France, son of Henry II.

Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,] This alludes to her great abilities of genius and learning, which rendered her the most accomplished princess of her age. The French writers tell us, that, while she was in that court, she pronounced a Latin oration in the great hall of the Louvre, with so much grace and eloquence, as filled the whole court with admiration.

That the rude sea grew civil at her song;] By the *rude sea* is meant Scotland encircled with the ocean; which rose up in arms against the regent, while she was in France. But her return home presently quieted those disorders: and had not her strange ill conduct, afterwards, more violently inflamed them, she might have passed her whole life in peace. There is the greater justness and beauty in this image, as the vulgar opinion is, that the mermaid always sings in storms:

And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's musick.] This concludes the description, with that remarkable circumstance of this unhappy lady's fate, the destruction she brought upon several of the English nobility, whom she drew in to support her cause. This, in the boldest expression of the sublime, the poet images by *certain stars shooting madly from their spheres:* By which he meant the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, who fell in her quarrel; and principally the great Duke of Norfolk, whose projected marriage with her was attended with such fatal consequences. Here again the reader may observe a peculiar justness in the imagery: the vulgar opinion being that the mermaid allured men to destruction with her songs; to which opinion Shakspeare alludes in his *Comedy of Errors:*

"O train me not, sweet *mermaid, with thy note,*
"To *drown me* in thy sisters' flood of tears."

On the whole, it is the noblest and justest allegory that was ever written. The laying it in *fairy land*, and out of nature, is in the character of the speaker. And on these occasions Shakspeare always excels himself. He is borne away by the magic of his enthusiasm, and hurries his reader along with him into these ancient regions of poetry, by that power of verse which we may well fancy to be like what,

"——Olim fauni vatesque canebant." *Warburton.*

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Obe. That very time I saw, (but thou could'st not)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd:[7] a certain aim he took

And certain *stars shot* madly *from their spheres,*] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*

"*And little* stars shot from their fixed places." *Malone.*

Every reader may be induced to wish that the foregoing allusion, pointed out by so acute a critic as Dr. Warburton, should remain uncontroverted; and yet I cannot dissemble my doubts concerning it.—Why is the *thrice-married* Queen of Scotland styled a *Sea*-MAID? and is it probable that Shakspeare (who understood his own political as well as poetical interest) should have ventured such a panegyric on this ill-fated princess, during the reign of her rival Elizabeth? If it was unintelligible to his audience, it was thrown away; if obvious, there was danger of offence to her Majesty.

"A star dis-orb'd," however, (See *Troilus and Cressida*) is one of our author's favourite images; and he has no where else so happily expressed it as in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"—— the good *stars,* that were my former guides,
"*Have empty left their orbs,* and *shot* their fires
"Into th' abysm of hell."

To these remarks may be added others of a like tendency, which I met with in *The Edinburgh Magazine,* Nov. 1786.—"That a compliment to Queen Elizabeth was intended in the expression of the *fair Vestal throned in the West,* seems to be generally allowed; but how far Shakspeare designed, under the image of the Mermaid, to figure Mary Queen of Scots, is more doubtful. If by the *rude sea grew civil at her song,* is meant, as Dr. Warburton supposes, that the tumults of Scotland were appeased by her address, the observation is not true; for that *sea* was in a storm during the whole of Mary's reign. Neither is the figure just, if by the *stars shooting madly from their spheres, to hear the sea-maid's musick,* the poet alluded to the fate of the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, and particularly of the Duke of Norfolk, whose projected marriage with Mary, was the occasion of his ruin. It would have been absurd and irreconcilable to the good sense of the poet, to have represented a nobleman *aspiring* to marry a Queen, by the image of a star *shooting* or *descending* from its sphere."

[7] *Cupid* all arm'd:] *All arm'd* does not signify *dressed in panoply,* but only enforces the word *armed,* as we might say, *all booted.* *Johnson.*

So, in Greene's *Never too late,* 1616:

"Or where proud Cupid sat *all arm'd* with fire."

Again, in Lord Surrey's translation of the 4th Book of the *Æneid:*

"*All* utterly I could not seem forsaken."

Again, in *King Richard III:*

"His horse is slain, and *all* on foot he fights."

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At a fair vestal, throned by the west;[8]
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon;
And the imperial vot'ress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.[9]
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,—
Before, milk-white; now purple with love's wound,—
And maidens call it, love-in-idleness.[1]

Shakspeare's compliment to Queen Elizabeth has no small degree of propriety and elegance to boast of. The same can hardly be said of the following, with which the tragedy of *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599, concludes. *Death* is the speaker, and vows he will spare—

" ——— none but sacred *Cynthia's* friend,
" Whom *Death* did fear before her life began;
" For holy fates have grav'n it in their tables,
" That *Death* shall die, if he attempt her end
" Whose life is heaven's delight, and *Cynthia's* friend."

If incense was thrown in cart-loads on the altar, this propitious deity was not disgusted by the smoke of it. *Steevens.*

[8] *At a fair vestal, throned by the west;*] A compliment to Queen Elizabeth. *Pope.*

It was no uncommon thing to introduce a compliment to this *resolute*, this *determined virgin*, in the body of a play. So again, in *Tancred and Gismund*, 1592:

" There lives a virgin, one without compare,
" Who of all graces hath her heavenly share;
" In whose renowne, and for whose happie days,
" Let us record this Pæan of her praise." Cantant. *Steevens.*

[9] ——*fancy-free.*] i. e. exempt from the power of love. Thus, in *Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment in Suffolke and Norfolke*, written by Churchyard, *Chastity* deprives Cupid of his bow, and presents it to her Majesty: " —and bycause that the Queene had chosen the best life, she gave the Queene Cupid's bowe, to learne to shoote at whome she pleased: *since none could wound her highnesse hart*, it was meete (said Chastitie) that she should do with Cupid's bowe and arrowes what she pleased." *Steevens.*

[1] *And maidens call it,* love-in-idleness.] This is as fine a metamorphosis as any in Ovid: with a much better moral, intimating, that irregular love has only power when people are idle, or not well employed. *Warburton.*

I believe the singular beauty of this metamorphosis to have been quite accidental, as the poet is of another opinion, in *The Taming of a Shrew*, Act I, sc. iv:

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Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd thee once;
The juice of it, on sleeping eye-lids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb: and be thou here again,
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I 'll put a girdle round about the earth[2]
In forty minutes. [*Exit* PUCK.

Obe. Having once this juice,
I 'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing, then, she waking looks upon,
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape)
She shall pursue it with the soul of love.
And ere I take this charm off from her sight,
(As I can take it, with another herb)
I 'll make her render up her page to me.

" But see, while *idly* I stood looking on,
" I found the effect of *love in idleness;*
" And now in plainness I confess to thee,
" Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
" If I achieve not this young *modest* girl."

And Lucentio's was surely a regular and honest passion. It is scarce necessary to mention, that *love-in-idleness* is a flower. Taylor, the water-poet, quibbling on the names of plants, mentions it as follows:

" When passions are let loose without a bridle,
" Then precious *time* is turn'd to *love-in-idle.*" *Steevens.*

The flower or violet, commonly called pansies, or heart's-ease, is named *love-in-idleness* in Warwickshire, and in Lyte's *Herbal.* There is a reason why Shakspeare says it is " now *purple* with love's wound," because one or two of its petals are of a purple colour. *Tollet.*

It is called in other counties, the *Three-coloured violet,* the *Herb of Trinity, Three faces in a hood, Cuddle me to you,* &c. *Steevens.*

[2] *I 'll put a* girdle round about the earth —] This expression also occurs in *The Bird in a Cage,* 1633:

" And when I have put a *girdle 'bout the world,*
" This purchase will reward me."

Perhaps it is proverbial.

Again, in *Bussy d'Ambois,* by Chapman, 1613:

" *To put a girdle round about the world.*"

And in other plays. *Steevens.*

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But who comes here? I am invisible;[3]
And I will over-hear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA *following him.*

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia?
The one I 'll slay, the other slayeth me.[4]
Thou told'st me, they were stol'n into this wood,
And here am I, and wood within this wood,[5]
Because I cannot meet with Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron,[6] for my heart

[3] —— *I am* invisible;] I thought proper here to observe, that as Oberon, and Puck his attendant, may be frequently observed to speak, when there is no mention of their entering, they are designed by the poet to be supposed on the stage during the greatest part of the remainder of the play; and to mix, as they please, as spirits, with the other actors; and embroil the plot, by their interposition, without being seen or heard, but when to their own purpose. *Theobald.*

[4] *The one I 'll* slay, *the other* slayeth *me.*] The old copies read—
" The one I 'll *stay*, the other *stayeth* me." *Steevens.*

Dr. Thirlby ingeniously saw it must be as I have corrected in the text. *Theobald.*

[5] —— *and* wood *within this wood,*] Wood, *or* mad, wild, raving. *Pope.*

In the third part of the Countess of Pembroke's *Ivy-Church*, 1591, is the same quibble on the word:
" Daphne goes to the *woods*, and vowes herself to Diana;
" Phœbus grows stark *wood* for love and fancie to Daphne."
We also find the same word in Chaucer, in the character of the *Monke*, Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 184:
" What shulde he studie, and make himselven *wood?*"
Spenser also uses it, *Æglogue III. March:*
" The elf was so wanton, and so *wode.*"
" The name *Woden*," says Verstegan in his *Restitution of Decayed Intelligence*, &c. 1605: " signifies fierce or furious; and in like sense we still retain it, saying, when one is in a great rage, that he is *wood*, or taketh on as if he were *wood.*" *Steevens.*

See *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act II, sc. iii. *Harris.*

[6] *You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;*
But yet you draw not iron,] I learn from Edward Fenton's *Certaine Secrete Wonders of Nature*, bl. l. 1569, that—" there is now a dayes a kind of *adamant* which draweth unto it fleshe, and the same so strongly, that it hath power to knit and tie together,

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Is true as steel: Leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.
Dem. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot love you?
Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high respect with me)
Than to be used as you use your dog?
Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;
For I am sick, when I do look on thee.
Hel. And I am sick, when I look not on you.
Dem. You do impeach your modesty[7] too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.
Hel. Your virtue is my privilege for that.[8]
It is not night, when I do see your face;[9]
Therefore I think I am not in the night:

two mouthes of contrary persons, and drawe the heart of a man out of his bodie without offendyng any parte of him." *Steevens.*

[7] —— impeach *your modesty* —] i. e. bring it into question. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act III, sc. ii:

" And doth *impeach* the freedom of the state,
" If they deny him justice." *Steevens.*

[8] ——*for that.*] i. e. For *leaving the city*, &c. *Tyrwhitt.*

[9] *It is not night, when I do see your face*, &c.] This passage is paraphrased from two lines of an ancient poet [Tibullus]:

" —— Tu nocte vel atra
" Lumen, et in solis tu mihi turba locis." *Johnson.*

As the works of King David might be more familiar to Shakspeare than Roman poetry, perhaps, on the present occasion, the eleventh verse of the 139th Psalm, was in his thoughts: " Yea, the darkness is no darkness with thee, but the night is as clear as the day." *Steevens.*

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Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;[1]
For you, in my respect, are all the world:
Then how can it be said, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I 'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.[2]
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd;
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger: Bootless speed!
When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions;[3] let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fy, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I 'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.[4]

[*Exeunt* DEM. *and* HEL.

Obe. Fare thee well, nymph! ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.—

1 *Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;*] The same thought occurs in *King Henry VI, P. II:*

" A wilderness is populous enough,
" So Suffolk had thy heavenly company." *Malone.*

2 *The wildest hath not such a heart as you.*]

" Mitius inveni quam te genus omne ferarum." *Ovid.*

See *Timon of Athens*, Act IV, sc. i:

" —— where he shall find
" The unkindest beasts more kinder than mankind." *S. W.*

3 *I will not stay thy* questions;] Though Helena certainly puts a few insignificant *questions* to Demetrius, I cannot but think our author wrote—*question*, i. e. discourse, conversation. So, in *As you like it:* " I met the duke yesterday, and had much *question* with him." *Steevens.*

4 *To* die upon *the hand*, &c.] To *die upon*, &c. in our author's language, I believe, means—" to *die by* the hand." So, in *The two Gentlemen of Verona:*

" I 'll die *on him* that says so, but yourself." *Steevens.*

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Re-enter PUCK.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Obe. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank whereon[5] the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips[6] and the nodding violet[7] grows;
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,[8]
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I 'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:
A sweet Athenian lady is in love

[5] —— *where*on —] The old copy reads—*where*. Mr. Malone supposes *where* to be used as a dissyllable; but offers no example of such a pronunciation. *Steevens.*

[6] *Where* ox-lips —] The *oxlip* is the greater *cowslip*. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song XV:

"To sort these flowers of showe, with other that were sweet,
"The cowslip then they couch, and th' *oxlip* for her meet."
Steevens.

[7] —— *the* nodding *violet*—] i. e. that declines its head, like a drowsy person. *Steevens.*

[8] *Quite over-canopied with* lush *woodbine,*] All the old editions read—*luscious* woodbine.

On the margin of one of my folios an unknown hand has written *lush* woodbine, which, I think, is right. This hand I have since discovered to be Theobald's. *Johnson.*

Lush is clearly preferable in point of sense, and absolutely necessary in point of metre. Oberon is speaking in rhyme; but *woodbine*, as hitherto accented upon the first syllable, cannot possibly correspond with *eglantine*. The substitution of *lush* will restore the passage to its original harmony, and the author's idea. *Ritson.*

I have inserted *lush* in the text, as it is a word already used by Shakspeare in *The Tempest*, Act II:

"How *lush* and lusty the grass looks? how green!"

Both *lush* and *luscious* (says Mr. Henley) are words of the same origin.

Dr. Farmer, however, would omit the word *quite*, as a useless expletive, and read:

"O'er-canopied with luscious woodbine." *Steevens.*

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With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it, when the next thing he espies
May be the lady: Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.[9]
Effect it with some care; that he may prove
More fond on her, than she upon her love:
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another part of the Wood.

Enter TITANIA, *with her train.*

Tita. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song[1]

9 —— *the* man —— *hath* on.] I desire no surer evidence to prove that the broad Scotch pronunciation once prevailed in England, than such a rhyme as the first of these words affords to the second. *Steevens.*

1 —— *a* roundel, *and a fairy song;*] *Rounds*, or *roundels*, were like the present contra dances, and are thus described by Sir John Davies, in his *Orchestra*, 1622:

" Then first of all he doth demonstrate plain
" The motions seven that are in nature found,
" *Upward and downward, forth, and back again,*
" *To this side, and to that, and turning round;*
" Whereof a thousand brawls he doth compound,
" Which he doth teach unto the multitude,
" And ever with a turn they must conclude.
* * * * * * * * * * * *
" Thus when at first love had them marshalled,
" As erst he did the shapeless mass of things,
" He taught them *rounds* and *winding hays* to tread,
" And about trees to cast themselves in rings:
" As the two Bears, whom the first mover flings
" With a short turn about heaven's axle-tree,
" In a round dance for ever wheeling be." *Reed.*

A *roundell, rondill,* or *roundelay*, is sometimes used to signify a song beginning or ending with the same sentence; *redit in orbem.* Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589, has a chapter *On the roundel, or sphere*, and produces what he calls *A general resemblance of the roundel to God, and the queen. Steevens.*

A *roundel* is, as I suppose, *a circular dance.* Ben Jonson seems to call *the rings*, which such dances are supposed to make in the grass, *rondels.* Vol. V, *Tale of a Tub*, p. 23:

" I 'll have no *rondels*, I, in the queen's paths." *Tyrwhitt.*

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Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;[2]
Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;[3]
Some, war with rear-mice[4] for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats: and some, keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint spirits:[5] Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

So, in *The Boke of the Governour*, by Sir Thomas Elyot, 1537: "In stede of these we have now base daunces, bargenettes, pavyons, turgions, and *roundes*." *Steevens.*

[2] *Then,* for *the third part of a minute, hence:*] Dr. Warburton reads:

——*for the third part of the* midnight —.

But the persons employed are *fairies,* to whom the third part of a *minute* might not be a very short time to do such work in. The critick might as well have objected to the epithet *tall,* which the fairy bestows on the *cowslip.* But Shakspeare, throughout the play, has preserved the proportion of other things in respect of these tiny beings, compared with whose size, a cowslip might be tall, and to whose powers of execution, a minute might be equivalent to an age. *Steevens.*

[3] ——*in the* musk-rose *buds;*] What is at present called the *Musk Rose,* was a flower unknown to English botanists in the time of Shakspeare. About fifty years ago it was brought into this country from Spain. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *with* rear-mice—] A *rere-mouse* is a bat, a *mouse* that *rears* itself from the ground by the aid of wings. So, in *Albertus Wallenstein,* 1640:

"Half-spirited souls, who strive on *rere-mice* wings."

Again, in Ben Jonson's *New Inn:*

"—— I keep no shades
"Nor shelters, I, for either owls or *rere-mice*"

Again, in Golding's translation of *Ovid's Metamorphoses,* B. IV, edit. 1587, p. 58, b:

"And we in English language bats or *reremice* call the same."

Gawin Douglas, in his Prologue to Maphæus's 13th Book of the *Æneid,* also applies the epithet *leathern* to the wings of the Bat:

"Up gois the *bak* with her pelit *leddren* flicht." *Steevens.*

[5] ——quaint *spirits:*] For this Dr. Warburton reads against all authority: "—*quaint* sports."

But Prospero, in *The Tempest,* applies *quaint* to Ariel. *Johnson.*

"Our quaint *spirits.*" Dr. Johnson is right in the word, and Dr. Warburton in the interpretation. A *spirit* was sometimes used for a *sport.* In Decker's play, *If it be not good, the Devil is in it,* the king of Naples says to the devil Ruffman, disguised in the character of Shalcan: "Now Shalcan, some new *spirit? Ruff.* A thousand wenches stark-naked to play at *leap-frog. Omnes.* O rare sight!" *Farmer.*

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SONG.

1 Fai. *You spotted snakes, with double tongue,*[6]
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;[7]
Come not near our fairy queen:

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

II.

2 Fai. *Weaving spiders, come not here;*
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence:
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody, &c.

1 Fai. Hence, away; now all is well:
One, aloof, stand sentinel.[8]

[*Exeunt* Fairies. TITA. *sleeps.*

Enter OBERON.

Obe. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,
[*Squeezes the flower on* TITA.'s *eye-lids.*

[6] —— *with* double *tongue,*] The same epithet occurs in a future scene of this play:

" —— with *doubler* tongue
" Than thine, thou *serpent,*" &c.

Again, in *The Tempest:*

" —— *adders,* who, with *cloven* tongues,
" Do hiss me into madness."

By both these terms, I suppose, our author means—*forked;* as the tongues of snakes are sometimes represented in ancient tapestry and paintings, and, it may be added, are so in nature. *Steevens.*

[7] Newts, *and* blind-worms,] The *newt* is the *eft,* the *blind-worm* is the *Cæcilia* or *slow-worm.* They are both ingredients in the cauldron of *Macbeth.* See *Macbeth,* Act IV, sc. i. *Steevens.*

[8] *Hence, away;* &c.] This, according to all the editions, is made part of the song; but, I think, without sufficient reason, as it appears to be spoken after the song is over. In the quarto, 1600, it is given to the second Fairy; but the other division is better. *Steevens.*

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Do it for thy true love take;
Love, and languish for his sake:
Be it ounce,[9] or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear;
Wake, when some vile thing is near. [*Exit.*

Enter LYSANDER *and* HERMIA.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;
And to speak troth, I have forgot our way:
We 'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed;
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both:
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

Her. Nay, good Lysander: for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.

Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;[1]
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.[2]
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit;
So that but one heart we can make of it:

[9] *Be it ounce,*] The ounce is a small tiger, or tiger-cat. *Johnson.*

[1] *O, take the sense, sweet, of my* innocence;] Lysander, in the language of love, professes, that as they have one heart, they shall have one bed: this Hermia thinks rather too much, and intreats him to *lie further off*. Lysander answers:

"*O, take the sense, sweet, of my* innocence;"

Understand *the meaning of my innocence*, or *my innocent meaning*. Let no suspicion of ill enter thy mind. *Johnson.*

[2] *Love takes the meaning, in love's* conference.] In the conversation of those who are assured of each other's kindness, not *suspicion*, but *love, takes the meaning*. No malevolent interpretation is to be made; but all is to be received in the sense which *love* can find, and which *love* can dictate. *Johnson.*

The latter line is certainly intelligible as Dr. Johnson has explained it; but, I think, it requires a slight alteration to make it connect well with the former. I would read:

Love take *the meaning in love's conference.*

That is, Let *love take the meaning*. *Tyrwhitt.*

There is no occasion for alteration. The idea is exactly similar to that of St. Paul: "Love thinketh no evil." *Henley.*

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Two bosoms interchained[3] with an oath;
So, then, two bosoms, and a single troth.
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny;
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lysander riddles very prettily:—
Now much beshrew[4] my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say, Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off; in human modesty
Such separation, as, may well be said,
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid:
So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend:
Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end!

Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair pray'r, say I;
And then end life, when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed: Sleep give thee all his rest!

Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd!

[*They sleep.*

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,[5]
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence! who is here!
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.

[3] —— *interchained* —] Thus the quartos; the folio *interchanged*. *Steevens.*

[4] *Now much* beshrew, &c.] This word, of which the etymology is not exactly known, implies a sinister wish, and means the same as if she had said "now *ill befall* my manners," &c. It is used by Heywood in his *Iron Age*, 1632:

"*Beshrew* your amorous rhetorick."

Again:

"Well, Paris, I *beshrew* you with my heart." *Steevens.*

See Minsheu's etymology of it, which seems to be an imprecation or wish of such evil to one, as the venomous biting of the *shrew-mouse*. *Tollet.*

[5] *But Athenian* found *I none*,] Thus the quarto, 1600, printed by Fisher. That by Roberts, and the folio, 1623, read: "—*find* I none." *Steevens.*

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Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, kill-courtesy.[6]
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe:[7]
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eye-lid.[8]
So awake, when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon. [*Exit.*

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* HELENA, *running.*

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me?[9] do not so.

Dem. Stay, on thy peril; I alone will go.

[*Exit* DEM.

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!
The more my pray'r, the lesser is my grace.[1]

[6] *Near this lack-love, kill-courtesy.*] The old copies read:
" Near this lack-love, *this* kill-courtesy."
Mr. Theobald and Sir T. Hanmer, for the sake of the measure, leave out *this lack-love*. I have only omitted *this*. *Steevens.*
Might we not adhere to the old copy, and at the same time preserve the measure, by printing the line thus:
" Near this lack-love, this kill-court'sy."
We meet with the same abbreviation in our author's *Venus and Adonis:*
" They all strain *court'sy*, who shall cope him first."
Malone.
Court'sy can never be admitted at the end of a verse, the penult being always short. *Steevens.*

[7] *All the power this charm doth* owe:] i. e. all the power it *possesses*. So, in *Othello:*
" Shall never med'cine thee to that sweet sleep
" Which thou *ow'dst* yesterday." *Steevens.*

[8] —— *let love forbid*
Sleep his seat on thy eye-lid.] So, in *Macbeth:*
" Sleep shall neither night nor day
" Hang upon his pent-house lid." *Steevens.*

[9] —— *wilt thou* darkling *leave me?*] i. e. in the dark. So, in *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599: " —we 'll run away with the torch, and leave them to fight *darkling*." The word is likewise used by Milton. *Steevens.*
Again, in *King Lear:* " And so the candle went out, and we were left *darkling*." *Ritson.*

[1] —— *my grace.*] My acceptableness, the favour that I can gain. *Johnson.*

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Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:
If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beasts that meet me, run away for fear:
Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?—
But who is here?—Lysander! on the ground!
Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound:—
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake.
[*Waking.*
Transparent Helena! Nature here shows art,[2]
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so:
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?
Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.

Lys. Content with Hermia? No: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia, but Helena I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd;
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season:
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;[3]

[2] —— *Nature* [here] *shows art,*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—Nature *her* shows art,—perhaps the error of the press for —Nature shows her art. The editor of the second folio changed *her* to *here*. *Malone.*

I admit the word—*here,* as a judicious correction of the second folio. *Here,* means—*in the present instance.* On *this occasion,* says Lysander, the work of nature resembles that of art, viz. (as our author expresses it in his *Lover's Complaint*) an object "glaz'd with crystal." *Steevens.*

[3] —— *till now* ripe *not to reason;*] i. e. do not *ripen* to it. *Ripe,* in the present instance, is a verb. So, in *As you like it:*

"And so, from hour to hour, we *ripe,* and *ripe* —."
Steevens.

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And touching now the point of human skill,[4]
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,[5]
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in love's richest book.[6]
Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mock'ry born?
When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?
Is 't not enough, is 't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well: perforce I must confess,
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.[7]
O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
Should, of another, therefore, be abus'd! [*Exit.*
Lys. She sees not Hermia:—Hermia, sleep thou there
And never may'st thou come Lysander near!
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
Or, as the heresies, that men do leave,
Are hated most of those they did deceive;
So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,
Of all be hated; but the most of me!
And all my pow'rs, address your love and might,
To honour Helen, and to be her knight! [*Exit.*
Her. [*starting*] Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best,

[4] —— touching *now the* point *of human skill,*] i. e. my senses being now at the utmost height of perfection. So, in *King Henry VIII:*

"I have *touch'd* the highest *point* of all my greatness."
Steevens.

[5] *Reason becomes the* marshal *to my will,*] That is, My will now follows reason. *Johnson.*

So, in *Macbeth:*

"Thou *marshal'st* me the way that I was going." *Steevens.*

[6] —— *leads me to* your eyes; *where I o'erlook*
Love's stories, written in love's richest book.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"—— what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
"Find *written* in the margin of *his eyes,*
"This *precious book of love* —." *Steevens.*

[7] —— *true* gentleness.] *Gentleness* is equivalent to what, in modern language, we should call the *spirit of a gentleman. Percy.*

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To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
Ah me, for pity!—what a dream was here?
Lysander, look, how I do quake with fear:
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
And you[8] sat smiling at his cruel prey:—
Lysander! what, remov'd? Lysander! lord!
What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?
Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves;[9] I swoon almost with fear.
No?—then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Either death, or you, I 'll find immediately.[1] *Exit.*

ACT III...SCENE I.[2]

The same. The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

Bot. Are we well met?

Quin. Pat, pat: and here 's a marvellous convenient placè for our rehearsal: This green plot shall be our

[8] *And* you —] Instead of *you*, the first folio reads—*yet*. Mr. Pope first gave the right word from the quarto, 1600. *Steevens.*

[9] *Speak*, of all loves;] *Of all loves* is an adjuration more than once used by our author. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act II, sc. viii:

" —— to send her your little page, *of all loves*." *Steevens.*

[1] Either *death, or you, I 'll find immediately.*] Thus the ancient copies, and such was Shakspeare's usage. He frequently employs *either*, and other similar words, as monosyllables. So, in *King Henry IV*, P. II:

" *Either* from the king, or in the present time."

Again, in *King Henry V:*

" *Either* past, or not arriv'd to pith and puissance."

Again, in *Julius Cæsar:*

" *Either* led or driven, as we point the way."

Again, in *Othello:*

" *Either* in discourse of thought, or actual deed."

So also, Marlowe in his *Edward II*, 1598:

" *Either* banish him that was the cause thereof—."

The modern editors read—*Or* death, or you, &c. *Malone.*

[2] In the time of Shakspeare there were many companies of players, sometimes five at the same time, contending for the favour of the publick. Of these some were undoubtedly very un-

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stage, this hawthorn brake our 'tyring-house: and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,—

Quin. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus and Thisby*, that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By'rlakin, a parlous fear.[3]

Star. I believe, we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue: and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords; and that Pyramus is not killed indeed: and, for the more better assurance, tell them, that I, Pyramus, am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: This will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.[4]

Bot. No, make it two more: let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

skilful and very poor, and it is probable that the design of this scene was to ridicule their ignorance, and the odd expedients to which they might be driven by the want of proper decorations. Bottom was, perhaps, the head of a rival house, and is therefore honoured with an ass's head. *Johnson.*

[3] By'rlakin, *a* parlous *fear.*] By our *ladykin*, or *little lady*, as *ifakins* is a corruption of *by my faith*. The former is used in Preston's *Cambyses:*

"The clock hath stricken vive, ich think, *by laken.*"

Again, in *magnificence*, an interlude, written by Skelton, and printed by Rastell:

"*By our lakin*, syr, not by my will."

Parlous is a word corrupted from *perilous*, i. e. dangerous. So, Phaer and Twyne translate the following passage in the *Æneid*, Lib. VII, 302:

"Quid Syrtes aut Scylla mihi? quid vasta Charybdis
"Profuit?——"
"What good did Scylla me? What could prevail Charybdis wood?
"Or Sirtes *parlous* sands?" *Steevens.*

[4] —— *in eight and six.*] i. e. in alternate verses of eight and six syllables. *Malone.*

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Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing: for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion, living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore, another prologue must tell, he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name; and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect, —Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: No, I am no such thing; I am a man, as other men are:—and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner.[5]

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber: for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moon-light.

Snug. Doth the moon shine, that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanack; find out moon-shine, find out moon-shine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

[5] *No, I am no such thing; I am a man, as other men are:—and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner.*] There are, probably, many temporary allusions to particular incidents and characters scattered through our author's plays, which give a poignancy to certain passages, while the events were recent, and the persons pointed at yet living.—In the speech now before us, I think it not improbable that he meant to allude to a fact which happened in his time, at an entertainment exhibited before Queen Elizabeth. It is recorded in a manuscript collection of anecdotes, stories, &c. entitled, *Merry Passages and Jeasts*, MS. *Harl.* 6395:

"There was a spectacle presented to Queen Elizabeth upon the water, and among others *Harry Goldingham* was to represent *Arion* upon the dolphin's backe; but finding his voice to be verye hoarse and unpleasant, when he came to perform it, he tears off his disguise, and *swears he was none of Arion, not he, but even honest Harry Goldingham;* which blunt discoverie pleased the queene better than if it had gone through in the right way:—yet he could order his voice to an instrument exceeding well."

The collector of these *Merry Passages* appears to have been nephew to Sir Roger L'Estrange. *Malone.*

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Bot. Why, then you may leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moon-shine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You never can bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall: and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake:[6] and so every one according to his cue.

Enter PUCK *behind.*

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What, a play toward? I 'll be an auditor;
An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus:—Thisby, stand forth.

Pyr. *Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,—*

Quin. Odours, odours.

[6] —— *that* brake;] *Brake,* in the present instance, signifies a *thicket* or *furze-bush.* So, in the ancient copy of the *Nut-browne Mayde,* 1521:

" —— for, dry or wete
" Ye must lodge on the playne;
" And us abofe none other rofe
" But a *brake bush,* or twayne."

Again, in Milton's *Masque at Ludlow Castle:*

" Run to your shrowds within these *brakes* and trees."

Steevens.

Brake, in the west of England, is used to express a large extent of ground, overgrown with furze; and appears, both here and in the next scene, to convey the same idea. *Henley.*

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Pyr. —— *odours savours sweet:*
So doth thy breath,[7] *my dearest Thisby dear.—*
But, hark, a voice! stay thou but here awhile,
And by and by I will to thee appear. [*Exit.*

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here![8] [*Aside.—Exit.*

This. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you: for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

This. *Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,*
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most brisky juvenal,[9] *and eke most lovely Jew,*
As true as truest horse that yet would never tire,
I 'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man: Why you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues and all.[1]—Pyramus enter; your cue is past; it is, *never tire.*

Re-enter PUCK, *and* BOTTOM *with an ass's head.*

This. O,—*As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.*

Pyr. *If I were fair,*[2] *Thisby, I were only thine:—*

7 *So* doth *thy breath,*] The old copies concur in reading:
" So *hath* thy breath," ——
Mr. Pope made the alteration, which seems to be necessary. *Steevens.*

8 —— *than e'er play'd* here!] I suppose he means in that theatre where the piece was acting. *Steevens.*

9 —— *juvenal,*] i. e. young man. So, Falstaff: " —the *juvenal* thy master." *Steevens.*

1 —— cues *and all.*] A *cue,* in stage cant, is the last words of the preceding speech, and serves as a hint to him who is to speak next. So, *Othello:*
" Were it my *cue* to fight, I should have known it
" Without a prompter."
Again, in *The Return from Parnassus:*
" Indeed, master *Kempe,* you are very famous: but that is as well for works in print, as your part in *cue.*" *Kempe* was one of Shakspeare's fellow comedians. *Steevens.*

2 *If I were fair,* &c.] Perhaps we ought to point thus: If I were, [i. e. as true, &c.] fair Thisby, I were only thine. *Malone.*

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Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted.
Pray, masters! fly, masters! help! [*Exeunt* Clowns.

Puck. I 'll follow you: I 'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier;[3]
Sometime a horse I 'll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [*Exit.*

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them, to make me afeard![4]

Re-enter SNOUT.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?[5]

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass's head of your own; do you?

Re-enter QUINCE.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. [*Exit.*

Bot. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [*Sings.*

[3] *Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier;*] Here are two syllables wanting. Perhaps, it was written:
"*Through bog*, through mire," ——. *Johnson.*
So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. VI, c. viii:
"Through hills, through dales, *through bushes and through briars*,
"Long thus she bled," &c. *Malone.*
The alliteration evidently requires some word beginning with a *b*. We may therefore read:
"Through bog, *through burn*, through bush, through brake, through brier." *Ritson.*

[4] —— *to make me* afeard.] *Afear* is from *to fear*, by the old form of the language, as *an hungered*, from *to hunger*. So *adry*, for *thirsty*. *Johnson.*

[5] *O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?*] It is plain, by Bottom's answer, that Snout mentioned an *ass's head*. Therefore we should read:
Snout. *O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee? An* ass's head? *Johnson.*

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The ousel-cock,[6] *so black of hue,*
With orange-tawney bill,
The throstle[7] *with his note so true,*
The wren with little quill;

Tita. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?[8]
[*Waking.*

[6] *The* ousel-cock,] The *ouzel cock* is generally understood to be the cock blackbird. Ben Jonson uses the word in *The Devil is an ass:*

" —— stay till cold weather come,
" I 'll help thee to an *ouzel* and a field-fare."

P. Holland, however, in his translation of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* B. X, c. xxiv, represents the *ouzle* and the *blackbird* as different birds.

In *The Arbor of Amorous Devises*, 4to. bl. l. are the following lines:

" The chattering pie, the jay, and eke the quaile,
" *The thrustle-cock that was so black of hewe.*"

The former leaf and the title-page being torn out of the copy I consulted, I am unable either to give the two preceding lines of the stanza, or to ascertain the date of the book. *Steevens.*

From the following passage in Gwazzo's *Civile Conversation*, 1586, p. 139, it appears that *ousels* and *blackbirds* were the same birds: " She would needs have it that they were two *ousels or blackbirds.*" *Reed.*

The *Ousel* differs from the *Black-bird* by having a white crescent upon the breast, and is besides rather larger. See Lewin's *English Birds.* *Douce.*

[7] *The* throstle —] So, in the old metrical romance of *The Squir of low degree*, bl. l. no date:

" The pee and the popinjaye,
" The *thrustele*, sayinge both nyght and daye."

Again, in the first book of Gower *De Confessione Amantis*, 1554:

" The *throstel* with the nightingale."

It appears from the following passage in Thomas Newton's *Herball to the Bible*, 8vo, 1587, that the *throstle* is a distinct bird from the *thrush*: " —There is also another sort of myrte or myrtle, which is wild, whose berries the mavises, *throssels*, owsells, and *thrushes* delite much to eate." *Steevens.*

[8] *What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?*] Perhaps a parody on a line in *The Spanish Tragedy*, often ridiculed by the poets of our author's time:

" What outcry calls me from my naked bed?"

The *Spanish Tragedy* was entered on the Stationers' books in 1592. *Malone.*

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Bot. *The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,*
The plain-song cuckoo gray,[9]
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer, nay;—

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry, *cuckoo*, never so?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,
On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee.[1]

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: And yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days: The more

[9] ——plain-song *cuckoo*, &c.] That is, the cuckoo, who, having no variety of strains, sings in *plain song*, or in *plano cantu;* by which expression, the uniform modulation or simplicity of the *chaunt* was anciently distinguished, in opposition to *prick-song*, or variegated musick, sung by note. Skelton introduces the birds singing the different parts of the service of the funeral of his favourite sparrow: among the rest is the cuckoo. P. 227, edit. Lond. 1736:

"But with a large and a long
"To kepe just *playne songe*
"Our chanters shall be your *cuckoue*," &c. *T. Warton.*

Again, in *The Return from Parnassus:*

"Our life is a *plain song* with cunning penn'd."

Again, in *Hans Beer-pot's Invisible Comedy*, &c.

"The cuckoo sings not worth a groat,
"Because she *never changeth note*." *Steevens.*

[1] *Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,*
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.] These lines are in one quarto of 1600, the first folio of 1623, the second of 1632, and the third of 1664, &c. ranged in the following order:

Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee;
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape,
And thy fair virtue's force (perforce) doth move me.

This reading I have inserted, not that it can suggest any thing better than the order to which the lines have been restored by Mr. Theobald from another quarto, [Fisher's] but to show that some liberty of conjecture must be allowed in the revisal of works so inaccurately printed, and so long neglected. *Johnson.*

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the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek[2] upon occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go;
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit, of no common rate;
The summer still doth tend upon my state,
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I 'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,[3]
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—
Peas-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

Enter four Fairies.

1 *Fai.* Ready.

2 *Fai.* And I.

3 *Fai.* And I.

4 *Fai.* Where shall we go?

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries,[4]

[2] —— *gleek,*] Joke or scoff. *Pope.*

Gleek was originally a game at cards. The word is often used by other ancient comic writers, in the same sense as by our author. So, in *Mother Bombie*, 1594:

"There 's *gleek* for you, let me have my gird."

Again, in *Tom Tyler and his Wife:*

"The more that I get her, the more she doth *gleek* me."

Again, in Greene's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617:

"Messieur Benedetto galled Peratio with this *gleek*."

Mr. Lambe observes, in his notes on the ancient metrical history of *The Battle of Flodden*, that, in the North, to *gleek*, is to *deceive*, or *beguile;* and that the reply made by the queen of the fairies, proves this to be the meaning of it. *Steevens.*

[3] —— jewels *from the* deep,] So, in *King Richard III:*

"—— reflecting *gems*
"That woo'd the slimy bottom of the *deep*." *Steevens.*

[4] —— *dewberries,*] *Dewberries*, strictly and properly, are the fruit of one of the species of wild bramble, called the creeping or the lesser bramble: but as they stand here among the more

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With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey bags steal from the humble-bees,
And, for night tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,[5]
To have my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1 *Fai.* Hail, mortal!

2 *Fai.* Hail!

3 *Fai.* Hail!

4 *Fai.* Hail!

Bot. I cry your worships mercy, heartily.—I beseech, your worship's name?

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance,[6] good

delicate fruits, they must be understood to mean raspberries, which are also of the bramble kind. *T. Hawkins.*

Dewberries are *gooseberries*, which are still so called in several parts of the kingdom. *Henley.*

[5] —— *the fiery glow-worm's eyes,*] I know not how Shakspeare, who commonly derived his knowledge of nature from his own observation, happened to place the glow-worm's light in his eyes, which is only in his tail. *Johnson.*

The blunder is not in Shakspeare, but in those who have construed too literally a poetical expression. It appears from every line of his writings that he had studied with attention the book of nature, and was an accurate observer of any object that fell within his notice. He must have known that the light of the glow-worm was seated in the tail; but surely a poet is justified in calling the luminous part of a glow-worm the *eye*. It is a liberty we take in plain prose; for the point of greatest brightness in a furnace is commonly called the *eye* of it.

Dr. Johnson might have arraigned him, with equal propriety, for sending his fairies to *light* their tapers at the fire of the glow-worm, which in *Hamlet* he terms *uneffectual:*

"The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
"And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire." *M. Mason.*

[6] *I shall desire* you of *more acquaintance,*] This line has been very unnecessarily altered. The same mode of expression occurs in *Lusty Juventus*, a morality:

"I shall desire *you of* better acquaintance."

Such phraseology was very common to many of our ancient writers.

So, in *An Humorous Day's Mirth*, 1599:

"I do desire you *of* more acquaintance."

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master Cobweb: If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman?[7]

Peas. Peas-blossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to mistress Squash, your mother,[8] and to master Peascod, your father. Good master Peas-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustard-seed.

Bot. Good master Mustard-seed, I know your patience[9]

Again, in Golding's version of the 14th Book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses:*

"——— he praid
"Him earnestly, with careful voice, *of* furthrance and *of* aid."

Again, in Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit*, 1621:

"—— craving you *of* more acquaintance." *Steevens.*

[7] —— *good master Cobweb: If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman?*] In *The Mayde's Metamorphosis*, a comedy by Lyly, there is a dialogue between some foresters and a troop of fairies, very similar to the present:

"*Mopso.* I pray, sir, what might I call you?
"1 *Fai.* My name is Penny.
"*Mop.* I am sorry I cannot purse you.
"*Frisco.* I pray you, sir, what might I call you?
"2 *Fai.* My name is Cricket.
"*Fris.* I would I were a chimney for your sake."

The Maid's Metamorphosis was not printed till 1600, but was probably written some years before. Mr. Warton says, (*History of English Poetry*, Vol. II, p. 393) that Lyly's last play appeared in 1597. *Malone.*

[8] —— *mistress* Squash, *your mother,*] A *squash* is an immature peascod. So, in *Twelfth-Night*, Act I, sc. v:

"—— as a *squash* is, before 'tis a peascod." *Steevens.*

[9] ——— *patience*—] The Oxford edition reads—*I know your* parentage *well.* I believe the correction is right. *Johnson.*

Parentage was not easily corrupted to *patience.* I fancy, the true word is, *passions*, sufferings.

There is an ancient satirical Poem entitled—"The Poor Man's *Passions*, [i. e. sufferings,] or Poverty's *patience.*" *Patience* and *Passions* are so alike in sound, that a careless transcriber or compositor might easily have substituted the former word for the latter. *Farmer.*

No change is necessary. These words are spoken ironically. According to the opinion prevailing in our author's time, mustard was supposed to excite to choler. See note on *Taming of the Shrew*, Act IV, sc. iii. *Reed.*

Perhaps we should read—"I know you *passing* well." *M. Mason.*

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well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you of more acquaintance, good master Mustard-seed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.
The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the Wood.

Enter OBERON.

Obe. I wonder, if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter PUCK.

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit?
What night-rule[1] now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches,[2] rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,

[1] —— *what* night-rule —] *Night-rule* in this place should seem to mean, what frolick of the night, what revelry is going forward? So, in *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1661:

"Marry, here is good *rule!*"

Again:

"—— why how now strife! here is pretty *rule!*"

It appears, from the old song of *Robin Goodfellow*, in the third volume of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, that it was the office of this waggish spirit "to viewe [or superintend], the night-sports." *Steevens.*

[2] —— *patches,*] *Patch* was in old language used as a term of opprobry; perhaps with much the same import as we use *raggamuffin*, or *tatterdemalion*. *Johnson.*

Puck calls the players, "a crew of *patches*." A common opprobrious term, which probably took its rise from *Patch*, Cardinal Wolsey's fool. In the western counties, *cross-patch* is still used for *perverse, ill-natur'd fool*. *T. Warton.*

The name was rather taken from the *patch'd* or *pied* coats worn by the fools or jesters of those times. —

Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,[3]
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake;
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's nowl I fixed on his head;[4]
Anon, his Thisbe must be answered,
And forth my mimick[5] comes: When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,

So, in *The Tempest:*

" —— what a *pied* ninny 's this?"

Again, in Preston's *Cambyses:*

" Hob and Lob, ah ye country *patches!*"

Again, in *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584:

" It is simplicitie, that *patch.*" *Steevens.*

I should suppose *patch* to be merely a corruption of the Italian *pazzo*, which signifies properly *a fool.* So, in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act II, sc. v, Shylock says of Launcelot: *The* patch *is kind enough;*—after having just called him, *that fool of Hagar's off-spring. Tyrwhitt.*

[3] —— barren *sort,*] *Barren*, is *dull, unpregnant.* So, in *Hamlet:*

" —— some quantity of *barren* spectators," &c.

Sort is company. *Steevens.*

[4] *An ass's* nowl *I fixed on his head;*] A head. Saxon. *Johnson.*

So Chaucer, in *The History of Beryn*, 1524:

" No sothly, quoth the steward, it lieth all in thy *noll*,
" Both wit and wysdom," &c.

Again, in *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584:

" One thumps me on the neck, and another strikes me on the *nole.*" *Steevens.*

The following receipt, for the process tried on Bottom, occurs in *Albertus Magnus, de Secretis:* " Si vis quod caput hominis assimiletur *capiti asini*, sume de segmine aselli, & unge hominem in capite, & sic apparebit." There was a translation of this book in Shakspeare's time. *Douce.*

The metamorphosis of Bottom's head, might have been suggested by a similar trick played by Dr. Faustus. See his History, chap. xliii. *Steevens.*

[5] —— *mimick*—] *Minnock* is the reading of the old quarto, and I believe right. *Minnikin*, now *minx*, is a nice trifling girl. *Minnock* is apparently a word of contempt. *Johnson.*

The folio reads—*mimmick:* perhaps for *mimick*, a word more familiar than that exhibited by one of the quartos, for the other reads—*minnick. Steevens.*

Mimmick is the reading of the folio. The quarto printed by Fisher has—*minnick;* that by Roberts, *mimock:* both evidently

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Or russet-pated choughs,[6] many in sort,[7]
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly;
And, at our stamp,[8] here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.

corruptions. The line has been explained as if it related to *Thisbe;* but it does not relate to her, but to *Pyramus*. Bottom had just been playing that part, and had retired into a brake; (according to Quince's direction: "When you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake.") "Anon his *Thisbe* must be answered, *And forth my* mimick (i. e. my actor) *comes*." In this there seems no difficulty.

Mimick is used as synonymous to *actor*, by Decker, in his *Guls Hornebooke*, 1609: "Draw what troop you can from the stage after you; the *mimicks* are beholden to you for allowing them elbow room." Again, in his *Satiromastix*, 1602: "Thou [B. Jonson] hast forgot how thou ambled'st in a leather pilch by a play-waggon in the highway, and took'st mad *Jeronymo's* part, to get service amongst the *mimicks*." *Malone*.

[6] ——choughs,] The *chough* is a bird of the daw kind. It is mentioned also in *Macbeth:*

"By magot-pies, and *choughs*, and rooks," &c. *Steevens*.

[7] —— *sort*,] Company. So above:

"—— *that barren* sort;"

and in Waller:

"*A* sort *of lusty shepherds strive*." *Johnson*.

So, in Chapman's *May Day*, 1611:

"——though we neuer lead any other company than a *sort* of quart-pots." *Steevens*.

[8] *And, at* our stamp,] This seems to be a vicious reading. Fairies are never represented stamping, or of a size that should give force to a stamp; nor could they have distinguished the stamps of Puck from those of their own companions. I read:

And, at a stump *here o'er and o'er one falls.*

So Drayton:

"A pain he in his head-piece feels,
"Against a *stubbed tree* he reels,
"And up went poor Hobgoblin's heels;
"Alas, his brain was dizzy.——
"At length upon his feet he gets,
"Hobgoblin fumes, Hobgoblin frets,
"And as again he forward sets,
"And through the bushes scrambles,
"A *stump* doth *trip him* in his pace,
"Down fell poor Hob upon his face,
"And lamentably tore his case,
"Among the briers and brambles." *Johnson*.

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Their sense, thus weak, lost with their fears, thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong:
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some, sleeves; some, hats;[9] from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
When, in that moment, (so it came to pass)
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

Obe. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd[1] the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,—
And the Athenian woman by his side;
That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* HERMIA.

Obe. Stand close: this is the same Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse;
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.

I adhere to the old reading. The *stamp* of a fairy might be efficacious, though not loud; neither is it necessary to suppose, when supernatural beings are spoken of, that the size of the agent determines the force of the action. That fairies did *stamp* to some purpose, may be known from the following passage in *Olaus Magnus, de Gentibus Septentrionalibus*:—"Vero saltum *adeo profundè in terram impresserant*, ut locus insigni adore orbiculariter peresus, non parit arenti redivivum cespite gramen." Shakspeare's own authority, however, is most decisive. See the conclusion of the first scene of the fourth Act:

"Come, my queen, take hand with me,
"And *rock* the ground whereon these sleepers be."

Steevens.

[9] *Some, sleeves; some, hats:*] There is the like image in Drayton, of queen Mab and her fairies flying from Hobgoblin:

"Some tore a ruff, and some a gown,
"'Gainst one another justling;
"They flew about like chaff i' th' wind,
"For haste some left their masks behind,
"Some could not stay their gloves to find,
"There never was such bustling." *Johnson.*

[1] —— *latch'd*—] Or letch'd, lick'd over, *lecker*, to lick, Fr. *Hanmer.*

In the North, it signifies to *infect*. *Steevens.*

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If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood,[2] plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.
The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me: Would he have stol'n away
From sleeping Hermia? I 'll believe as soon,
This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the moon
May through the center creep, and so displease
Her brother's noon-tide with the Antipodes.[3]
It cannot be, but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look; so dead,[4] so grim.

Dem. So should the murder'd look; and so should I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty:
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Her. What 's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I had rather give his carcase to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds

[2] *Being o'er shoes in blood,*] An allusion to the proverb, *Over shoes, over boots. Johnson.*
So, in *Macbeth:*
"——I am in blood
"Stept in so far," &c. *Steevens.*

[3] —— noon-tide *with the Antipodes.*] Dr. Warburton would read —*i' th' antipodes,* which Mr. Edwards ridicules without mercy. The alteration is certainly not necessary; but it is not so unlucky as he imagined. Shirley has the same expression in his *Andromana:*
"To be a whore, is more unknown to her,
"Than what is done *in the antipodes.*"
In for *among* is frequent in old language. *Farmer.*
The familiarity of the general idea, is shown by the following passage in *The Death of Robert Earl of Huntingdon,* 1601:
"And dwell one month *with the* Antipodes." *Steevens.*

[4] —— *so* dead,] All the old copies read *so dead;* in my copy of it, some reader has altered *dead* to *dread. Johnson.*
Dead seems to be the right word, and our author again uses it in *King Henry IV,* P. II, Act I, sc. iii:
"Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
"So dull, so *dead* in look, so woe-begone." *Steevens.*
So also, in Greene's *Dorastus and Fawnia:* "—if thou marry in age, thy wife's fresh colours will breed in thee *dead* thoughts and suspicion." *Malone.*

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Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
O! once tell true, tell true, even for my sake;
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping?[5] O brave touch![6]
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood;[7]
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

Dem. An if I could,[8] what should I get therefore?

Her. A privilege, never to see me more.—
And from thy hated presence part I so:[9]
See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [*Exit.*

[5] *Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,*
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping?] She means, Hast thou kill'd him sleeping, whom, when awake, thou didst not dare to look upon? *Malone.*

[6] — *O brave* touch!] *Touch*, in Shakspeare's time, was the same with our *exploit*, or rather *stroke*. A brave touch, a noble stroke, *un grand coup*. "Mason was very merry, pleasantly playing both with the shrewd *touches* of many curst boys, and the small discretion of many lewd schoolmasters." *Ascham.* *Johnson.*

A *touch* anciently signified a *trick*. In the old black letter story of *Howleglas*, it is always used in that sense: "— for at all times he did some mad *touch*." *Steevens.*

[7] —— *mispris'd* mood:] Mistaken; so, below, *misprision* is mistake. *Johnson.*

Mood is *anger*, or perhaps rather in this place, *capricious fancy*. *Malone.*

I rather conceive that—"*on* a mispris'd *mood*" is put for—"in a mispris'd *mood*," i. e. "*in* a mistaken *manner*." The preposition—*on*, is licentiously used by ancient authors. When Mark Antony says that Augustus Cæsar "dealt *on* lieutenantry," he does not mean that he "dealt his blows *on* lieutenants," but that he "dealt *in* them;" i. e. achieved his victories by their conduct. *Steevens.*

[8] An if *I could*, &c.] This phraseology was common in Shakspeare's time. Thus, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act V, sc. i:

"*An if* a man did need a poison now."

Again, in Lodge's *Illustrations*, Vol. I, p. 85: "— meanys was made unto me to see *an yff* I wold appoynt," &c. *Reed.*

[9] —— *part I* so;] *So*, which is not in the old copy, was inserted for the sake of both metre and rhyme, by Mr. Pope. *Malone.*

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Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein:
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now, in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay. [*Lies down.*

Obe. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true-love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules; that, one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer[1]
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear:[2]
By some illusion see thou bring her here;
I 'll charm his eyes, against she do appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look, how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.[3] [*Exit.*

Obe. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,[4]
Sink in apple of his eye!
When his love he doth espy,

[1] —— *pale of* cheer —] *Cheer*, from the Italian *cara*, is frequently used by the old English writers for countenance. Even Dryden says—

"Pale at the sudden sight, she chang'd her *cheer*."
Edinburgh Magazine, Nov. 1786. *Steevens.*

[2] —— sighs *of love, that* cost the fresh blood dear:] So, in *King Henry VI*, we have "blood-consuming,"—"blood drinking," and "blood-sucking sighs." All alluding to the ancient supposition that every sigh was indulged at the expense of a drop of blood. *Steevens.*

[3] *Swifter than arrow from the* Tartar's bow.] So, in the 10th Book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, translated by Golding, 1567:

"—— and though that she
"Did fly as *swift* as arrow from a *Turkye bowe*." *Douce.*

"A *Tartar's* painted *bow* of lath," is mentioned in *Romeo and Juliet*. *Steevens.*

[4] *Hit with Cupid's archery,*] This alludes to what was said before:

"—— the bolt of Cupid fell:
"It fell upon a little western flower,
"Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound."
Steevens.

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Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.—
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter PUCK.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand;
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee;
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

Obe. Stand aside: the noise they make,
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once, woo one;
That must needs be sport alone;
And those things do best please me,
That befal preposterously.

Enter LYSANDER *and* HELENA.

Lys. Why should you think, that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears:
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?[5]

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's: Will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:
Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgment, when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. [*awaking*] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?

[5] *Bearing the* badge *of faith, to prove them* true?] This is said in allusion to the *badges* (i. e. family crests) anciently worn on the sleeves of servants and retainers. So, in *The Tempest:*

"Mark the *badges* of these men, and then say if they be *true.*" *Steevens.*

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Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,[6]
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,
When thou hold'st up thy hand: O let me kiss
This princess of pure white,[7] this seal of bliss![8]

Hel. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me, for your merriment.
If you were civil, and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join, in souls,[9] to mock me too?

[6] —— *Taurus' snow,*] Taurus is the name of a range of mountains in Asia. *Johnson.*

[7] *This* princess *of pure white,*] Thus all the editions, as low as Sir Thomas Hanmer's. He reads:

This pureness *of pure white;*

and Dr. Warburton follows him. The old reading may be justified from a passage in Sir Walter Raleigh's *Discovery of Guiana*, where the pine-apple is called *The princess of fruits.* Again, in *Wyat's Poems:* "Of beauty *princesse* chief." *Steevens.*

[8] —— *seal of bliss!*] He has in *Measure for Measure*, the same image:

"But my kisses bring again,
"*Seals of love*, but seal'd in vain." *Johnson.*

More appositely, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"My play-fellow, your *hand;* this kingly *seal*,
"And plighter of high hearts." *Steevens.*

[9] —— *join*, in souls,] i. e. join heartily, unite in the same mind. Shakspeare, in *K. Henry V*, uses an expression not unlike this:

"For we will hear, note, and believe *in heart;*"

i. e. heartily believe: and in *Measure for Measure*, he talks of electing with *especial soul.* In *Troilus and Cressida*, Ulysses, relating the character of Hector, as given him by Æneas, says:

"—— with *private soul*
"Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me."

And, in *All Fools*, by Chapman, 1605, is the same expression as that for which I contend:

"Happy, *in soul*, only by winning her."

Again, in a masque called *Luminalia*, or *The Festival of Light*, 1637:

"You that are chief *in soule*, as in your blood."

Again, in *Pierce Penniless, his Supplication to the Devil*, 1595:

"—— whose subversion *in soul* they have vow'd."

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If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals, to mock Helena:
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,[1]
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,
With your derision! none, of noble sort,[2]
Would so offend a virgin; and extort
A poor soul's patience,[3] all to make you sport.

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. XII, ch. lxxv:

"Could all, *in soul*, of very God say as an Ethnick said
"To one that preached Hercules?" ——

Again, in our author's *Twelfth Night:*

"And all those swearings *keep* as true *in soul*."

Sir T. Hanmer would read—*in flouts;* Dr. Warburton, *insolents. Steevens.*

I rather believe the line should be read thus:

"But you must join, *ill* souls, to mock me too?"

Ill is often used for *bad, wicked.* So, in *The Sea Voyage* of Beaumont and Fletcher, Act IV, sc. i:

"They did begin to quarrel like *ill* men;"

which I cite the rather, because *ill* had there also been changed into *in*, by an error of the press, which Mr. Sympson has corrected from the edition, 1647. *Tyrwhitt.*

This is a very reasonable conjecture, though I think it hardly right. *Johnson.*

We meet with this phrase in an old poem by Robert Dabourne:

"—— Men shift their fashions—
"They are *in souls* the same." *Farmer.*

A similar phraseology is found in *Measure for Measure:*

"Is 't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women
"To accuse this worthy man, but *in* foul mouth
"To call him villain!" *Malone.*

[1] *A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,* &c.] This is written much in the manner and spirit of Juno's reproach to Venus in the fourth Book of the *Æneid:*

"Egregiam vero laudem et spolia ampla refertis,
"Tuque puerque tuus; magnum et memorabile nomen,
"Una dolo divûm si fœmina victa duorum est." *Steevens.*

[2] —— *none, of noble* sort,] *Sort* is here used for *degree* or *quality.* So, in the old ballad of *Jane Shore:*

"Long time I lived in the court,
"With lords and ladies of great *sort*." *Malone.*

[3] —— extort
A poor soul's patience,] Harass, torment. *Johnson.*

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Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love Hermia; this, you know, I know:
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart with her but, as guest-wise, sojourn'd;
And now to Helen it is home return'd,[4]
There to remain.

Lys. Helen, it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.—
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense:—
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?

Her. What love could press Lysander from my side?

Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,
Fair Helena; who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes[5] and eyes of light.

[4] *My heart* with *her but, as guest-wise, sojourn'd;*
And now to Helen it is home return'd,] The ancient copies read—"*to* her." Dr. Johnson made the correction, and exemplified the sentiment by the following passage from Prior:
"No matter what beauties I saw in my way:
"They were but my visits; but thou art my *home*." *Steevens.*
So, in our author's 109th Sonnet:
"This is my *home* of love; if I have rang'd,
"Like him that travels, I *return* again." *Malone.*

[5] —— *all yon fiery* oes —] Shakspeare uses O for a circle. So, in the prologue to *King Henry V.*:
"——— can we crowd
"Within this little *O*, the very casques
"That did affright the air at Agincourt?"

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Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so?
Her. You speak not as you think; it cannot be.
Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sister's vows,[6] the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us,—O, and is all forgot?[7]
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,[8]

Again, in *The Partheneia Sacra*, 1633:

"— the purple canopy of the earth, powder'd over and beset with silver *oes*, or rather an azure vault," &c.

Again, in John Davies of Hereford's *Microcosmos*, 1605, p. 233:

"Which silver *oes* and spangles over-ran." *Steevens.*

D'Ewes's *Journal of Queen Elizabeth's Parliaments*, p. 650, mentions a patent to make spangles and *oes* of gold; and I think haberdashers call small curtain rings, O's, as being circular.

Tollet.

[6] *The sister's vows,*] We might read, more elegantly—*The* sister *vows*, and a few lines lower,—All *school-day* friendship. The latter emendation was made by Mr. Pope; but changes, merely for the sake of elegance, ought to be admitted with great caution.

Malone.

[7] *For parting us,—O,* and *is all forgot?*] The first folio omits the word—*and*. I have received it from the folio, 1632. Mr. Malone reads—*now*. *Steevens.*

The editor of the second folio, to complete the metre, introduced the word *and*;—"O, *and* is all forgot?" It stands so awkwardly, that I am persuaded it was not our author's word.

Malone.

—— *O, and is all forgot?*] Mr. Gibbon observes, that in a poem of Gregory Nazianzen on his own life, are some beautiful lines, which burst from the heart, and speak the pangs of injured and lost friendship, resembling these. He adds, "Shakspeare had never read the poems of Gregory Nazianzen: he was ignorant of the Greek language; but his mother tongue, the language of nature, is the same in Cappadocia and in Britain."

Gibbon's *Hist.* Vol. III, p. 15. *Reed.*

[8] —— artificial *gods,*] *Artificial* is ingenious, artful. *Steevens.*

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Have with our neelds[9] created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet a union in partition;
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.[1]

[9] *Have with our* neelds, &c.] Most of our modern editors, with the old copies, have—*needles;* but the word was probably written by Shakspeare *neelds*, (a common contraction in the inland counties at this day,) otherwise the verse would be inharmonious. See *Gammer Gurton's Needle.*

Again, in Sir Arthur Gorges' translation of *Lucan*, 1614:

" Thus Cato spake, whose feeling words
" Like pricking *neelds*, or points of swords," &c.

Again, in Stanyhurst's *Virgil*, 1582:

" —— on *neeld*-wrought carpets."

The same ideas occur in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

" ——— she
" Would ever with Marina be:
" Be 't when they weav'd the sleeded silk,
" With fingers long, small, white as milk,
" Or when she would with sharp *neeld* wound
" The cambrick," &c.

Again, *ibid:*

" Deep clerks she dumbs, and with her *neele* composes
" Nature's own shape."

In the age of Shakspeare many contractions were used. Ben Jonson has *wher* for *whether*, in the prologue to his *Sad Shepherd;* and in the Earl of Sterline's *Darius*, is *sport* for *support*, and *twards* for *towards*.

Of the evisceration and extension of words, however, T. Churchyard affords the most numerous and glaring instances; for he has not scrupled even to give us *rune* instead of *ruin*, and *miest* instead of *mist*, when he wants rhymes to *soon*, and *eriest*. *Steevens.*

In the old editions of these plays many words of two syllables are printed at length, though intended to be pronounced as one. Thus *spirit* is almost always so written, though often used as a monosyllable; and *whether*, though intended often to be contracted, is always (I think, improperly) written at length. *Malone.*

[1] *Two of the first,* like *coats in heraldry,*
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.] The old copies read—*life* coats, &c. *Steevens.*

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And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words:
I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot)
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate,
But miserable most, to love unlov'd?
This you should pity, rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, persever,[2] counterfeit sad looks,

The true correction of the passage I owe to the friendship and communication of the ingenious Martin Folkes, Esq.—Two of the *first*, *second*, &c. are terms peculiar in heraldry, to distinguish the different *quarterings* of *coats*. *Theobald.*

These are, as Theobald observes, terms peculiar to heraldry; but that observation does not help to explain them—Every branch of a family is called a *house;* and none but the *first* of the *first house* can bear the arms of the family, without some distinction. *Two of the first*, therefore, means *two coats of the first house*, which are properly *due but to one*. *M. Mason.*

According to the rules of heraldry, the *first* house only (e. g. a father who has a son living, or an elder brother as distinguished from a younger) has a right to bear the family coat. The son's coat is distinguished from the father's by a label; the younger brother's from the elder's by a mullet. The same crest is common to both. Helena, therefore, means to say, that she and her friend were as closely united, as much *one* person, as if they were *both of the first* house; as if they both had the privilege *due but to one* person, (viz. to him of the first house) the right of bearing the family coat without any distinguishing mark. *Malone.*

[2] *Ay, do,* persever,] *Persever* is the reading of all the old copies. The word was formerly so pronounced.

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Make mows upon me when I turn my back;
Wink at each other; hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.[3]
But, fare ye well: 'tis partly mine own fault;
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.
Lys. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse;
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!
Hel. O excellent!
Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.
Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.
Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat;
Thy threats have no more strength, than her weak prayers.—
Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do;
I swear, by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false, that says I love thee not.
Dem. I say, I love thee more than he can do.
Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.
Dem. Quick, come,—
Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this?
Lys. Away, you Ethiop!
Dem. No, no, sir:—he will[4]

Thus our author, in *All 's well that ends well*, Act IV, sc. ii:
" —— say thou art mine, and ever
" My love, as it begins, so shall *persever*."
Again, in Glapthorne's *Argalus and Parthenia*, 1639:
" ——— for ever
" May they in love and union still *persever*." *Steevens.*

[3] —— *such an* argument.] Such a *subject* of light merriment. *Johnson.*
So, in the first part of *King Henry IV*, Act II, sc. ii:
" —— it would be *argument* for a week," &c. *Steevens.*

[4] *No, no, sir:—he will*, &c.] This passage, like almost all those in these plays in which there is a sudden transition, or the sense is hastily broken off, is much corrupted in the old copies. My text [*No, no; he 'll—sir,*] is formed from the quarto printed by Fisher, and the first folio. The words " *he 'll*" are not in the folio, and *Sir* is not in the quarto. Demetrius, I suppose, would say, No, no; he 'll *not have the resolution to disengage himself from Hermia.* But, turning abruptly to Lysander, he addresses him ironically:—" Sir, seem to break loose;" &c. *Malone.*

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Seem to break loose; take on, as you would follow;
But yet come not: You are a tame man, go!
Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou bur: vile thing let loose:
Or I will shake thee from me, like a serpent.
Her. Why are you grown so rude? what change is this,
Sweet love?
Lys. Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!
Her. Do you not jest?
Hel. Yes, 'sooth; and so do you.
Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.
Dem. I would I had your bond; for I perceive,
A weak bond holds you; I 'll not trust your word.
Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I 'll not harm her so.
Her. What, can you do me greater harm, than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now, as I was erewhile.
Since night, you lov'd me; yet, since night you left me:
Why, then you left me,—O, the gods forbid!—
In earnest, shall I say?
Lys. Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore, be out of hope, of question, doubt,
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest,
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

No critical remedy is nearer at hand, than a supposition that obscure passages are sentences designedly abrupt and imperfect.—Lysander calls Hermia an "Ethiop."—"No, no, sir:" replies Demetrius; i. e. she is none; and then ironically speaks to her of Lysander, as of one whose struggle to break loose is merely a pretended effort. He next addresses his provocation personally to Lysander.—I have left the text as I found it; only reading (for the sake of metre) *he will*, instead of *he 'll*. *Steevens.*

The only difficulty in this passage arises from the words—*he will, sir*, which are omitted in the second folio. In that edition it runs thus:

"No, no, sir, seeme to breake loose;
"Take on as you would, follow,
"But yet come not: you are a tame man, go."

This appears to me the true reading. *M. Mason.*

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Her. O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom![5]
You thief of love! what, have you come by night,
And stol'n my love's heart from him?
Hel. Fine i 'faith!
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!
Her. Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures, she hath urg'd her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.—
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole?[6] speak;
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.
Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;[7]
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;

[5] *O me! you* juggler! *you canker-blossom!*] *Juggler* in this line is used as a trisyllable. So again, in *K. Henry VI,* P. I:

"She and the dauphin have been *juggling.*"

So also *tickling, wrestler,* and many more. *Malone.*

—— *you* canker-blossom!] The *canker-blossom* is not in this place the blossom of the *canker* or *wild rose,* which our author alludes to in *Much Ado about Nothing,* Act I, sc. iii:

"I had rather be a *canker* in a hedge, than a rose in his grace:" but a worm that preys on the leaves or buds of flowers, always beginning in the middle. So, in this play, Act II, sc. iii:

"Some to kill *cankers* in the musk-rose buds." *Steevens.*

[6] —— *thou painted maypole?*] So, in Stubbes's *Anatomie of Abuses,* 8vo. 1583: "But their cheefest iewell thei bryng from thence is their *Maie pole,* whiche thei bryng home with great veneration, as thus: Thei have twentie or fourtie yoke of oxen, every oxe hauyng a sweete nosegaie of flowers placed on the tippe of his hornes, and these oxen drawe home this *Maie pole,* (this stinckyng idoll rather) whiche is couered all ouer with flowers and hearbes bounde rounde aboute with strynges from the top to the bottome, and some tyme *painted with variable colours,*" &c. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *curst;*] i. e. shrewish or mischievous.

Thus in the old proverbial saying: "*Curst* cows have short horns." *Steevens.*

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I am a right maid for my cowardice;
Let her not strike me: You, perhaps, may think,
Because she 's something lower than myself,
That I can match her.
Her. Lower! hark, again.
Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood:
He follow'd you; for love, I follow'd him.
But he hath chid me hence; and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further: Let me go:
You see how simple and how fond I am.[8]
Her. Why, get you gone: Who is 't that hinders you?
Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.
Her. What, with Lysander?
Hel. With Demetrius.
Lys. Be not afraid: she shall not harm thee, Helena.
Dem. No, sir; she shall not, though you take her part.
Hel. O, when she 's angry, she is keen and shrewd:
She was a vixen, when she went to school:[9]
And, though she be but little, she is fierce.
Her. Little again? nothing but low and little?—
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.
Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minimus, of hind'ring knot-grass made;[1]
You bead, you acorn.

[8] —— *how* fond *I am.*] *Fond*, i. e. foolish. So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" —— I do wonder,
" Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so *fond*
" To come abroad with him." *Steevens.*

[9] *She was a* vixen, *when she went to school;*] *Vixen*, or *fixen*, primitively signifies a *female fox*. So, in *The Boke of Hunting, that is cleped Mayster of Game;* an ancient MS. in the collection of Francis Douce, Esq. Gray's Inn: " The *fixen* of the Foxe is assaute onys in the yer. She hath venomous biting as a wolfe." *Steevens.*

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Dem. You are too officious,
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone; speak not of Helena;
Take not her part: for if thou dost intend[2]
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.[3]

Lys. Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Or thine or mine, is most in Helena.[4]

1 —— *of hind'ring* knot-grass *made;*] It appears that *knot-grass* was anciently supposed to prevent the growth of any animal or child.

Beaumont and Fletcher mention this property of it in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle:*

"Should they put him into a straight pair of gaskins, 'twere worse than *knot-grass*, he would never grow after it."

Again, in the *Coxcomb:*

"We want a boy extremely for this function, kept under, for a year, with milk and *knot-grass*." Daisy-roots were supposed to have the same effect.

That prince of verbose and pedantic coxcombs, Richard Tomlinson, apothecary, in his translation of *Renodæus his Dispensatory*, 1657, informs us that *knot-grass* "is a low reptant hearb, with exile, copious, nodose, and geniculated branches." Perhaps no hypochondriack is to be found, who might not derive his cure from the perusal of any single chapter in this work. *Steevens.*

2 —— *intend* —] i. e. pretend. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing:*

"*Intend* a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio."
Steevens.

3 *Thou shalt* aby *it.*] To *aby* is to pay dear for, to suffer. So, in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

"—— Had I sword and buckler here,
"You should *aby* these questions."

The word has occurred before in this play. See p. 320, line 15.

Again in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:

"—— but thou shalt dear *aby* this blow." *Steevens.*

Thou shalt aby *it.*] *Aby* it, is *abide* by it; i. e. stand to it, answer to it. So, in *Psalm* cxxx, v. 3, in Common Prayer: "if thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss: O Lord who may *abide* it?" *Harris.*

4 Or *thine or mine*, &c.] The old copies read—*Of* thine. The emendation is Mr. Theobald's. I am not sure that the old reading is corrupt. If the line had run—"Of mine or thine," I should have suspected that the phrase was borrowed from the Latin: Now follow, to try whose right of *property*,—of *meum* or *tuum*,—is the greatest in Helena. *Malone.*

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Dem. Follow? nay, I 'll go with thee, cheek by jole.
[*Exeunt* LYS. *and* DEM.

Her. You, Mistress, all this coil is 'long of you:
Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I;
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer though, to run away. [*Exit.*

Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say.
[*Exit. pursuing* HEL.

Obe. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
Or else commit'st thy knaveries wilfully.

Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me, I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes:
And so far am I glad it so did sort,[5]
As this their jangling I esteem as sport.

Obe. Thou seest, these lovers seek a place to fight:
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron;
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,[6]
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eye-balls roll with wonted sight.

[5] —— *so did* sort,] So happen in the issue. *Johnson.*
So, in *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606:
" —— never look to have any action *sort* to your honour."
Steevens.

[6] —— virtuous *property*,] Salutiferous. So he calls, in *The Tempest*, *poisonous dew*, wicked *dew*. *Johnson.*

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When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision;
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,[7]
With league, whose date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I 'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste;
For night's swift dragons[8] cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts wandering here and there,
Troop home to church-yards: damned spirits all,
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,[9]
Already to their wormy beds[1] are gone;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.[2]

[7] —— *wend,*] i. e. go. So, in *The Comedy of Errors:*
"Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon *wend.*" *Steevens.*

[8] *For* night's swift dragons, &c.] So, in *Cymbeline,* Act II, sc. ii:
"Swift, *swift,* ye *dragons* of the *night!*"
See my note on this passage, concerning the vigilance imputed to the serpent tribe. *Steevens.*

This circumstance Shakspeare might have learned from a passage in Golding's translation of Ovid, which he has imitated in *The Tempest:*
"Among the earth-bred brothers you a mortal war did set,
"And brought asleep the *dragon* fell, *whose eyes were never shet.*" *Malone.*

[9] —— *damned spirits all,*
That in cross-ways *and* floods *have burial,*] The ghosts of self-murderers, who are buried in cross-roads; and of those who being drowned, were condemned (according to the opinion of the ancients) to wander for a hundred years, as the rites of sepulture had never been regularly bestowed on their bodies. That the waters were sometimes the place of residence for *damned spirits,* we learn from the ancient bl. l. romance of *Syr Eglamoure of Artoys,* no date:
"Let some preest a gospel saye,
"For doubte of *fendes in the flode.*" *Steevens.*

[1] —— *to their* wormy beds —] This periphrasis for the *grave* has been borrowed by Milton, in his *Ode on the Death of a fair Infant:* "Or that thy beauties lie in *wormy bed.*" *Steevens.*

[2] —— black-brow'd night,] So, in *King John:*
"Why, here walk I, in the *black-brow* of *night.*" *Steevens.*

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Obe. But we are spirits of another sort:
I with the morning's love have oft made sport;[3]
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate,[4] all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
We may effect this business yet ere day. [*Exit* OBE.

Puck. Up and down, up and down;
I will lead them up and down;

[3] *I with the* morning's love *have oft made sport;*] Thus all the old copies, and I think, rightly. Tithonus was the husband of Aurora, and Tithonus was no *young* deity.

Thus, in *Aurora*, a collection of sonnets, by Lord Sterline, 1604:

" And why should *Tithon* thus, whose day grows late,
" Enjoy *the morning's love?*"

Again, in *The Parasitaster*, by J. Marston, 1606:

" *Aurora* yet keeps chaste *old Tithon's* bed;
" Yet blushes at it when she rises."

Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. III, c. iii:

" As faire *Aurora* rising hastily,
" Doth by her blushing tell that she did lye
" All night in *old Tithonus' frozen* bed."

Again, in *The Faithful Shepherdess* of Fletcher:

" —— O, lend me all thy red,
" Thou shame-fac'd morning, when from *Tithon's* bed
" Thou risest *ever-maiden?*"

How such a waggish spirit as the King of the Fairies might make sport with an antiquated lover, or his mistress in his absence, may be easily understood. Dr. Johnson reads with all the modern editors: " I with the *morning light*," &c. *Steevens.*

Will not this passage bear a different explanation? By the *morning's love* I apprehend Cephalus, the mighty hunter and paramour of *Aurora*, is intended. The context, " And, like a forester," &c. seems to show that the chace was the *sport*, which *Oberon* boasts he partook with the *morning's love*. *Holt White.*

The connection between *Aurora* and *Cephalus* is also pointed out in one of the Poems that form a collection entitled *The Phœnix Nest*, &c. 4to. 1593, p. 95:

" *Aurora* now began to rise againe
" From watrie couch and from old *Tithon's* side,
" In hope to kiss upon Acteian plaine
" Young *Cephalus*," &c. *Steevens.*

[4] *Even till the eastern gate*, &c.] What the fairy monarch means to inform Puck of, is this. That he was not compelled, like meaner spirits, to vanish at the first appearance of the dawn. *Steevens.*

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I am fear'd in field and town;
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Enter LYSANDER.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.

Puck. Here villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me then
To plainer ground. [*Exit* LYS. *as following the voice.*

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. Lysander! speak again.
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak. In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;
I 'll whip thee with a rod: He is defil'd,
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea; art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice; we 'll try no manhood here.
[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on;
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter heel'd than I:
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day!
[*Lies down.*
For if but once thou show me thy grey light,
I 'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite. [*Sleeps.*

Re-enter PUCK *and* DEMETRIUS.

Puck. Ho, ho! ho, ho! Coward, why com'st thou not?[5]

[5] *Puck.* Ho, ho! ho, ho! *Coward, why com'st thou not?*] This exclamation would have been uttered by Puck with greater propriety if he were not now playing an assumed character, which he, in the present instance, seems to forget. In the old song printed by Peck and Percy, in which all his gambols are related, he concludes every stanza with *Ho, ho, ho!* So, in *Grim the Collier of Croydon:*

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Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I wot,
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place;
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou?[6]

"*Ho, ho, ho,* my masters! No good fellowship!
"Is Robin Goodfellow a bug-bear grown,
"That he is not worthy to be bid sit down?"

Again, in Drayton's *Nymphidia:*

"*Hoh, hoh,* quoth Hob, God save thy grace."

It was not, however, as has been asserted, the appropriate exclamation in our author's time, of this eccentric character: the devil himself having, if not a better, at least an older, title to it. So, in *Histriomastix* (as quoted by Mr. Steevens in a note on *King Richard III.)* a *roaring devil* enters, with the *Vice* on his back, *Iniquity* in one hand, and *Juventus* in the other, crying:

"*Ho, ho, ho!* these babes mine are all."

Again, in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*:

"But Diccon, Diccon, did not the devil cry *ho, ho, ho?*"

And, in the same play:

"By the masse, ich saw him of late cal up a great blacke devill.
"O, the knave cryed *ho, ho,* he roared and he thundered."

So, in the *Epitaph* attributed to Shakspeare:

"*Hoh!* quoth the devil, 'tis my John o'Combe."

Again, in Goulart's *Histories,* 1607:

"The fellow . . . coming to the stove . . . sawe the *Diuills* in horrible formes, some sitting, some standing, others walking, some ramping against the walles, but al of them as soone as they beheld him, ran unto him, crying *Hoh, Hoh,* what makest thou here?"

Again, in the same book:

"The *black guests* returned no answer, but roared and cryed out, *Hoh* sirra let alone the child, or we will teare thee all to pieces."

Indeed, from a passage in *Wily Beguiled,* 1606, (as quoted in the new edition of Dodsley's Old Plays) I suspect that this same "knavish sprite" was sometimes introduced on the stage as a demi-devil: "I'll rather," it is one Robin Goodfellow who speaks, "put on my *flashing red nose,* and my *flaming* face, and come wrap'd in a calf's skin, and cry *ho, ho.*" See also, *Grim the Collier of Croydon. Ritson.*

The song above alluded to may be found in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry,* Vol. III, p. 203. *Malone.*

[6] *Where art thou?*] For the sake of the measure, which is otherwise imperfect, I suppose we ought to read:

"Where art thou *now?*"

Demetrius, conceiving Lysander to have still been shifting his ground, very naturally asks him where he is *at that instant.*

Steevens.

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Puck. Come hither; I am here.
Dem. Nay, then thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this dear,[7]
If ever I thy face by day-light see:
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.—
By day's approach look to be visited.
[*Lies down and sleeps.*

Enter HELENA.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours: shine, comforts, from the east;
That I may back to Athens, by day-light,
From these that my poor company detest:—
And, sleep, that sometime shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me a while from mine own company. [*Sleeps.*

Puck. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds makes up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad:—
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers;
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me, till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!
[*Lies down.*

Puck. On the ground
Sleep sound:
I 'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.
[*Squeezing the juice on* LYSANDER'S *eye.*
When thou wak'st,
Thou tak'st[8]

[7] —— *buy this dear,*] i. e. *thou shalt dearly pay for this.* Though this is sense, and may well enough stand, yet the poet perhaps wrote—*thou shalt buy it dear.* So, in another place, *thou shalt* aby it. So, Milton, "*How* dearly I abide *that boast so vain.*" *Johnson.*

[8] *When thou wak'st,*
Thou tak'st, &c.] The second line would be improved, I think,

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True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown:
Jack shall have Jill;[9]
Nought shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well.[1]
[*Exit* PUCK.—DEM. HEL. &c. *sleep.*

ACT IV.....SCENE I.[2]

The same.

Enter TITANIA *and* BOTTOM, Fairies *attending;* OBERON *behind unseen.*

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,[3]
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

both in its measure and construction, if it were written thus:
When thou wak'st,
See *thou tak'st,*
True delight, &c. *Tyrwhitt.*

[9] *Jack shall have Jill;* &c.] These three last lines are to be found among Heywood's *Epigrams on Three Hundred Proverbs.* *Steevens.*

[1] —— *all shall be* well.] *Well* is so bad a rhyme to *ill,* that I cannot help supposing our author wrote—*still;* i. e. all this discord shall subside in a calm, become hushed and quiet. So, in *Othello:*
"—— Ha! no more moving?
"*Still* as the grave." *Steevens.*

[2] I see no reason why the fourth Act should begin here, when there seems no interruption of the action. In the old quartos of 1600, there is no division of acts, which seems to have been afterwards arbitrarily made in the first folio, and may therefore be altered at pleasure. *Johnson.*

[3] —— *do* coy,] To *coy,* is to sooth, to stroke. So, in *The Arraignment of Paris,* 1584:
"Plays with Amyntas' lusty boy, and *coys* him in the dales."

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Bot. Where 's Peas-blossom?

Peas. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peas-blossom.—Where 's monsieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur Cobweb; good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loath to have you overflown[4] with a honey-bag, signior.—Where's monsieur Mustard-seed?

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neif,[5] monsieur Mustard-seed.—Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

Must. What 's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cavalero Cobweb[6] to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur;

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, Book VI, ch. xxx:

"And whilst she *coys* his sooty cheeks, or curls his sweaty top."

Again, in Sir A. Gorges' translation of Lucan, B. IX:

"——— his sports to prove,
"*Coying* that powerful queen of love."

Again, in Golding's translation of the 7th Book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*:

"Their dangling dew-claps with his hand he *coid* unfearfully."

Again, *ibid.*:

"——— and with her hand had *coid*
"The dragons' reined neckes—."

The behaviour of Titania, on this occasion, seems copied from that of the lady in *Apuleius*, Lib. VIII. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *over-flown* —] It should be *overflow'd*; but it appears from a rhyme in another play that the mistake was our author's. *Malone.*

I perceive no mistake. *Overflown* is the participle passive.—See Dr. Johnson's *Diot.* *Steevens.*

[5] —— *neif*,] i. e. fist. So, in *King Henry IV*, Act II, sc. x:

"Sweet knight, I kiss thy *neif*." *Grey.*

[6] —— *cavalero Cobweb* —] Without doubt it should be *cavalero Peas-blossom*; as for *cavalero Cobweb*, he had just been dispatched upon a perilous adventure. *Grey.*

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for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face: and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear some musick, my sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in musick: let us have the tongs[7] and the bones.

Tita. Or, say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard,[8] and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful, or two, of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.[9]
So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle,[1]

[7] —— *the* tongs —] The old rustick musick of the *tongs and key*. The folio has this stage direction: "*Musicke Tongs, Rurall Musicke.*"

This rough musick is likewise mentioned by Marston, in an address *ad rithmum*, prefixed to the second Book of his Satires, 1598:

"Yee wel-match'd twins (whose like-tuned *tongs* affords
"Such musical delight)," &c. *Steevens.*

[8] *The squirrel's* hoard,] *Hoard* is here employed as a dissyllable. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *and be* all ways *away*.] i. e. disperse yourselves, and scout out severally, in your *watch*, that danger approach us from no quarter. *Theobald.*

The old copies read—"be *always*." Corrected by Mr. Theobald. *Malone.*

Mr. Upton reads:

And be away—away. Johnson.

Mr. Heath would read—"and be *always i' the way*." *Steevens.*

[1] *So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle,*
Gently entwist,—the female *ivy so*
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.] What does the *woodbine* entwist? The *honey-suckle*. But the *woodbine* and *honey-suckle* were, till now, but two names for one and the same plant. Florio, in his Italian Dictionary, interprets *Madre Selva* by *woodbine* or *honie-suckle*. We must therefore find a support for the *woodbine* as well as for the *ivy*. Which is done by reading the lines thus:

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Gently entwist,—the female ivy[2] so

So doth the woodbine, the sweet honey-suckle,
Gently entwist the maple; *ivy so*
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.

The corruption might happen by the first blunderer dropping the *p* in writing the word *maple*, which word thence became *male*. A following transcriber, for the sake of a little sense and measure, thought fit to change this *male* into *female*; and then tacked it as an epithet to *ivy*. *Warburton.*

Mr. Upton reads:

So doth the woodrine *the sweet honey-suckle,*

for bark of the wood. Shakspeare perhaps only meant, so the leaves involve the flower, using *woodbine* for the plant, and *honey-suckle* for the flower; or perhaps Shakspeare made a blunder. *Johnson.*

The thought is Chaucer's. See his *Troilus and Cresseide*, v. 1236, Lib. III:

" And as about a tre with many a twist
" Bitrent and writhin is the swete *woodbinde*,
" Gan eche of hem in armis other winde."

What Shakspeare seems to mean, is this—*So the woodbine*, i. e. *the sweet honey-suckle, doth gently entwist the barky fingers of the elm, and so does the female ivy enring the same fingers.* It is not unfrequent in the poets, as well as other writers, to explain one word by another which is better known. The reason why Shakspeare thought *woodbine* wanted illustration, perhaps is this. In some counties, by *woodbine* or *woodbind* would have been generally understood the ivy, which he had occasion to mention in the very next line. In the following instance from *Old Fortunatus*, 1600, *woodbind* is used for *ivy*:

" And, as the running *wood-bind*, spread her arms
" To choak thy with'ring boughs in her embrace."

And Barrett in his *Alvearie*, or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, enforces the same distinction that Shakspeare thought it necessary to make:

" *Woodbin* that beareth the *honey-suckle*." *Steevens.*

This passage has given rise to various conjectures. It is certain, that the *wood-bine* and the *honey-suckle* were sometimes considered as different plants. In one of Taylor's *Poems*, we have—

" The *woodbine*, primrose, and the cowslip fine,
" The *honisuckle*, and the daffadill."

But I think Mr. Steevens's interpretation the true one. The old writers did not always carry the auxiliary verb forward, as Mr. Capell seems to suppose by his alteration of *enrings*, to *enring*. So, Bishop Lowth, in his excellent *Introduction to Grammar*, p. 126, has without reason corrected a similar passage in our translation of *St. Matthew*. *Farmer.*

Were any change necessary, I should not scruple to read the *weedbind*, i. e. similax: a plant that twists round every other that grows in its way.

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Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee! [*They sleep.*

OBERON *advances.* *Enter* PUCK.

Obe. Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight?

In a very ancient translation of "Macer's *Herball, practysed by Docter Linacre,*" is the following passage: "Caprifolium is an herbe called *woodbynde* or *withwynde,* this groweth in hedges or in woodes, and it wyll beclyp a tre in her growynge, as doth yvye, and hath white flowers." *Steevens.*

In Lord Bacon's *Nat. Hist.* Experiment 496, it is observed, that there are two kinds of "*honey-suckles,* both the *woodbine* and *trefoil,*" i. e. the first is a *plant* that winds about trees, and the other is a three-leaved *grass.* Perhaps these are meant in Dr. Farmer's quotation. The distinction, however, may serve to show why Shakspeare and other authors frequently added *woodbine* to *honey-suckle,* when they mean the *plant* and not the *grass.*" *Tollet.*

The interpretation of either Dr. Johnson or Mr. Steevens removes all difficulty. The following passage in *Sicily and Naples,* or *The Fatal Union,* 1640, in which the honeysuckle is spoken of as the flower, and the woodbine as the plant, adds some support to Dr. Johnson's exposition:

"—— as fit a gift
"As this were for a lord,—a *honey-suckle,*
"The amorous *woodbine's offspring.*"

But Minshieu in v. *Woodbinde,* supposes them the same: "Alio nomine nobis Anglis *Honysuckle* dictus. If Dr. Johnson's explanation be right, there should be no point after *woodbine, honey-suckle,* or *enrings. Malone.*

2 —— *the* female *ivy*—] Shakspeare calls it *female* ivy, because it always requires some support, which is poetically called its husband. So Milton:

"—— led the vine
"To wed *her* elm: she spous'd, about him twines
"Her marriageable arms—."
"Ulmo conjuncta marito." *Catull.*
"Platanusque *cælebs*
"Evincet ulmos." *Hor. Steevens.*

Though the *ivy* here represents the *female,* there is, notwithstanding, an evident reference in the words *enrings* and *fingers,* to the *ring* of the *marriage rite. Henley.*

In our ancient marriage ceremony, (or rather, perhaps, contract) the woman gave the man a ring, as well as received one from him. To this custom the conduct of Olivia (See *Twelfth-Night,* sc. ult.) bears sufficient testimony:

"A contract of eternal bond of love, &c.
"Strengthened by *interchangement of your rings.*" *Steevens.*

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Her dotage now I do begin to pity.
For meeting her of late, behind the wood,
Seeking sweet savours[3] for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her:
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flourets' eyes,[4]
Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,
And she, in mild terms, begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child;
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain;
That he awaking when the other do,[5]
May all to Athens back again repair;
And think no more of this nights accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.
Be, as thou wast wont to be;
[*Touching her eyes with an herb.*
See, as thou wast wont to see:

[3] —— *sweet savours* —] Thus Roberts's quarto and the first folio. Fisher's quarto reads—*favours*; which, taken in the sense of ornaments, such as are worn at weddings, may be right. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *flourets'* eyes,] The *eye* of a flower is the technical term for its center. Thus Milton, in his *Lycidas*, v. 139:
"Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd *eyes*." *Steevens.*

[5] *That he awaking when the* other *do*,] Such is the reading of the old copies, and such was the phraseology of Shakspeare's age; though the modern editors have departed from it.—So, in *King Henry IV*, P. I: "— and unbound the rest, and then came in the *other*."
Again, in *King Henry IV*, P. II: "For the *other*, Sir John, let me see," &c.
So, in the epistle prefixed to *Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Devil*, by Thomas Nashe, 4to. 1592: "I hope they will give me leave to think there be fooles of that art, as well as of all *other*." *Malone.*

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Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower[6]
Hath such force and blessed power.
Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.
Tita. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought, I was enamour'd of an ass.
Obe. There lies your love.
Tita. How came these things to pass?
O, how mine eyes do loath his visage now!
Obe. Silence, a while.—Robin, take off this head.—
Titania, musick call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep, of all these five the sense.[7]
Tita. Musick, ho! musick; such as charmeth sleep.
Puck. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep.
Obe. Sound, musick. [*Still musick*] Come, my queen, take hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity;
And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly,
Dance in duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair posterity:[8]

[6] *Dian's bud* o'er *Cupid's flower* —] The old copies read—*or* Cupid's. Corrected by Dr. Thirlby. The herb now employed is styled *Diana's bud*, because it is applied as an antidote to that charm which had constrained Titania to dote on Bottom with "the soul of *love*." *Malone.*

Dian's bud, is the bud of the *Agnus Castus*, or *Chaste Tree*.—Thus, in *Macer's Herball, practysyd by Doctor Lynacre, translated out of Laten into Englyshe*, &c. bl. l. no date: "The vertue of this herbe is, that he wyll kepe man and woman *chaste*," &c. *Cupid's flower*, is the *Viola tricolor*, or *Love in Idleness*. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *of all these* five *the sense*.] The old copies read—these *fine*; but this most certainly is corrupt. My emendation needs no justification. The *five*, that lay asleep on the stage were Demetrius, Lysander, Hermia, Helena, and Bottom.—Dr. Thirlby likewise communicated this very correction. *Theobald.*

[8] *Dance in duke Theseus' house triumphantly,*
And bless it to all fair *posterity:*] We should read:
—— *to all* far *posterity.*
i. e. to the remotest posterity. *Warburton.*
Fair posterity is the right reading.
In the concluding song, where Oberon blesses the nuptial bed, part of his benediction is, that the posterity of Theseus shall be *fair:*

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There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.
Puck.. Fairy king, attend, and mark;
I do hear the morning lark.
Obe. Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade:[9]
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.
Tita. Come, my lord; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found,
With these mortals on the ground. [*Exeunt.*

[*Horns sound within.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, *and train.*

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester;
For now our observation is perform'd:[1]

"And the blots of nature's hand
"Shall not in their issue stand;
"Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
"Nor mark prodigious, such as are
"Despised in nativity,
"Shall upon their children be." *M. Mason.*

——*to all fair* prosperity:] I have preferred this, which is the reading of the first and best quarto, printed by Fisher, to that of the other quarto and the folio, (*posterity*) induced by the following lines in a former scene:

"—— your warrior love
"To Theseus must be wedded, and you come
"To give their bed joy and *prosperity*." *Malone.*

[9] *Then, my queen, in silence sad,*
Trip we after the night's shade:] *Sad* signifies only grave, sober; and is opposed to their dances and revels, which were now ended at the singing of the morning lark. So, in *The Winter's Tale*, Act IV: "*My father and the gentlemen are in* sad *talk*." For *grave* or *serious*. *Warburton.*

A statute 3 Henry VII, c. xiv, directs certain offences committed in the king's palace, to be tried by twelve *sad* men of the king's houshold. *Blackstone.*

[1] —— *our observation is perform'd:*] The honours due to the morning of *May*. I know not why Shakspeare calls this play *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, when he so carefully informs us that it happened the night preceding *May* day. *Johnson.*

The title of this play seems no more intended, to denote the precise *time of the action*, than that of *The Winter's Tale*; which we find was at the season of sheep-shearing. *Farmer.*

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And since we have the vaward of the day,[2]
My love shall hear the musick of my hounds.—
Uncouple in the western valley; go:—
Despatch, I say, and find the forester.—
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules, and Cadmus, once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear[3]

The same phrase has been used in a former scene:

"To do *observance* to a morn of May."

I imagine that the title of this play was suggested by the time it was first introduced on the stage, which was probably at *Midsummer*. "A Dream for the *entertainment* of a Midsummer night." *Twelfth Night* and *The Winter's Tale* had probably their titles from a similar circumstance. *Malone.*

In *Twelfth Night*, Act III, sc. iv, Olivia observes of Malvolio's seeming phrenzy, that it "is a very *Midsummer* madness." That time of the year, we may therefore suppose, was anciently thought productive of mental vagaries resembling the scheme of Shakspeare's play. To this circumstance it might have owed its title. *Steevens.*

[2] —— *the* vaward *of the day,*] *Vaward* is compounded of *van* and *ward*, the forepart. In Knolles's *History of the Turks*, the word *vayvod* is used in the same sense. *Edinburgh Magazine*, for Nov. 1786. *Steevens.*

[3] —— *they bay'd the* bear —] Thus all the old copies. And thus in Chaucer's *Knightes Tale*, v. 2020, Tyrwhitt's edit:

"The hunte ystrangled with the wild *beres*."

Bearbaiting was likewise once a diversion esteemed proper for royal personages, even of the softer sex. While the princess Elizabeth remained at Hatfield House, under the custody of Sir Thomas Pope, she was visited by Queen Mary. The next morning they were entertained with a grand exhibition of *bear-baiting, with which their highnesses were right well content.* See *Life of Sir Thomas Pope*, cited by Warton in his *History of English Poetry*, Vol. II, p. 391. *Steevens.*

In *The Winter's Tale*, Antigonus is destroyed by a *bear*, who is chaced by hunters. See also our poet's *Venus and Adonis:*

"For now she hears it is no gentle chace,
"But the blunt boar, rough *bear*, or lion proud." *Malone.*

Holinshed, with whose histories our poet was well acquainted, says, "the *beare* is a beast commonlie hunted in the East countrie." See Vol. I, p. 206; and in p. 226, he says, "Alexander, at vacant time, hunted the tiger, the pard, the bore, and the *beare*." Pliny, Plutarch, &c. mention bear-hunting. Turberville, in his *Book of Hunting*, has two chapters on hunting the *bear*.

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With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding;[4] for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains,[5] every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry:[6] I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred[7] out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd,[8] so sanded;[9] and their heads are hung

As the persons mentioned by the poet are foreigners of the heroic strain, he might perhaps think it nobler sport for them to hunt the *bear* than the *boar*. Shakspeare must have read the *Knight's Tale* in Chaucer, wherein are mentioned Theseus's "white alandes [grey-hounds] to huntin at the lyon, or the wild *bere*." *Tollet.*

[4] —— *such gallant* chiding;] *Chiding* in this instance means only *sound*. So, in *King Henry VIII:*

"As doth a rock against the *chiding* flood."

Again, in *Humour out of Breath*, a comedy, by John Day, 1608:

"—— I take great pride
"To hear soft musick, and thy shrill voice *chide*."

Again, in the 22d chapter of Drayton's *Polyolbion:*

"—— drums and trumpets *chide*.—"

This use of the word was not obsolete in the age of Milton, who says, in his *Smectymnuus:* "I may one day hope to have ye again in a still time, when there shall be no *chiding*. Not in these noises." See edit. 1753, p. 118. *Steevens.*

[5] *The skies, the* fountains,] Instead of *fountains*, Mr. Heath would read—*mountains*. The change had been proposed to Mr. Theobald, who has well supported the old reading, by observing that Virgil and other poets have made rivers, lakes, &c. responsive to sound:

"Tum vero exoritur clamor, ripæque *lacus*que
"Responsant circa, et cœlum tonat omne tumultu."
Malone.

[6] *Seem'd all one mutual cry:*] The old copies concur in reading—*seem;* but, as Hippolyta is speaking of time *past*, I have adopted Mr. Rowe's correction. *Steevens.*

[7] *My hounds are bred*, &c.] This passage has been imitated by Lee, in his *Theodosius:*

"Then through the woods we chac'd the foaming boar,
"With hounds that opened like Thessalian bulls;
"Like Tigers flew'd, and sanded as the shore,
"With ears and chests that dash'd the morning dew."
Malone.

[8] *So flew'd,*] Sir T. Hanmer justly remarks, that *flews* are the large chaps of a deep-mouth'd hound. Arthur Golding uses this word in his translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, finished 1567, a book with which Shakspeare appears to have been well acquaint-

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With ears that sweep away the morning dew;[1]
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
Judge, when you hear.—But, soft; what nymphs are these?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;
And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder of[2] their being here together.

The. No doubt, they rose up early, to observe
The rite of May;[3] and, hearing our intent,

ed. The poet is describing Actæon's hounds, B. III, p. 34, b. 1575. Two of them, like our author's, were of Spartan kind; bred from a Spartan bitch and a Cretan dog:

"——with other twaine, that had a syre of Crete,
"And dam of Sparta: tone of them called Jollyboy, a great
"And *large-flew'd* hound."

Shakspeare mentions Cretan hounds (with Spartan) afterwards in this speech of Theseus. And Ovid's translator, Golding, in the same description, has them both in one verse, *ibid*, p. 34, a:

"This latter was a hounde of Crete, the other was of Spart."
T. Warton.

9 *So sanded;*] So marked with small spots. *Johnson.*

Sanded means of a sandy colour, which is one of the true denotements of a blood-hound. *Steevens.*

1 *With ears that sweep away the morning dew;*] So, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:

"——the fierce Thessalian hounds,
"With their flag ears, ready to sweep the dew
"From their moist breasts." *Steevens.*

2 *I wonder* of—] The modern editors read—I wonder *at*, &c. But changes of this kind ought, I conceive, to be made with great caution; for the writings of our author's contemporaries furnish us with abundant proofs that many modes of speech, which now seem harsh to our ears, were justified by the phraseology of former times. In *All's well that ends well*, we have:

"——thou dislik'st
"*Of* virtue, for the name." *Malone.*

3 —— *they rose up early, to observe*
The rite *of* May;] The *rite* of this month was once so universally observed, that even authors thought their works would obtain a more favourable reception, if published on *May-Day*. The

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Came here in grace of our solemnity.—
But, speak, Egeus; is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

Horns, and shout within. DEMETRIUS, LYSANDER, HERMIA, *and* HELENA, *wake and start up.*

The. Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past;[4]
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my lord. [*He and the rest kneel to* THE.

The. I pray you all, stand up.
I know, you are two rival enemies;
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half 'sleep, half waking: But as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here:
But, as I think, (for truly would I speak,—
And now I do bethink me, so it is;)
I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was, to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of the Athenian law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough;
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.—
They would have stol'n away, they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me:
You, of your wife; and me, of my consent;
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,

following is a title-page to a metrical performance by a once celebrated poet, Thomas Churchyard:

"Come bring in *Maye* with me,
"My *Maye* is fresh and greene;
"A subiectes harte, an humble mind,
"To serue a mayden Queene."

"A discourse of Rebellion, drawne forth for to warne the wanton wittes how to kepe their heads on their shoulders."

"Imprinted at London, in Fletestreate by William Griffith, Anno Domini 1570. The *first* of *Maye*." *Steevens.*

[4] —— *Saint* Valentine *is past;*] Alluding to the old saying, that birds begin to couple on St. Valentine's day. *Steevens.*

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Of this their purpose hither, to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them;
Fair Helena in fancy following me.[5]
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
(But by some power it is) my love to Hermia,
Melted as doth the snow,[6] seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gawd,[7]
Which in my childhood I did dote upon:
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia:[8]
But, like in sickness,[9] did I loath this food:
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:

[5] *Fair Helena in* fancy *following me.*] *Fancy* is here taken for *love* or *affection*, and is opposed to *fury*, as before:

"Sighs and tears, poor *Fancy's* followers."

Some now call that which a man takes particular delight in, his *fancy*. *Flower-fancier*, for a florist, and *bird-fancier*, for a lover and feeder of birds, are colloquial words. *Johnson.*

So, in Barnaby Googe's *Cupido Conquered*, 1563:

"The chyefe of them was Ismenis,
"Whom best Diana lov'd,
"And next in place sat Hyale
"Whom *Fancye* never mov'd."

Again in *Hymen's Triumph*, a Masque, by Daniel, 1623:

"With all persuasions sought to win her mind
"To *fancy* him."

Again:

"Do not enforce me to accept a man
"I cannot *fancy*." *Steevens.*

[6] —— *as* doth *the snow*,] The word *doth*, which seems to have been inadvertently omitted, was supplied by Mr. Capel. The emendation here made is confirmed by a passage in *K. Henry V:*

"—— as *doth* the melted snow
"Upon the vallies." *Malone.*

[7] —— *an idle* gawd,] See note on this word, p. 243. *Steevens.*

[8] —— *ere I* saw *Hermia:*] The old copies read—ere I *see* —. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *like* in *sickness*,] So, in the next line—"as *in* health —." The old copies erroneously read—"like *a* sickness." I owe the present correction to Dr. Farmer. *Steevens.*

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Of this discourse we more will hear anon.—
Egeus, I will overbear your will;
For in the temple, by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.—
Away, with us, to Athens: Three and three,
We 'll hold a feast in great solemnity.—
Come Hippolyta.[1] [*Exeunt* THE. HIP. EGE. *and train.*

Dem. These things seem small, and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks, I see these things with parted eye,
When every thing seems double.

Hel. So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.[2]

[1] *Come, Hippolyta.*] I suppose, for the sake of measure, we should read—"Come *my* Hippolyta." *Steevens.*

[2] *And I have found Demetrius like a* jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.] Hermia had observed that things appeared *double* to her. Helena replies, *so methinks;* and then subjoins, that Demetrius was like a *jewel*, her own and not her own. He is here, then, compared to something which had the property of appearing to be one thing when it was another. Not the property sure of a jewel; or, if you will, of none but a false one. We should read:

And I have found Demetrius like a gemell,
Mine own and not mine own.

From *Gemellus*, a *twin*. For Demetrius had that night acted two such different parts, that she could hardly think them both played by one and the same Demetrius; but that there were twin Demetriuses like the two Sosias in the farce. From *Gemellus* comes the French *Gemeau* or *Jumeau*, and in the feminine, *Gemelle* or *Jumelle:* So, in Maçon's translation of *The Decameron of Boccace:* "Il avoit trois filles plus âgées que les masles, des quelles les deux qui estoient *jumelles* avoient quinze ans." *Quatrieme Jour.* Nov. 3. *Warburton.*

This emendation is ingenious enough to deserve to be true. *Johnson.*

Dr. Warburton has been accused of coining the word *gemell;* but Drayton has it in the preface to his *Barons' Wars:* "The *quadrin* doth never double; or to use a word of heraldrie, never bringeth forth *gemels.*" *Farmer.*

Again:

"——unless they had been all *gemels* or couplets." *Steevens.*

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Dem. It seems to me,[3]
That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think,
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea; and my father.

Hel. And Hippolyta.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake: let 's follow him:
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt.*

Helena, I think, means to say, that having *found* Demetrius *unexpectedly*, she considered her property in him as insecure as that which a person has in a jewel that he has *found* by *accident*; which he knows not whether he shall retain, and which therefore may properly enough be called *his own and not his own*. She does not say, as Dr. Warburton has represented, that Demetrius *was like a jewel*, but that she had *found him*, like a jewel, &c.

A kindred thought occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" ——— by starts
" His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear
" *Of what he has, and has not.*"

The same kind of expression is found also in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" Where ev'ry something, being blent together,
" Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
" *Expressed, and not expressed.*" *Malone.*

See also Mr. Heath's REVISAL, p. 57. *Reed.*

[3] *It seems to me,*] Thus the folio. The quartos begin this speech as follows:

——— *Are you sure*
That we are awake?

I had once injudiciously restored these words; but they add no weight to the sense of the passage, and create such a defect in the measure as is best remedied by their omission. *Steevens.*

Are you sure
That we are awake?] *Sure* is here used as a dissyllable: so *sire, fire, hour*, &c. The word *now* [That we are *now* awake?] seems to be wanting, to complete the metre of the next line. *Malone.*

I cannot accede to a belief that *sure* was ever employed as a dissyllable, much less at the end of a verse. *Fire* (anciently spelt *fier*) and *hour* (anciently spelt *bower*) might be dissyllabically used, because the duplicate vowels in each of them were readily separated in pronunciation.

Our author might have written:

" *But* are you sure
" That we are *now* awake?—"

Having exhibited this passage, however, only in my note on the hemistich that follows it, I have little solicitude for its reformation. *Steevens.*

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As they go out, BOTTOM *awakes.*

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer:—my next is, *Most fair Pyramus.*——Hey, ho!—Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life! stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream,—past the wit of man to say what dream it was: Man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had,—But man is but a patched fool,[4] if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man[5] hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen; man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke: Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.[6] [*Exit.*

[4] —— *patched fool,*] That is, a fool in a particoloured coat. *Johnson.*

[5] *The eye of man,* &c.] He is here blundering upon the scriptural passage of "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things," &c. 1 *Cor.* ii, 9. *Douce.*

[6] —— *I shall sing it* at her *death.*] At *whose* death? In Bottom's speech there is no mention of any she-creature, to whom this relative can be coupled. I make not the least scruple but Bottom, for the sake of a jest, and to render his *voluntary,* as we may call it, the more gracious and extraordinary, said:—*I shall sing it* after *death.* He, as Pyramus, is killed upon the scene; and so might promise to rise again at the conclusion of the interlude, and give the Duke his dream by way of song. The source of the corruption of the text is very obvious. The *f* in *after* being sunk by the vulgar pronunciation, the copyist might write it from the sound,—*a'ter;* which the wise editors not understanding, concluded, two words were erroneously got together; so, splitting them, and clapping in an *h,* produced the present reading—*at her. Theobald.*

Theobald might have quoted the following passage in *The Tempest* in support of his emendation. "This is a very scurvy tune (says Trinculo) for a man to *sing at his funeral.*"—Yet I believe the text is right. *Malone.*

—— *at her death.*] He may mean *the death of Thisbe,* which his head might be at present full of; and yet I cannot but prefer the happy conjecture of Mr. Theobald to my own attempt at explanation. *Steevens.*

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SCENE II.

Athens. *A room in* Quince's *House.*

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marred; It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens, able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

Flu. No; he hath simply the best wit of any handy-craft man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too: and he is a very paramour, for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say, paragon: a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of nought.[7]

Enter SNUG.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.[8]

Flu. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a-day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a-day: an the duke had not given him sixpence

[7] —— *a* thing *of nought.*] This Mr. Theobald changes with great pomp to *a thing of naught;* i. e. a *good for nothing thing.* *Johnson.*

A thing of nought may be the true reading. So, in *Hamlet:*

"*Ham.* The king is a *thing*——

"*Guil.* A *thing* my lord?

"*Ham. Of nothing.*"

See the note on this passage.

Paramour being a word which Flute did not understand, he may design to say that it had *no* meaning, i. e. was *a thing of nought.*

Mr. M. Mason, however, is of a different opinion. "The ejaculation (says he) *God bless us!* proves that Flute imagined he was saying a naughty word." *Steevens.*

[8] —— *made men.*] In the same sense as in *The Tempest:*

"—— any monster in England *makes* a man." *Johnson.*

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a-day for playing Pyramus, I' ll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a-day, in Pyramus, or nothing.[9]

Enter BOTTOM.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottom!——O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for, if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you, is, that the duke hath dined: Get your apparel together; good strings to your beards,[1] new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for, the short and the long is, our play is preferred.[2] In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him, that plays the lion, pare his nails, for they shall hang out

[9] ——*sixpence a day, in Pyramus, or nothing.*] Shakspeare has already ridiculed the title-page of *Cambyses*, by Thomas Preston; and here he seems to allude to him, or some other person who, like him, had been pensioned for his dramatic abilities. Preston acted a part in John Ritwise's play of *Dido*, before Queen Elizabeth at Cambridge, in 1564; and the Queen was so well pleased, that she bestowed on him a pension of *twenty* pounds a year, which is little more than *a shilling a day*. *Steevens.*

[1] ——*good strings to your beards,*] i. e. to prevent the false beards, which they were to wear, from falling off. *Malone.*

As no false beard could be worn, without a ligature to fasten it on, (and a slender one would suffice) the caution of Bottom, considered in such a light, is superfluous. I suspect, therefore, that the *good strings* recommended by him were ornamental, or employed to give an air of novelty to the countenances of the performers. Thus in *Measure for Measure* (where the *natural beard* is unquestionably spoken of) the Duke, intent on disfiguring the head of *Ragozine*, says: "O, death 's a great *disguiser;* and you may *add to it.* Shave the head, and *tie the beard.*"

Steevens.

[2] ——*our play is* preferred.] This word is not to be understood in its most common acceptation here, as if their play was chosen in *preference* to the others; (for that appears afterwards not to be the fact;) but means, that it was given in among others for the duke's option. So, in *Julius Cæsar*, Decius says:

"Where is Metellus Cimber? let him go,

"And presently *prefer his suit* to Cæsar." *Theobald.*

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for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlick, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt, but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words; away; go, away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.....SCENE I.

The same. An Apartment in the Palace of Theseus.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Hip. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true. I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers, and madmen, have such seething brains,[3]
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatick, the lover, and the poet,[4]
Are of imagination all compact:[5]
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantick,[6]

[3] —— *such* seething *brains,*] So, in *The Tempest:*
"—— thy *brains,*
"Now useless, *boil'd* within thy scull." *Steevens.*
We meet with the same expression in *The Winter's Tale:* "Would any but these *boil'd brains* of three and twenty hunt this weather?" *Malone.*

[4] *The lunatick, the lover, and the poet,*] An ingenious modern writer supposes that our author had here in contemplation Orestes, Mark Antony, and himself; but I do not recollect any passage in his works that shows him to have been acquainted with the story of Agamemnon's son,—*scelerum furiis agitatus Orestes:* and indeed, if even such were found, the supposed allusion would still remain very problematical. *Malone.*

[5] *Are of imagination all compact:*] i. e. are made of mere imagination. So, in *As you like it:*
"If he, *compact* of jars, grow musical." *Steevens.*

[6] That is, *the madman: the lover, all as frantick,*] Such is the reading of all the old copies; instead of which, the modern editors have given us:
"The madman: *while* the lover," &c. *Steevens.*

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Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:[7]
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,[8]
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination;
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or, in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear?

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy;[9]
But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, *and* HELENA.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.—
Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love,
Accompany your hearts!

Lys. More than to us
Wait on[1] your royal walks, your board, your bed!

The. Come now; what masks, what dances shall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-supper, and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?

[7] *Sees Helen's beauty in a* brow of Egypt:] By "a brow of Egypt," Shakspeare means no more than the *brow of a gipsy*. So much for some ingenious modern's ideal *Cleopatra*. See note 5. *Steevens.*

[8] —— *in a fine frenzy rolling,*] This seems to have been imitated by Drayton, in his *Epistle to J. Reynolds, on Poets and Poetry:* describing Marlowe, he says:

"—— that *fine madness* still he did retain,
"Which rightly should possess a *poet's* brain." *Malone.*

[9] —— *constancy;*] Consistency, stability, certainty. *Johnson.*

[1] *Wait* on —] The old copies have—wait *in*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. *Malone.*

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Call Philostrate.[2]

Philos. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgment[3] have you for this evening?
What mask? what musick? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Philos. There is a brief,[4] how many sports are ripe;[5]
Make choice of which your highness will see first.

[*Giving a paper.*

[2] *Call* Philostrate.] In the folio, 1623, it is, Call *Egeus*, and all the speeches afterwards spoken by Philostrate, except that beginning, "No, my noble lord," &c. are there given to that character. But the modern editions, from the quarto 1600, have rightly given them to Philostrate, who appears in the first scene as master of the revels to Theseus, and is there sent out on a similar kind of errand.

In *The Knight's Tale* of Chaucer, Arcite, under the name of *Philostrate*, is 'squire of the chamber to *Theseus*. *Steevens.*

[3] *Say, what* abridgment, &c.] By *abridgment* our author may mean a dramatick performance, which crowds the events of years into a few hours. So, in *Hamlet*, Act II, sc. vii, he calls the players "*abridgments, abstracts*, and *brief chronicles of the time*." Again, in *K. Henry V:*

"Then brook *abridgment;* and your eyes advance
"After your thoughts ——."

It may be worth while, however, to observe that, in the North, the word *abatement* had the same meaning as *diversion* or *amusement*. So, in the Prologue to the 5th Book of G. Douglas's version of the *Æneid:*

"Ful mony mery *abaitmentis* followis here." *Steevens.*

Does not *abridgment*, in the present instance, signify *amusement to beguile the tediousness of the evening?* or, in one word, *pastime? Henley.*

[4] ——*a* brief,] i. e. a short account or enumeration. So, in Gascoigne's *Dulce Bellum Inexpertis:*

"She sent a *brief* unto me by her mayd."

Again, in *King John:*

"—— the hand of time
"Shall draw this *brief* into as huge a volume." *Steevens.*

[5] —— *are* ripe;] One of the quartos has—*ripe;* the other old editions—*rife*. *Johnson.*

Ripe is the reading of Fisher's quarto. *Rife*, however, is a word used both by Sydney and Spenser. It means abounding, but is now almost obsolete. Thus, in the *Arcadia*, Lib. II:

"A shop of shame, a booke where blots be *rife*."

Again, in Stephen Gosson's *School of Abuse*, 1579: "— you shall find the theaters of the one, and the abuses of the other, to be *rife* among us." *Steevens.*

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The. *reads.*[6]] *The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung,*
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.[7]
We 'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.
The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.
That is an old device; and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.
The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of learning,[8] *late deceas'd in beggary.*
That is some satire, keen, and critical,[9]
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.
A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.
Merry and tragical?[1] Tedious and brief?
That is, hot ice, and wonderous strange snow.[2]

[6] The. *reads.*] This is printed as Mr. Theobald gave it from both the old quartos. In the first folio, and all the following editions, Lysander reads the catalogue, and Theseus makes the remarks. *Johnson.*

[7] *By an Athenian* eunuch *to the harp.*] This seems to imply a more ancient practice of castration for the voice, than can be found in opera annals. *Burney.*

[8] *The thrice three Muses mourning for the death*
Of learning, &c.] I do not know whether it has been before observed, that Shakspeare here, perhaps, alluded to Spenser's poem, entitled *The Tears of the Muses,* on the neglect and contempt of learning. This piece first appeared in quarto, with others, 1591. The oldest edition of this play, now known, is dated 1600. If Spenser's poem be here intended, may we not presume that there is some earlier edition of this? But, however, if the allusion be allowed, at least it seems to bring the play below 1591. *T. Warton.*

[9] —— *keen, and* critical,] *Critical* here means *criticising, censuring.* So, in *Othello:*
"O, I am nothing if not *critical.*" *Steevens.*

[1] *Merry and tragical?*] Our poet is still harping on *Cambyses,* of which the first edition might have appeared in 1569-70; when "an Enterlude, a lamentable Tragedy full of pleasant Myrth," was licensed to John Alde, Regist. Stat. fol. 184, b. *Steevens.*

[2] *That is, hot ice,* and *wonderous strange* snow.] The nonsense of this line should be corrected thus:
"That is, hot ice, *a* wonderous strange *show.*" *Warburton.*
Mr. Upton reads, and not improbably:
"And wonderous strange *black snow.*" *Johnson.*

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How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Philos. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long;
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But, by ten words, my lord, it is too long;
Which makes it tedious: for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

The. What are they, that do play it?

Philos. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their minds till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories[3]
With this same play, against your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.

Philos. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unless you can find sport in their intents,[4]

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*wondrous scorching snow*. Mr. Pope omits the line entirely. I think the passage needs no change, on account of the versification; for *wonderous* is as often used as *three*, as it is as *two* syllables. The meaning of the line is—

"—— *hot ice*, and snow of *as strange a quality*."

There is, however, an ancient pamphlet entitled, "*Tarlton's Devise upon this unlooked for* grete Snowe." And perhaps the passage before us may contain some allusion to it. This work is entered on the books of the Stationers' Company; as also, "A ballet of a Northerne Man's Report of the *wonderful great Snowe* in the Southerne parts," &c. *Steevens.*

As there is no antithesis between *strange* and *snow*, as there is between *hot* and *ice*, I believe we should read—"and wonderous *strong* snow." *M. Mason.*

In support of Mr. Mason's conjecture it may be observed that the words *strong* and *strange* are often confounded in our old plays.

Mr. Upton's emendation also may derive some support from a passage in *Macbeth*:

"—— when they shall be opened, *black* Macbeth
"Shall seem as pure as *snow*." *Malone.*

[3] —— *unbreath'd memories* —] That is, unexercised, unpractised memories. *Steevens.*

[4] *Unless you can find sport in their* intents,] Thus all the copies. But as I know not what it is to *stretch* and *con* an *intent*, I suspect a line to be lost. *Johnson.*

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Extremely stretch'd, and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.
The. I will hear that play:
For never any thing can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.[5]
Go, bring them in;—and take your places, ladies.
[*Exit* PHILOS.
Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his service perishing.
The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.
Hip. He says, they can do nothing in this kind.
The. The kinder we to give them thanks for nothing.
Our sport shall be,[6] to take what they mistake:
And what poor duty cannot do,[7]
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.[8]

To *intend* and to *attend* were anciently synonymous. Of this use several instances are given in a note on the third scene of the first Act of *Othello*. *Intents*, therefore, may be put for the object of their *attention*. We still say, a person is *intent* on his business. *Steevens.*

[5] ——*never any thing can be amiss,*
When simpleness and duty tender it.] Ben Jonson, in *Cynthia's Revels* has employed this sentiment of humanity on the same occasion, when Cynthia is preparing to see a masque:
"Nothing which duty and desire to please
"Bears written on the forehead, comes amiss." *Steevens.*

[6] *Our sport shall be,* &c.] Voltaire says something like this of Louis XIV, who took a pleasure in seeing his courtiers in confusion when they spoke to him.
I am told, however, by a writer in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, for Nov. 1786, that I have assigned a malignant, instead of a humane, sentiment to Theseus, and that he really means—*We will accept with pleasure even their blundering attempt.* *Steevens.*

[7] *And what poor duty cannot do,*] The defective metre of this line shows that some word was inadvertently omitted by the transcriber or compositor. Mr. Theobald supplied the defect by reading, "And what poor *willing* duty," &c. *Malone.*

[8] *And what poor duty cannot do,*
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.] The sense of this passage, as it now stands, if it has any sense, is this: *What the inability of duty cannot perform, regardful generosity receives as an act of ability, though not of merit.* The contrary is rather true: *What dutifulness tries to perform without ability, regardful generosity receives as having the merit, though not the power, of complete performance.*
We should therefore read:

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Where I have come, great clerks have purposed[9]
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome: Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
In least, speak most, to my capacity.

Enter PHILOSTRATE.

Philos. So please your grace, the prologue is addrest.[1]
The. Let him approach. [*Flourish of trumpets.*[2]

And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes not in might, but merit. Johnson.

In *might*, is, perhaps, an elliptical expression for *what might have been.* Steevens.

If this passage is to stand as it is, the meaning appears to be this:—"and what poor duty would do, but cannot accomplish, noble respect considers as it *might* have been, not as it is."
M. Mason.

And what dutifulness tries to perform without ability, regardful generosity receives with complacency, estimating it not by the actual *merit* of the performance, but by what it *might* have been, were the abilities of the performers equal to their zeal.—Such, I think, is the true interpretation of this passage; for which the reader is indebted partly to Dr. Johnson, and partly to Mr. Steevens. *Malone.*

[9] *Where I have come, great* clerks *have purposed,* &c.] So, in *Pericles:*

"She sings like one immortal, and she dances
"As goddess like to her admired lays;
"*Deep clerks she dumbs.*"

It should be observed, that *periods*, in the text, is used in the sense of *full points.* *Malone.*

[1] —— *addrest.*] That is, ready. So in *King Henry V:*
"To-morrow for our march we are *addrest.*" *Steevens.*

[2] *Flourish of Trumpets.*] It appears, from *The Guls Hornbook*, by Decker, 1609, that the prologue was anciently ushered in by trumpets. "Present not yourselfe on the stage (especially at a new play) until the quaking prologue hath (by rubbing) got cullor in his cheekes, and is ready to give the *trumpets* their cue that hee's upon point to enter." *Steevens.*

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Enter Prologue.

Prol. *If we offend, it is with our good will,*
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good-will. To shew our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then, we come but in despite.
We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand; and, by their show,
You shall know all that you are like to know.

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his prologue, like a rough colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: It is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath played on this prologue, like a child on a recorder;[3] a sound, but not in government.[4]

The. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

Enter PYRAMUS *and* THISBE, Wall, Moonshine, *and* Lion, *as in dumb show.*[5]

Prol. "Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this show;
"But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
"This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
"This beauteous lady Thisby is, certain.[6]

[3] —— *on a* recorder;] Lord Bacon, in his *Natural History*, cent. iii, sect. 221, speaks of *recorders* and flutes at the same instant, and says that the *recorder* hath a less bore, and a greater, above and below; and elsewhere, cent. ii, sect. 187, he speaks of it as having six holes, in which respect it answers to the Tibia minor, or Flajolet, of Mersennus. From all which particulars it should seem that the flute and the *recorder* were different instruments, and that the latter, in propriety of speech, was no other than the flagelet. *Hawkins's History of Musick*, Vol. IV, p. 479. *Reed.*

Shakspeare introduces the same instrument in *Hamlet;* and Milton says: "To the sound of soft *recorders.*"
The *recorder* is mentioned in many of the old plays. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *but not in government.*] That is, not regularly, according to the tune. *Steevens.*

Hamlet, speaking of a *recorder*, says:—"*Govern* these ventages with your fingers and thumb; give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music."—This explains the meaning of *government* in this passage. *M. Mason.*

[5] In this place the folio, 1623, exhibits the following prompter's direction: *Tawyer with a trumpet before them. Steevens.*

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"This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
"Wall, that vile wall which did these lovers sunder:
"And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
"To whisper; at the which let no man wonder.
"This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,
"Presenteth moon-shine: for, if you will know,
"By moon-shine did these lovers think no scorn
"To meet at Ninus' tomb,[7] there, there to woo.
"This grisly beast, which by name lion hight,[8]
"The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,
"Did scare away, or rather did affright:

[6] *This beauteous lady Thisby is,* certáin.] A burlesque was here intended on the frequent recurrence of "*certain*" as a bungling rhyme in poetry more ancient than the age of Shakspeare.

Thus, in a short poem entitled "A lytell Treatise called the Dysputacyon or the Complaynte of the Herte through perced with the Lokynge of the Eye. Imprynted at Lõdon in Flete-strete at the Sygne of the Sonne by Wynkyn de Worde:"

"And houndes syxescore and mo *certayne*—
"To whome my thought gan to strayne *certayne*—
"Whan I had fyrst syght of her *certayne*—
"In all honoure she hath no pere *certayne*—
"To loke upon a fayre Lady *certayne*—
"As moch as is in me I am contente *certayne*—
"They made there both two theyr promysse *certayne*—
"All armed with margaretes *certayne*—
"Towardes Venus when they sholde go *certayne*," &c.

Again, in the ancient MS. romance of the *Sowdon of Babylóyne:*

"He saide the xii peres bene alle dede,
"And ye spende your good in vayne,
"And therefore doth nowe by my rede,
"Ye shall see them no more *certeyn*."

Again, *ibid:*

"The kinge turned him ageyn,
"And alle his ooste him with,
"Towarde Mountribble *certeyne*," &c. *Steevens.*

[7] *To meet at Ninus' tomb,* &c.] So, in Chaucer's *Legend of Thisbe of Babylon:*

"Thei settin markes ther metingis should be,
"There king *Ninus* was graven undir a tre."

Again:

"And as she ran her *wimple* she let fall," &c.

Again, Golding in his version of Ovid's *Metamorphoses,* B. IV, has a similar line:

"And as *she fled* away for haste, she let her *mantle* fall."
Steevens.

[8] —— *which by name lion hight,*] As all the other parts of this speech are in *alternate* rhyme, excepting that it closes with a

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"And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall;[9]
"Which lion vile with bloody mouth did stain:
"Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth, and tall,
"And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain:
"Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade,[1]
"He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;
"And, Thisby tarrying in mulberry shade,
"His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,

couplet; and as no rhyme is left to *name*, we must conclude, either a verse is slipt out, which cannot now be retrieved; or, by a transposition of the words, as I have placed them, the poet intended a *triplet*. *Theobald.*

Hight, in old English, signifies—*is called*. I think it more probable that a line, following the words—*by night*, has been lost. *Malone.*

[9] —— *her mantle she* did fall:] Thus all the old copies. The modern editors read—"she *let* fall," unnecessarily. *To fall* in this instance is a verb active.

So, in *The Tempest*, Act II, sc. i:

"And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
"To *fall* it on Gonzalo." *Steevens.*

[1] *Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,*] Mr. Upton rightly observes that Shakspeare, in this line, ridicules the affectation of beginning many words with the same letter. He might have remarked the same of—

"The raging rocks
"And shivering shocks."

Gascoigne, contemporary with our poet, remarks and blames the same affectation. *Johnson.*

It is also ridiculed by Sidney, in his *Astrophel and Stella*, 15:

"You that do Dictionaries' method bring
"Into your *r*imes, *r*unning in *r*attling *r*owes."

But this alliteration seems to have reached the height of its fashion in the reign of Henry VIII. The following stanza is quoted from a poem, *On the Fall and evil Success of Rebellion*, written in 1537, by Wilfride Holme:

"Loe, leprous lurdeins, lubricke in loquacitie,
"Vah, vaporous villeins, with venim vulnerate,
"Proh, prating parenticides, plexious to pinnositie,
"Fie, frantike fabulators, furibund, and fatuate,
"Out, oblatrant, oblict, obstacle, and obsecate.
"Ah addict algoes, in acerbitie acclamant,
"Magnall in mischief, malicious to mugilate,
"Repriving your Roy so renowned and radiant."

In Tusser's *Husbandry*, p. 104, there is a poem of which every word begins with a T; and in the old play entitled: *The Historie of the Two valiant Knights, Syr Clyomon Knight of the Golden Sheeld, Sonne to the King of Denmark; and Clamydes the White Knight, Son*

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" Let lion, moon-shine, wall, and lovers twain,
" At large discourse, while here they do remain."
[*Exeunt* Prol. THIS. Lion, *and* Moon.

The. I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many asses do.

Wall. " In this same interlude, it doth befall,
" That I, one Snout by name, present a wall:
" And such a wall, as I would have you think,
" That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chink,
" Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
" Did whisper often very secretly.
" This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth show
" That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
" And this the cranny is,[2] right and sinister,
" Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper."

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.[3]

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

to the King of Suavia, 1599, is another remarkable instance of alliteration:

" Bringing my bark to Denmark here, to bide the bitter broyle
" And beating blowes of billows high," &c. *Steevens.*[4]

[2] *And this the* cranny *is,*] So, in Golding's Ovid, 1567:

" The wall that parted house from house *had* riuen *therein a crany*
" Which shronke at making of the wall. This fault not markt of any
" Of many hundred yeares before (what doth not loue espie)
" These *louers* first of all found out, and made a way thereby
" To talk to gither *secretly,* and through the same did goe
" Their louing *whisperings* verie light and safely to and fro."
Ritson.

[3] *It is the wittiest* partition *that ever I heard* discourse, *my lord.*] Demetrius is represented as a punster: I believe the passage should be read: This is the wittiest *partition,* that ever I heard *in discourse.* Alluding to the many stupid *partitions* in the argumentative writings of the time. Shakspeare himself, as well as his contemporaries, uses *discourse* for *reasoning;* and he here avails himself of the double sense; as he had done before in the word, *partition.* *Farmer.*

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Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. "O grim-look'd night! O night, with hue so black!
"O night, which ever art, when day is not!
"O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,
"I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!—
"And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,
"That stand'st between her father's ground and mine;
"Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
"Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne. [Wall *holds up his fingers.*
"Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!
"But what see I? No Thisby do I see.
"O wicked wall,[4] through whom I see no bliss;
"Curst be thy stones, for thus deceiving me!"

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not. *Deceiving me*, is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you:—Yonder she comes.

Enter THISBE.

This. "O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
"For parting my fair Pyramus and me:
"My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones;
"Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee."[5]

Pyr. "I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
"To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.
"Thisby!"

This. "My love! thou art my love, I think."

Pyr. "Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
"And, like Limander, am I trusty still."[6]

This. "And I like Helen, till the fates me kill."

Pyr. "Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true."

This. "As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you."

[4] *O wicked wall*, &c.] So, in Chaucer's *Legend of Thisbe*:
"Thus would thei saine, alas! thou *wicked wal*," &c.
Steevens.

[5] ——*knit up in thee.*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—*knit now again. Steevens.*

[6] *And, like Limander*, &c.] Limander and Helen, are spoken by the blundering player, for Leander and Hero. Shafalus and Procrus, for Cephalus and Procris. *Johnson.*

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Pyr. "O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall."

This. "I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all."[7]

Pyr. "Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?"[8]

This. "Tide life, tide death, I come without delay."

Wall. "Thus have I, wall, my part discharged so;
"And, being done, thus wall away doth go."

[*Exeunt* Wall, Pyr. *and* This.

The. Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.[9]

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows: and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them, than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a moon and a lion.[1]

[7] *I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.*] So, Golding's Ovid:
"When night drew nere, they bade adew, and eche gave kisses sweete
"Unto the parget on their side, the which did never mete."
Ritson.

[8] *Wilt thou at* Ninny's tomb meet *me straightway?*] So, Golding's Ovid:
"They did agree at *Ninus tomb* to *meete* without the towne."
Ritson.

[9] Dem. *No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to* hear *without warning.*] This alludes to the proverb, "*Walls* have *ears.*" A *wall* between almost any *two neighbours* would soon be *down*, were it to exercise this faculty without previous *warning*. *Farmer.*
The old copies read—*moral*, instead of *mural*. Mr. Theobald made the correction. *Malone.*

[1] *Here come two noble beasts in, a* moon *and a* lion.] The old copies read—a *man*, &c. *Steevens.*
I don't think the jest here is either complete or right. It is differently pointed in several of the old copies, which, I suspect, may lead us to the true reading, viz:
Here come two noble beasts—in a man *and a* lion.
immediately upon Theseus saying this, enter Lion and Moonshine. Is seems very probable, therefore, that our author wrote:
——*in a* moon *and a lion.*
the one having a crescent and a lanthorn before him, and representing the *man* in the *moon*; the other in a lion's hide. *Theobald.*

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Enter Lion *and* Moonshine.

Lion. "You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
"The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
"May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
"When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
"Then know, that I, one Snug the joiner, am
"A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam:[2]
"For if I should as lion come in strife
"Into this place, 'twere pity on my life."

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord: for his valour cannot carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

Mr. Theobald reads—a *moon* and a lion, and the emendation was adopted by the subsequent editors; but, I think, without necessity. The conceit is furnished by the person who represents the lion, and enters covered with the hide of that beast; and Theseus only means to say, that the *man* who represented the moon, and came in at the same time, with a lantern in his hand, and a bush of thorns at his back, was as much a beast as he who performed the part of the lion. *Malone.*

Here come two noble beasts in, a moon *and a* lion. I cannot help supposing that we should have it, a *moon-calf*. The old copies read—a *man;* possibly *man* was the marginal interpretation of *moon-calf;* and, being more intelligible, got into the text.

The *man in the moon* was no new character on the stage, and is here introduced in ridicule of such exhibitions. Ben Jonson in one of his masques, called *News from the New World in the Moon*, makes his *Factor* doubt of the person who brings the intelligence: "I must see his dog at his girdle, and the bush of thorns at his back, ere I believe it."—"Those (replies one of the heralds) are *stale ensigns o' the stage.*" *Farmer.*

[2] *Then know, that I, one Snug the joiner, am*
A lion fell, nor *else no lion's dam:*] That is, that I am Snug the joiner; and neither a lion, nor a lion's dam. Dr. Johnson has justly observed in a note on *All 's well that ends well,* that *nor* in the phraseology of our author's time often related to two members of a sentence, though only expressed in the latter. So, in the play just mentioned:

"—— contempt *nor* bitterness
"Were in his pride or sharpness."

The reading of the text is that of the folio. The quartos read —that I *as* Snug the joiner, &c. *Malone.*

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The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

Moon. "This lantern doth the horned moon present:"

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. "This lantern doth the horned moon present;
"Myself the man i' th' moon do seem to be."

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest: the man should be put into the lantern: How is it else the man i' th' moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle: for, you see, it is already in snuff.[3]

Hip. I am aweary of this moon: Would he would change!

The. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane: but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, moon.

Moon. All that I have to say, is, to tell you, that the lantern is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern; for they are in the moon. But, silence; here comes Thisbe.

Enter THISBE.

This. "This is old Ninny's tomb: Where is my love?"

Lion. "Oh—." [*The* Lion *roars.*—THIS. *runs off.*

Dem. Well roared, lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, moon.—Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

The. Well moused, lion.[4]

[*The* Lion *tears* THISBE'S *mantle, and exit.*

[3] —— *in* snuff.] An equivocation. *Snuff* signifies both the cinder of a candle and hasty anger. *Johnson.*

So, in *Love's Labour Lost:*

"You 'll mar the light, by taking it *in snuff.*" *Steevens.*

Again, in *The Atheist's Tragedy*, 1611:

"Do you take *that in snuff*, sir?"

See also, note on *Love's Labour Lost*, Act V, sc. ii, and *First Part of King Henry IV*, Act I, sc. iii. *Reed.*

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Dem. And so comes Pyramus.
Lys. And then the moon vanishes.[5]

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. "Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;
"I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright:
"For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,[6]
"I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sight.
"But stay;—O spite!
"But mark;—Poor knight,
"What dreadful dole is here?
"Eyes, do you see?
"How can it be?
"O dainty duck! O dear!
"Thy mantle good,
"What, stain'd with blood?
"Approach, ye furies fell![7]
"O fates! come, come;
"Cut thread and thrum;[8]
"Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!"[9]

[4] *Well mouséd, lion.*] So, in an ancient bl. l. ballad on this story, entitled *The Constancy of true Love:* &c.

"And having *musled* thus the same,
"Thither he went whence first he came."

Theseus means that the lion has well tumbled and bloodied the veil of Thisbe. *Steevens.*

I believe this should be "Well *mouthed* lion," alluding either to his roaring, or to his tearing with his mouth, the mantle of Thisbe:

"Which lion vile with bloody *mouth* did stain." *M. Mason.*

Well moused *lion!*] To *mouse* signified to mammock, to tear in pieces, as a cat tears a mouse. *Malone.*

[5] Dem. *And* so comes *Pyramus.*
Lys. *And* then *the* moon vanishes.] The old copies read:
"*Dem.* And *then came* Pyramus.
"*Lys.* And so the *lion* vanished."

It were needless to say any thing in defence of Dr. Farmer's emendation. The reader, indeed, may ask why this glaring corruption was suffered to remain so long in the text. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *glittering streams,*] The old copies read—*beams.* *Steevens.*

The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. *Malone.*

[7] *Approach, ye furies fell!*] Somewhat like this our poet might possibly have recollected in "A lytell Treatyse cleped *La Consaunce d'Amours.* Printed by Richard Pynson," no date:

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The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. "O, wherefore, nature, didst thou lions frame?
"Since lion vile hath here deflour'd my dear:
"Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,
"That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.[1]

"O ye moost cruell and rabbyshe lions fell,
"Come nowe and teare the corps of Pyramus!
"Ye sauage beestes that in these rockes dwell,
"If blode to you be so delicious,
"Come and gnawe my wretched body dolorous!
"And on the kerchef with face pale and tryst,
"He loked ofte, and it right swetely kist." *Steevens.*

Approach, ye furies fell!
O fates! come, come, &c.] The poet here, and in the following lines spoken by Thisbe—

"O sisters three,
"Come, come to me,
"With hands as pale as milk—"

probably intended to ridicule a passage in *Damon and Pythias*, by Richard Edwards, 1582:

"Ye *furies*, all at once
"On me your torments trie:—
"Gripe me, you greedy greefs,
"And present pangues of death,
"*You sisters three, with cruel handes*
"*With speed come stop my breath!*" *Malone.*

[8] —— *cut thread and* thrum;] *Thrum* is the end or extremity of a weaver's warp; it is popularly used for very coarse yarn. The maids now call a mop of yarn a *thrum mop*. *Warner.*

So, in *Hannibal and Scipio*, 1637:

"—— no rough pelt of *thrums*,
"To fight with weather."

Again, in Chapman's translation of the 16th *Iliad:*

"And tapestries all golden fring'd, and curl'd with *thrumbs* behind."

So, in Howell's *Letter to Sir Paul Neale, Knt.* "Translations are like the wrong side of a Turkey carpet, which useth to be full of *thrums* and knots, and nothing so even as the right side."

The thought is borrowed from *Don Quixote*. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *and* quell!] To *quell* is to murder, to destroy. So, in the 12th pageant of the *Ludus Coventriæ*, commonly called the *Corpus Christi Play*. MS. Cott. Vesp. D. viii:

"That he the lawe may here do,
"With stonys her to *quell*." *Steevens.*

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"Come, tears, confound;[2]
"Out, sword, and wound
"The pap of Pyramus:
"Ay, that left pap,
"Where heart doth hop:[3]—
"Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
"Now am I dead,
"Now am I fled;
"My soul is in the sky:
"Tongue, lose thy light!
"Moon, take thy flight!
"Now die, die, die, die, die.

[*Dies.—Exit* Moon.

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an ass.[4]

Hip. How chance moonshine is gone, before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

[1] —— *cheer.*] i. e. countenance. So, in Chaucer's *Clerke's Tale*, Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 8117:

"——passing any wight
"Of so yong age, as wel in *chere* as dede." *Steevens.*

[2] *Come, tears,* confound;] Thus, in Golding's Ovid:

"——one night (he sayd) shall louers two *confounde*."
Ritson.

[3] *Ay, that left* pap,
Where heart doth hop:] Lest our author should seem chargeable with an inefficient rhyme, it ought to be remembered that the broad pronunciation, now almost peculiar to the Scotch, was anciently current in England. Throughout the old copies of Shakspeare's plays, "tattered" is always spelt "tottered;" *Pap* therefore was sounded, *Pop*. The context reminds us of a passage in the Seventh Satire of *Juvenal:*

"—— *læva* in parte *mamillæ*
"Nil *salit*—." *Steevens.*

[4] —— *and prove an ass.*] The character of Theseus throughout this play is more exalted in its humanity, than its greatness. Though some sensible observations on life, and animated descriptions fall from him, as it is said of Iago, *you shall taste him more as a soldier than as a wit,* which is a distinction he is here striving to deserve, though with little success; as in support of his pretensions he never rises higher than a *pun,* and frequently sinks as low as a *quibble*. *Steevens.*

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The. She will find him by star-light.—Here she comes; and her passion ends the play.

Enter THISBE.

Hip. Methinks, she should not use a long one, for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance,[5] which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better.[6]

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans,[7] *videlicet*——

This. "Asleep, my love?
"What, dead, my dove?
"O Pyramus, arise,
"Speak, speak. Quite dumb!
"Dead, dead! A tomb
"Must cover thy sweet eyes.

[5] *A* mote *will turn the balance,*] The old copies have—*moth;* but Mr. Malone very justly observes that *moth* was merely the ancient mode of spelling *mote.* So, in *King Henry V:* "Wash every *moth* (i. e. *mote*) out of his conscience." *Steevens.*

[6] The first quarto makes this speech a little longer, but not better. *Johnson.*

The passage omitted is,—"He for a man, God warned us; she for a woman, God bless us." *Steevens.*

[7] *And thus she* moans,] The old copies concur in reading—*means,* which Mr. Theobald changed into—moans; and the next speech of Thisbe appears to countenance his alteration:

"Lovers, make *moan.*" *Steevens.*

Mr. Theobald alters *means* to *moans:* but *means* had anciently the same signification. Mr. Pinkerton (under the name of Robert Heron, Esq.) observes that it is a common term in the Scotch law, signifying to *tell, to relate,* to *declare;* and the petitions to the lords of session in Scotland, run: "To the lords of council and session humbly *means* and shows your petitioner." Here, however, it evidently signifies *complains.* Bills in Chancery being in a similar manner: "Humbly *complaining* sheweth unto your lordship," &c. The word occurs in an ancient manuscript in my own possession:

"This ender day wen me was wo,
"Under a bugh ther I lay,
"Naght gale to *mene* me to."

So again, in a very ancient Scottish song:

"I hard ane may sair mwrne and *meyne.*" *Ritson.*

Thus also, in the *Cronykil of A. Wyntown,* B. VIII, ch. xxxvi, v. 87:

"Bot playnt; ná duie, ná yhit *mening*
"Mycht helpe noucht—;"

See also, v. 110. *Steevens.*

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"These lily brows,
"This cherry nose,[8]
"These yellow cowslip cheeks,
"Are gone, are gone:
"Lovers, make moan!
"His eyes were green as leeks.[9]
"O sisters three,
"Come, come to me,
"With hands as pale as milk;
"Lay them in gore,
"Since you have shore
"With shears his thread of silk.

[8] *These lily* brows,
This cherry nose,] the old copy reads:
"These lily *lips*," &c. *Steevens.*

All Thisbe's lamentation, till now, runs in regular rhyme and metre. But both, by some accident, are in this single instance interrupted. I suspect the poet wrote:

These lily brows,
This cherry nose.

Now *black* brows being a beauty, *lily* brows are as ridiculous as a *cherry* nose, *green* eyes, or *cowslip* cheeks. *Theobald.*

Theobald's emendation is supported by the following passage in *As you like it:*

"'Tis not your *inky brows*, your black silk hair—."

And by another, in *The Winter's Tale:*

"——— not for because
"Your brows are blacker, yet *black brows* they say
"Become some women best." *Ritson.*

Lily lips are changed to *lily brows* for the sake of the rhyme, but this cannot be right: Thisbe has before celebrated her Pyramus, as—

"Lilly-white of hue."

It should be:

These lips lilly,
This nose cherry.

This mode of position adds not a little to the burlesque of the passage. *Farmer.*

We meet with somewhat like this passage in George Peele's *Old Wives Tale*, 1595:

"Her corall lippes, her *crimson chinne*.—Thou art a flouting knave. Her corall lippes her *crimson chinne!*" *Steevens.*

[9] *His eyes were* green *as leeks.*] Thus also the nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*, speaking of Paris, says:

"——— an eagle, madam,
"Hath not so *green*, so quick, so fair an eye."

See note on this passage. *Steevens.*

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"Tongue, not a word:—
"Come, trusty sword;
"Come, blade, my breast imbrue:
"And farewel, friends;—
"Thus Thisbe ends:
"Adieu, adieu, adieu." [*Dies.*

The. Moonshine and lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and wall too.

Bot. No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance,[1] beween two of our company?[2]

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had play'd Pyramus, and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone.

[*Here a dance of* Clowns.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:—
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.
I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
This palpable-gross play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gait[3] of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—

[1] ——*a Bergomask dance,*] Sir Thomas Hanmer observes, in his *Glossary*, that this is a dance after the manner of the peasants of *Bergomasco*, a country in Italy, belonging to the Venetians. All the buffoons in Italy affect to imitate the ridiculous jargon of that people; and from thence it became also a custom to imitate their manner of dancing. *Steevens.*

[2] ——*our company?*] At the conclusion of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Beggar's Bush*, there seems to be a sneer at this character of *Bottom*; but I do not very clearly perceive its drift. The beggars have resolved to embark for England, and exercise their profession there. One of them adds:

"——we have a course;—
"The spirit of *Bottom*, is grown bottomless."

This may mean, that either the publick grew indifferent to bad actors, to plays in general, or to characters, the humour of which consisted in blunders. *Steevens.*

[3] ——heavy *gait*—] i. e. *slow passage, progress.* So, in *Love's Labour Lost*: "You must send the ass upon the horse, for he is slow-*gaited*." In another play we have—"*heavy-gaited* toads." *Steevens.*

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A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly revels, and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,[4]
And the wolf behowls the moon;[5]
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.[6]

[4] *Now the hungry lion roars,* &c.] It has been justly observed, by an anonymous writer, that "among this assemblage of familiar circumstances attending midnight, either in England or its neighbouring kingdoms, Shakspeare would never have thought of intermixing the exotick idea of the *hungry lion roaring*, which can be heard no nearer than in the deserts of Africa, if he had not read in the 104th *Psalm:* Thou makest darkness that it may be *night*, wherein all the beasts of the forest do move; the *lions roaring* after their prey, do seek their meat from God." *Malone.*

Shakspeare might have found the *midnight roar of the Lion* associated with the *howl of the Wolf*, in Phaer's translation of the following lines in the seventh *Æneid:*

"Hinc exaudiri gemitus iræque *leonum*
"Vincla recusantum, et *sera sub nocte rudentum;*
"—— ac formæ magnorum *ululare luporum.*"

I do not, however, perceive the justness of the foregoing anonymous writer's observation. Puck, who could "encircle the earth in forty minutes," like his fairy mistress, might have snuffed "the spiced Indian air;" and consequently an image, foreign to Europeans, might have been obvious to him. He, therefore, was at liberty to—

"Talk as familiarly of *roaring lions*,
"As maids of fifteen do of puppy-dogs."

Our poet, however inattentive to little proprieties, has sometimes introduced his wild beasts in regions where they are never found. Thus in *Arden*, a forest in French Flanders, we hear of a *lioness;* and a *bear* destroys Antigonus in *Bohemia. Steevens.*

[5] *And the wolf* behowls *the moon;*] In the old copies: "And the wolf *beholds* the moon." As it is the design of these lines to characterize the animals, as they present themselves at the hour of midnight; and as the wolf is not justly characterized by saying he *beholds* the moon, which other beasts of prey, then awake, do; and as the sounds these animals make at that season, seem also intended to be represented, I make no question but the poet wrote:

"And the wolf *behowls* the moon."

For so the wolf is exactly characterized, it being his peculiar property to *howl at the moon.* (*Behowl*, as *bemoan*, *beseem*, and an hundred others.) *Warburton.*

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Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the scritch-owl, scritching loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.

So, in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, where the whole passage seems to be copied from this of our author:

"Now *barks* the *wolfe* against the full-cheek'd *moon*,
"Now lyons half-clam'd entrals *roar for food*,
"Now croaks the toad, and night-crows *screech aloud*,
"Flutt'ring 'bout casements of departing souls;
"Now *gape* the *graves*, and thro' their yawns let loose
"Imprison'd spirits to revisit earth." *Theobald.*

The alteration is better than the original reading; but perhaps the author meant only to say, that the wolf *gazes* at the moon. *Johnson.*

I think, "Now the wolf *behowls* the *moon*," was the original text. The allusion is frequently met with in the works of our author and his contemporaries. "'Tis like the *howling* of Irish wolves against the *moon*," says he in his *As you like it;* and Massinger, in his *New Way to pay old Debts*, makes an usurer feel only—

"——as the *moon* is mov'd
"When wolves with hunger pin'd, *howl* at her brightness."
Farmer.

The word *behold* was, in the time of Shakspeare, frequently written *behoulds*, (as, I suppose, it was then pronounced) which probably occasioned the mistake.

It is observable, that in the passage of Lodge's *Rosalynda*, 1592, which Shakspeare seems to have had in his thoughts, when he wrote, in *As you like it*:—"'*Tis like the* howling *of Irish* wolves *against* the moon:"—the expression is found, that Marston has used instead of *behowls*. "In courting Phebe, thou *barkest* with the wolves of Syria against the moon."

These lines also in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. I, c. v, st. 30, which Shakspeare might have remembered, add support to the emendation now made:

"And all the while she [*Night*] stood upon the ground,
"The wakeful dogs did never cease to bay;—
"The messenger of death, the ghastly owle,
"With drery shrieks did also her bewray;
"And hungry *wolves* continually did *howle*
"At her abhorred face, so filthy and so fowle." *Malone.*

[6] ——*fordone.*] i. e. overcome. So Spenser, *Fairy Queen*, B. I, c. x, st. 33:

"And many souls in dolour had *foredone*."

Again, in Jarvis Markham's *English Arcadia*, 1607:

"—fore-wearied with striving, and *fore-done* with the tyrannous rage of her enemy."

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Now it is the time of night,[7]
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
I am sent, with broom, before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.[8]

Enter OBERON *and* TITANIA, *with their Train.*

Obe. Through this house give glimmering light,[9]
By the dead and drowsy fire:
Every elf, and fairy sprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier;[1]

Again, in the ancient metrical romance of *Sir Bevis of Hampton*, bl. l. no date:

"But by the other day at none,
"These two dragons were *foredone*." *Steevens.*

[7] *Now it is the time of night*, &c.] So, in *Hamlet;*

"'Tis *now* the very witching *time of night*,
"When *churchyards* yawn —." *Steevens.*

[8] *I am sent, with broom, before,*
To sweep the dust behind the door.] Cleanliness is always necessary to invite the residence and the favour of the fairies:

"These make our girls their slutt'ry rue,
"By pinching them both black and blue,
"And put a penny in their shoe
"The house for cleanly sweeping." *Drayton. Johnson.*

To sweep the dust behind the door, is a common expression, and a common practice in large old houses, where the doors of halls and galleries are thrown backward, and seldom or ever shut. *Farmer.*

[9] *Through this house give glimmering light,*] Milton perhaps had this picture in his thought:

"And glowing embers through the room
"Teach light to counterfeit a gloom." *Il Penseroso.*

So, Drayton:

"Hence shadows, seeming idle shapes
"Of little frisking elves and apes,
"To earth do make their wanton 'scapes,
"As hope of pastime hastes them."

I think it should be read:

"Through this house *in* glimmering light." *Johnson.*

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And this ditty, after me,
Sing and dance it trippingly.

Tita. First, rehearse this song by rote:
To each word a warbling note,
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

SONG AND DANCE.

Obe. Now, until the break of day,[2]
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be;[3]

[1] —— *as light as bird from brier;*] This comparison is a very ancient one, being found in one of the poems of Lawrence Minot, p. 31:

"That are was *blith als brid on brere.*" *Steevens.*

[2] *Now, until,* &c.] This speech, which both the old quartos give to Oberon, is, in the edition of 1623 and in all the following, printed as the song. I have restored it to Oberon, as it apparently contains not the blessing which he intends to bestow on the bed, but his declaration that he will bless it, and his orders to the fairies how to perform the necessary rites. But where then is the song?—I am afraid it is gone after many other things of greater value. The truth is that two songs are lost. The series of the scene is this: after the speech of Puck, Oberon enters, and calls his fairies to a song, which song is apparently wanting in all the copies. Next Titania leads another song, which is indeed lost like the former, though the editors have endeavoured to find it. Then Oberon dismisses his fairies to the despatch of the ceremonies.

The songs, I suppose, were lost; because they were not inserted in the players' parts, from which the drama was printed.

Johnson.

[3] *To the best* bride-bed *will we,*
Which by us shall blessed be;] So, in Chaucer's *Merchantes Tale,* Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 9693:

"And whan the *bed* was with the preest *yblessed*—."

We learn also from "Articles ordained by *King Henry VII,* for the Regulation of his Household," that this ceremony was observed at the marriage of a Princess. "—All men at her comming in to bee voided, except woemen, till shee bee brought to her *bedd;* and the man both; he sittinge in his bedd in his shirte, with a gowne cast about him. Then the Bishoppe, with the Chaplaines, to come in, and *blesse the bedd:* then everie man to avoide without any drinke, save the twoe estates, if they liste, priviely." p. 129. *Steevens.*

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And the issue, there create,
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be:
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand;
Never mole, hare-lip,[4] nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious,[5] such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.—
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait;[6]
And each several chamber bless,[7]
Through this palace with sweet peace:

[4] —— hare-lip,] This defect in children seems to have been so much dreaded, that numerous were the charms applied for its prevention. The following might be as efficacious as any of the rest. "If a woman with chylde have her smocke slyt at the neather ende or skyrt thereof, &c. the same chylde that she then goeth withall, shall be safe from having a cloven or *hare lippe*." T. Lupton's *Fourth Book of Notable Thinges*, 4to. bl. l. *Steevens.*

[5] *Nor mark* prodigious,] *Prodigious* has here its primitive signification of *portentous*. So, in *King Richard III:*

"If ever he have child, abortive be it,
"*Prodigious*, and untimely brought to light." *Steevens.*

[6] —— *take his* gait;] i. e. take his *way*, or direct his *steps*. So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. I, c. viii:

"And guide his weary *gate* both to and fro."

Again, and more appositely, in one of the poems of Lawrence Minot, p. 50:

"*Take thi gate* unto Gines,
"And grete tham wele thare;—" *Steevens.*

By *gate*, I believe, is meant, the door of each chamber.
M. Mason.

Gait, for a *path* or road, is commonly used at present in the northern counties. *Harris.*

[7] *Every fairy take his gait;*
And each several chamber bless, &c.] The same superstitious kind of benediction occurs in Chaucer's *Miller's Tale*, v. 3479, Tyrwhitt's edition:

"I crouche thee from elves, and from wightes.
"Therwith the nightspel said he anon rightes
"On foure halves of the hous aboute,
"And on the threswold of the dore withoute.
"Jesu Crist, and Seint Benedight,
"Blisse this hous from every wicked wight,
"Fro the nightes mare, the wite Paternoster." &c. *Steevens.*

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E'er shall it in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.
Trip away;
Make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.
[*Exeunt* OBE. TITA. *and Train.*

Puck. *If we shadows have offended,*
Think but this, (and all is mended)
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend;
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I 'm an honest Puck,[8]
If we have unearned luck[9]
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,[1]
We will make amends ere long:
Else the Puck a liar call.
So good night unto you all.
Give me your hands,[2] *if we be friends,*
And Robin shall restore amends. [Exit.[3]

8 —— *an* honest *Puck,*] See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, &c. Act II, sc. i, on the words—"*sweet* Puck." *Steevens.*

9 —— *unearned luck*—] i. e. if we have better fortune than we have deserved. *Steevens.*

1 *Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,*] That is, if we be dismissed without hisses. *Johnson.*

So, in J. Markham's *English Arcadia*, 1607: "But the nymph, after the custom of distrest tragedians, whose first act is entertained with a *snaky salutation*," &c. *Steevens.*

2 *Give me your hands,*] That is, Clap your hands. Give us your applause. *Johnson.*

3 Wild and fantastical as this play is, all the parts in their various modes are well written, and give the kind of pleasure which the author designed. Fairies in his time were much in fashion; common tradition had made them familiar, and Spenser's poem had made them great. *Johnson.*

END OF VOL. II.

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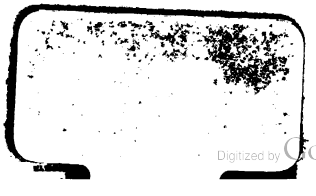
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